THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Fanny Heaslip Lea—George Allan England—Will Payne—Oma Almona Davies
Will Rogers—William J. Neidig—Clarence Budington Kelland—William Liepse

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. . . that the Silvertown Balloon will run every mile as far as the standard tire.

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264

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For the face and hands

As fine as soap can be

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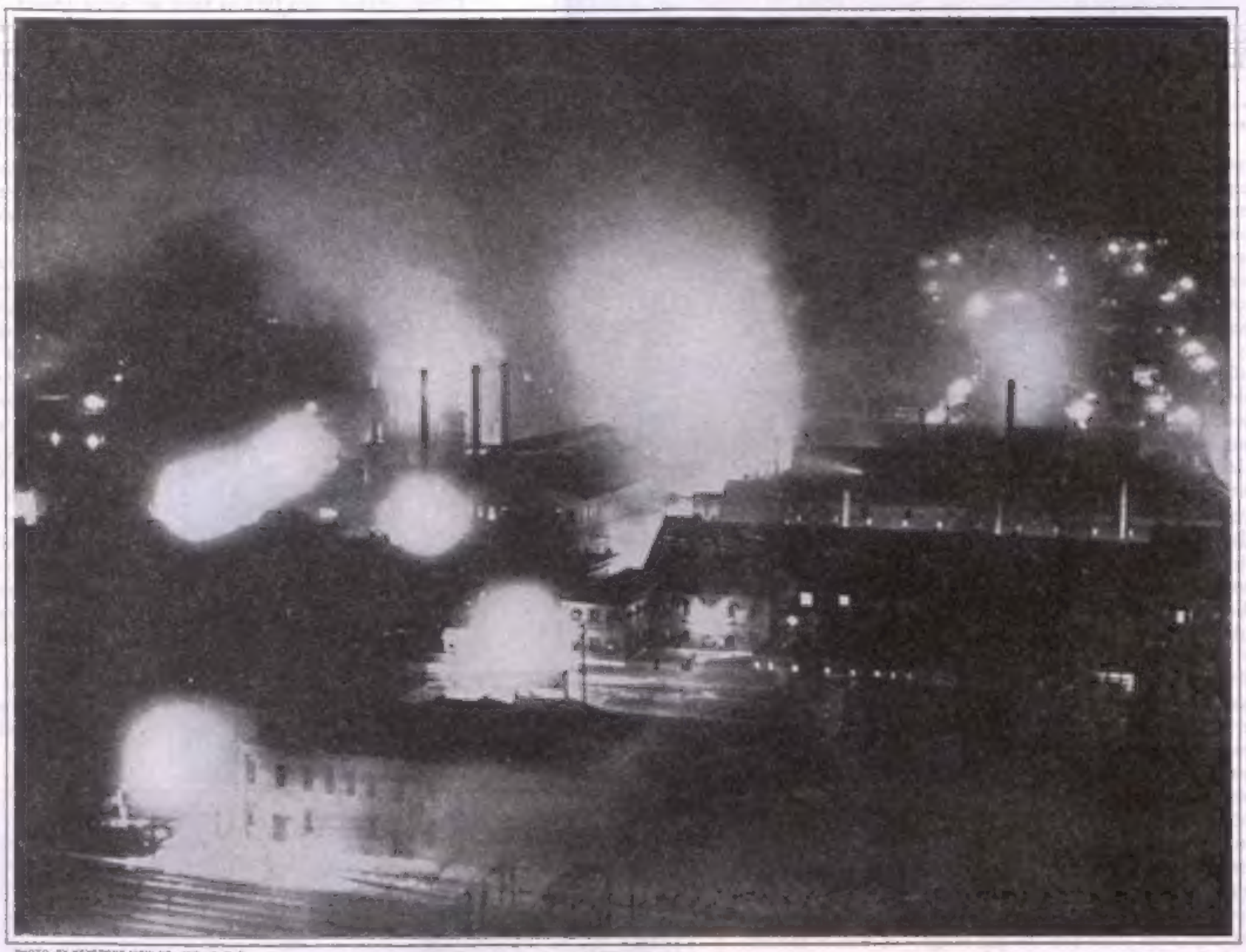
THE BASIS OF AMERICAN PROSPERITY — By Isaac F. Marcosson

NO OTHER country anywhere has enjoyed such a continued period of expansion as the United States. It has not only enriched and fortified us—our wealth has increased at the rate of $5,000,000,000 a year since 1912—but it has made us both the banker and the almoner of the whole world. Such advance, whether individual or national, inevitably pays the price. Probe into the causes of the new anti-Americanism in Europe, and you find that the principal reason for it, aside from the resentment that financial obligation invariably begets, lies in envy of our affluence. There could be no higher compliment to those forces, notably initiative and hard work, upon which the structure of our industrial might has been reared.



PHOTO, BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., N. Y. C.

A Night View of a Pittsburgh Steel Mill

In all this growing criticism of alleged Yankee dollar chasing, the important fact has been overlooked by our friends overseas that, as one thoughtful observer has put it, "we have built the first civilization in all history in which wealth and prosperity have become the portion of the common man." Our workers ride to farm, forge and factory in motor cars, not because we manufacture 90 per cent of all the automobiles, but because mass output, which is the compelling expression of American production genius, has made big wages possible. The combination of high wage and high production formulates the new economic principle that is our outstanding contribution to the history of these times.

Rose Spectacles and Blue Ones

BECAUSE the value of work in this country rests with its accomplishment, a standard American motor factory today produces twelve cars a year per employe as against two cars a year ten years ago, while a shoe worker now turns out eight pairs each day, as compared with four a day in 1916. It also explains why, with only 6 per cent of the world population, we convert annually into articles of use practically one-half of the total production of coal, iron, steel, copper, oil, timber, cotton and newsprint; why we possess nearly half of all existing railroad mileage; why we operate three-quarters of the telephone and telegraph equipment of the globe, and run nine-tenths of the automobiles in use.

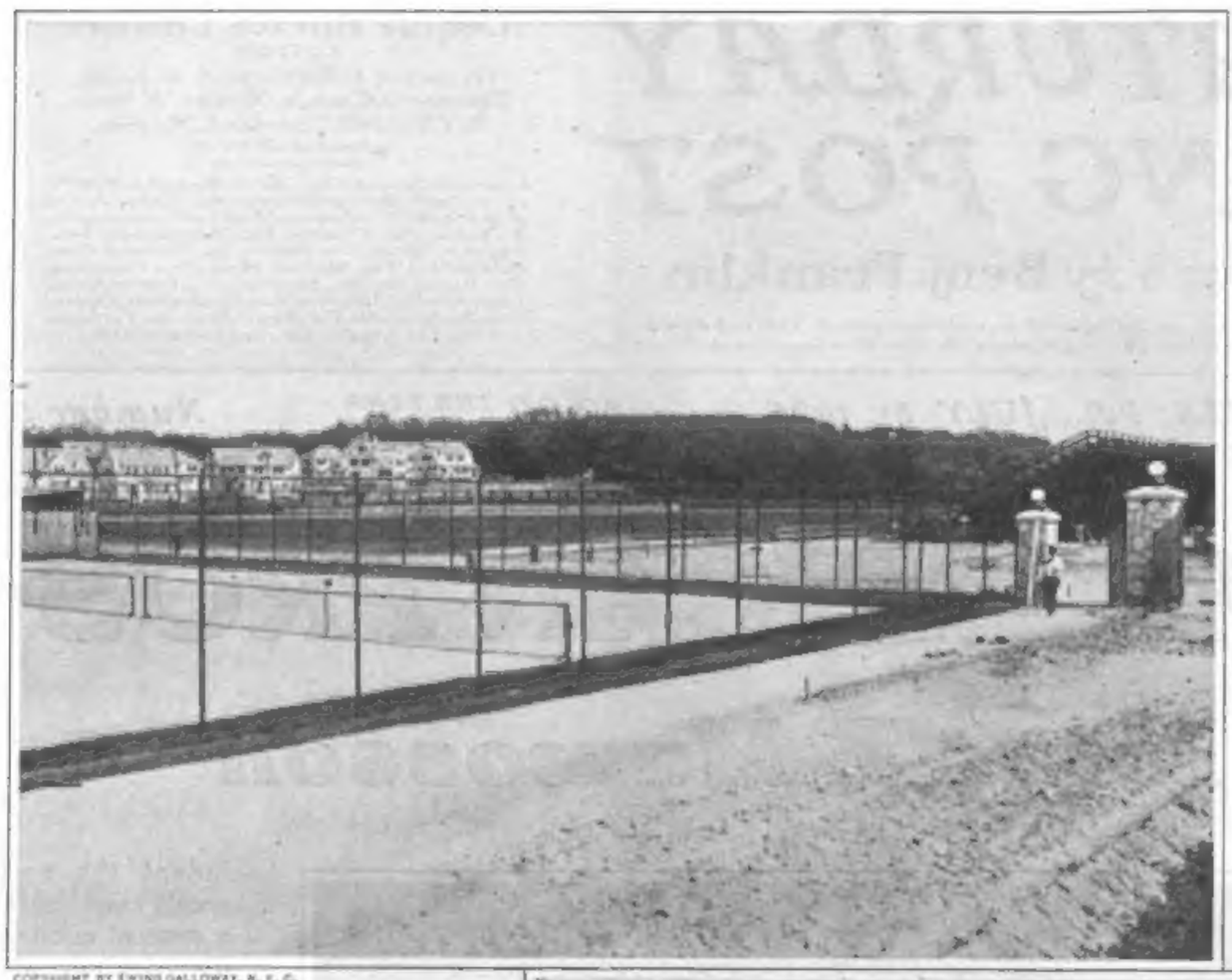
Prosperity has its perils no less menacing than the specters that stalk the lean years. Our phenomenal cycle of well-being has raised the fear in some quarters that the depression which has periodically followed the high tide of fullness may sooner or later indent the economic map. Such a state of mind is disquieting, although it sometimes inspires preparedness for emergency. On the other hand, a bubbling optimism which accepts the present as the permanent may lead to overexpansion. The guaranty of stability depends on the attitude between that of the crape hanger and the rose-spectacled optimist.

Stabilizers

THERE was a time when an inexorable law of sequence seemed to apply to prosperity and depression. It grew out of the fact that what is now regarded as a comparatively trivial circumstance could upset the business apple cart. It might have been the failure of the corn, wheat, and cotton crops, political upheaval through the projection of a fanatical and fallacious issue like free silver, overproduction, labor dislocation, crooked big business, radical changes in industrial methods, madcap speculation, a battle of railroad giants for the mastery of transcontinental systems, rumors and the effects of wars, or that once-chronic evil, an inelastic currency, which literally suspended commercial animation.

But that era happily has passed. Though no unshakable panacea for depression is devisable, various safeguards now invest our business. The Federal Reserve System is the antidote for money contraction and credit shortage. Wealth is more equitably distributed, as is evidenced by the wide stock ownership by employes in scores of great corporations. No longer can class hatred be fomented by the cry that a few men own the United States. Consuming and earning power are constant and the standard of living everywhere is increasingly higher. Improved production methods, combined with advanced research and new management methods, have lessened labor and expanded output. Once manufacturers made what they thought they could sell. Now, because of surveys, they know what they can sell. Business is a science and not a gamble. Restriction of immigration has helped to shove up wages. The automobile has passed from luxury to absolute necessity. Business and the railroads are free from governmental nagging. Foreign trade, once a sporadic outlet for surplus stock, is an accredited detail in the higher commerce scheme. A stupendous domestic market—without precedent—is only one of many stabilizers.

Four contributory factors to our prosperity demand more detailed elucidation. First is our Constitution and form of government. Thanks to it, we escape the upheavals due to European parliamentary systems, which turn out cabinets overnight and disrupt the



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Shawsheen Village, Mass., Built by the American Woolen Company

fiscal order. The United States is the biggest business corporation in the world, and is administered precisely like a vast industrial enterprise. Sanity, efficiency and economy are the keynotes. No small degree of the prosperity that is our lot grows out of confidence in the administration.

Second is the incalculable value embodied in the accident of our physical alignment. We have a vast continent almost without frontiers. Therefore we are practically a self-contained economic unit. Traverse Europe and you strike new borders with fresh customs regulations every twelve hours. Within and without these confines rage incessant nationalistic conflicts. Such homogeneity as we have is almost unknown elsewhere.

The third grows out of what might be termed the dramatization of opportunity. The laborer of today is the employer of tomorrow. Though self-made success has no geographical limitations, we present the most conspicuous example of what the average man can achieve. When the delegation of British workers toured the United States this year as guests of the Daily Mail of London, they were given a farewell dinner at the Union League Club of New York by a group of captains of industry. Every one of the hosts, with one exception, rose from the overall stage. It was a revelation of the democracy of real performance such as no other country could disclose.

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A Row of Workmen's Homes in Shawsheen Village, Mass.

Finally, there is prohibition. In the welter of controversy that it has aroused the economic phase has been absolutely lost. The trouble all along has been that, like German reparations, it has been capitalized into a political issue. Any dispassionate appraisal of prosperity, regardless of wet or dry point of view, must therefore include the considerable part that prohibition has played in its development.

Secretary Hoover Discusses Present Conditions

IT MEANS that the hazard of panic is minimized so far as it is humanly and economically possible to bring about such a consummation. In the phraseology of insurance, the prosperity risk is more widely spread than ever before. The resiliency with which we met postwar deflation is only one of many evidences of the inherent resource and soundness of the country.

Now all this is more or less familiar stuff, but unfortunately many are inclined to forget it when indigestion grips, when the morning mail is unsatisfactory or when the stock market goes to pot. The grouch is the real enemy of economic as well as physical well-being. It is only by keeping the fundamental factors that make for our prosperity constantly to the fore that permanent confidence is inspired. Hence this series of articles.

To get the material I have talked with a diversity of people representing every branch of significant endeavor, ranging from the chief executive of the nation and his associates down the line of financial and industrial leadership. What follows, therefore, is a cross section of American opinion recruited from all quarters.

Since the Department of Commerce is the friend, philosopher and guide, so to speak, of American business, and likewise the sponsor of our international economic expansion, it is peculiarly fitting that this survey of the contributory causes of our prosperity should begin with the point of view of Secretary Herbert Hoover. I therefore asked him to elucidate the situation, and his comprehensive response was:

"Except for some lag in parts of the agricultural, coal and textile industries and one or two less important fields, America has enjoyed four years of prosperity even greater than before the war. It has found a salubrious plateau in the midst of a world still struggling through swamps of lower living standards, depreciated currencies, heartbreaking taxation, unbalanced budgets or widespread unemployment."

The Result of Hard Work Intelligently Applied

"FIRST and foremost—contrary to popular impression in some parts—we did not suddenly get rich or discover this plateau out of the war. We lost fearfully by the war. A balance sheet, with our losses on one side, enumerating our past and future tax payments for the war, together with the losses from overexpansion of industry and inflation of currency, and on the other side all the payments we ever have received or ever will receive from the other combatants for goods sold them, would show a vast deficit. And these are by no means all the losses. If all the Allied debts are settled as we propose, we shall receive from $200,000,000 to $300,000,000 a year as against about $1,750,000,000 of annual taxes required for war debt and veterans' service.

"Briefly stated, the fact is that we have grown increasingly prosperous mainly by hard work and by becoming more efficient as a people. If we were to enumerate the springs of this higher efficiency we should find most of them in, first, the fine initiative and intelligence of our people in the use of our resources; second, the universally acknowledged soundness of our Federal policies upon economy, tax reduction, currency, credit, and other important questions; third, the extraordinary growth of education and the special training of our youth over the past quarter of a century—we have more young people in process of higher education today than all the 1,500,000,000 other people in the world; fourth, vigorous application of scientific discoveries and inventions; fifth, systematic elimination of waste in motion and materials in business and industry; sixth, better understanding by employers of the importance of high real wages as a stimulus to greater production, consumption and general amiability of the community; seventh, better understanding by workers of the value of mechanical devices, and of the need of full personal effort as fundamentally adding to the standards of living; eighth,

PHOTO. BY INTERNATIONAL
The Model Housing System of the Westinghouse Electric Company in Philadelphia

the gradually improving adjustment of our industrial system into our social system, with its larger consideration of public interest in the conduct of the great tools of production and distribution; ninth, our large contributions in prevention of famine and consequent anarchy, and for the economic reconstruction of Europe; tenth, the economic usefulness of prohibition, even though it carries some side lines of political trouble and several new varieties of turpitude; eleventh, governmental and private economic-information services to all business, which tend to give the small units the same opportunities as big business and so preserve the values of competition and initiative; twelfth, greater stability in production and employment through better understanding of the causes of booms and slumps, the provision of statistical and other economic service which enables this understanding to function in industry and banking."

The Prerequisites of an Economic Slump

"THESE and other factors in our economic life find such tangible expressions as the vast substitution of electrical power for human sweat, more railway ton miles, more steel, more copper, more coal, more wheat, more pigs per man employed per month, or however we measure it; larger total production and consumption of goods; more exports and more effectiveness of production and distribution generally. And we work fewer hours a day than we did a decade ago in doing our job. Public health is better. We are making better homes, have more bathtubs, better offices, more telephones, more electric lights, better roads and more transportation per capita than ever before. We are all riding in automobiles, eating more food, stretching our vision by more travel, and going fishing oftener.

"These great gains have been made by progress in fundamentals, not by a temporary fever of inflation through economic oxygen or economic patent medicines. We still have some jobs to do before we bring up some industries, particularly some parts of agriculture, coal, leather and textiles, to the level of general progress. Conscientious men are struggling with these issues. Whether we can go on beating Malthus by increasing population, and at the same time have more to eat and enjoy, despite his warnings of the impossibility of such a course, will depend upon whether we keep up progress in all of these dozen fundamentals which we have started, raise our moral standards as steadily and surely as we have our standards of living, and support sound public policies.

"One implication of the question, in terms of practical business, is whether we are facing a slump. If you ask anyone on the staff of the Department of Commerce he will say: 'We do not engage in economic prophecy; we try to assess and assist fundamental economic currents.'

"Slumps are only the collapse of booms, and booms are made of inflation, speculation, waste, extravagance, overproduction and excessive

The Bethlehem Steel Company, Bethlehem, Penna.

The American Bridge Company, Pittsburgh, Penna.

PHOTOS. BY AERO SERVICE CORP., PHILA., PENNA.

The Lukens Steel Company, Coatesville, Penna.

stocks of goods, from which there must be a reaction while we catch up in consumption and get back to realities. We have no speculative overproduction of goods today. All commodities are moving swiftly from production to consumption. There is no inflation of credit. Therefore, as there is no boom in this sense, this cause of important slumps is not present.

"There are always the imponderable causes of ebb and flow of production and consumption due to those psychological waves of optimism, fear, pessimism or chauvinism which usually come in the wake of political upheavals, international progress or scares, radical industrial conflicts, or what not. So far we do not know any remedy for mental aberration or perturbation, but in any event they do not go so deep as economic causes. The condition of the rest of the world does affect us—perhaps more psychologically than otherwise. Any serious loss in our exports would of course be harmful, especially in those industries whose dependence on foreign markets is considerable; but we cannot be totally ruined from these foreign events, because we export to all quarters of the globe less than 7 per cent of our industrial production and less than 17 per cent of our agricultural production, and all the world does not go wrong at once.

"Altogether we are making progress economically. We have not yet entered the economic millennium, but when we consider the conditions of living of the 1,500,000,000 other folks in the world we have much less to complain of than they. However, cocksureness and complacency are dangerous, and it is therefore important that we should always have something to disturb us and excite our energies for betterment. We have plenty of such worries lying around on this economic plateau, and there are plenty of people hard at work keeping them in the range of vision."

Sobriety's Part in National Welfare

SINCE steel is the barometer of American business, it follows that whatever Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, has to say on the state of our economic well-being has nation-wide significance. Moreover, our prosperity is literally steel reënforced, and this is because the genius of American industry finds one of its largest and most dominant expressions in the manufacture of the commodity that is not only the skeleton of the skyscraper but literally the very base of the whole productive structure.

When I asked Mr. Gary to enumerate some of the most important causes of our present prosperity he said:

"I shall name first of all the large and rapidly increasing wealth of the people of the United States, which is supported by their immense productive capacity and fortified by the natural resources of the country.

(Continued on Page 121)

"MAU-RICE!"

By FANNY HEASLIP LEA

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

She Said in a Husky Undertone, "It's for You, Kid! Your Husband—He Was Carryin' the Pay Roll—Somebody Got Him—Reception Hospital"

SUNLIGHT streamed through the gold-gauze curtains across Adrienne's face. That was how she woke. She stretched herself and yawned and opened her eyes, looked lazily around the room before —— Like a blow over the heart, it came to her suddenly; she didn't want to wake; she had nothing to wake for. Her reason for waking was gone, sunk out of sight like the moon—sinking. One moment, the world glamoured with it. The next, a blank horizon. Yesterday she had had a thousand dreams—a thousand air castles building. Sunlight striking across her eyes assured her now of not one. In their place—Stonehenge. Ruins—ghost haunted.

Her state of mind, though gray, has had its precedent. The coldest morning-after follows a lovers' quarrel. Adrienne, the night before, had quarreled with Maurice—definitely. She lay in bed, remembering.

It hadn't begun badly that evening. Nothing warned her, sitting at dinner with him in the little Russian restaurant they chiefly preferred—the food wasn't bad and the music was exceedingly good, and the violinist knew them and played their pet tunes, without asking—nothing warned her that they were, even then, "close on chaos."

They had talked a long time about Maurice's third act. Maurice had three times arrived at a third act without so far selling a first. Between dogged and profitable periods of being an excellent newspaperman, he sandwiched agonized and equally dogged periods of being an unsuccessful playwright—so far unsuccessful—like the immemorial pig in Alice in Wonderland, who could have been a handsome pig, but insisted on being an ugly baby.

Adrienne believed in Maurice's plays. Her heart cried "Author!" whenever she looked at him. It wasn't about his plays they had quarreled. It was about his mother.

Maurice lived with his mother, in an apartment near Riverside, with a couple of family portraits and some nice old rat-tailed silver spoons on the tea table. Other things in keeping.

All very well, as long as Maurice was a bachelor, but no apartment in the world can be big enough for a man and two women who love him. Not as Adrienne loved Maurice. Not as his mother loved him. The walls buckle; the roof falls in on a three-ply love like that. It's been tried. It's the oldest joke in the world. And the oldest joke is only the oldest tragedy, handed on in palatable form from one gullible generation to another.

"I think I'll have mother's room done over for her."

After the third-act discussion, quite suddenly Maurice had sprung that. The violinist, at the moment, had been playing Mimosa. Teasing, sweetly whining, amorous foolery.

Adrienne remembered—he hadn't looked at her when he said it, for a moment. Because he knew she expected, without ever having talked about it frankly, that his mother, when he married Adrienne, would go elsewhere to live. She had a sister in Virginia.

"Oh," said Adrienne slowly. She remembered that against the background of Mimosa.

He looked at her then; a bit defiantly.

"Be a good idea—don't you think?"

What Adrienne thought was that his mother had been having a show-down. That his mother had put it up to Maurice—prettily, no doubt—was she to go or to stay—when Maurice married Adrienne in the summer, as they had been planning.

Obviously, Maurice had promised that she should stay.

She had wound him about her little finger as usual.

"I thought—don't you think ——" That was Adrienne, frightened of what she saw coming, but with her back against the wall, so to speak, prepared to die for her cause. "Don't you think, Maurice, we'd stand a better chance of being happy—just us?"

"What do you mean?"

He knew beyond question what she meant.

"Don't be difficult, Maurice."

He had been worse than difficult. High-handed, touchy, resentful.

"Mother would never be happy anywhere else."

What about Adrienne? It was Adrienne's life he was asking for. His mother had had her day. Her husband to herself. Her home to herself. Why couldn't she make way now for her son and her son's wife?

It would be beyond words, such heaven—to be Maurice's wife. To make a home for him. Only, you couldn't make a home where one already existed.

"Mother'd take all the trouble of housekeeping right off your hands."

Blind, stubborn, cruel! That was only half of it. What she'd really take would be the house.

"You don't love me, Maurice, or you wouldn't be so unkind. It's your mother you love."

"What sort of girl are you—to be jealous of a man's mother?"

He had a rotten temper, Maurice; and a swift one.

"You don't understand."

"I'm not a fool."

"You don't care enough."

"I cared enough yesterday. I cared enough an hour ago ——"

They had left the restaurant, arguing coldly, in subdued bitter murmurs. They had gone up to Adrienne's tiny apartment, and the argument had grown more bitter and cut deeper.

"You aren't willing to make any sacrifices." That was Maurice—grinding out his cigarette in the special ash tray Adrienne had bought for his use.

"I'm not willing to take a chance on everything."

At this point Adrienne got up and rang for her breakfast, endeavoring to forget that any of her existed except certain bodily necessities like hunger and thirst. The thought of Maurice was a hunger and a thirst. It lay at the back of every other hunger and thirst in the universe.

"Please go! I never want to see you again as long as I live!"

She had said that to him at last—to Maurice, whose cool skeptical smile she adored beyond wording, whose high gray head and whose arrogant air were the pride of her life—knowing what an absurd sensitiveness lurked behind that cocky and indifferent exterior. She had been so proud of Maurice's pride.

Only, of course, one can't go on making a doormat of oneself forever.

"I never want to see you again ——"

"You'll ask for it when you do!"

Maurice had said that to her, going.

The door was closed between them now. Closed and barred, and double barred. Adrienne put even the thought of Maurice doggedly one side. She had her bath and dressed. She called a man she had not seen in a long time—a man whom Maurice particularly disliked—and allowed him to ask her to dine with him that night and go to a play. Barricading the door as well as barring it.

"You've been neglecting me," she said to the other man wistfully, and he rose to her bait like a trout. By the time she rang him off he was being tender and eager, and expectant of future favors, justifiably.

"It was sweet of you to call me up," he told her.

Adrienne hated men who changed their voices talking to women over the telephone. Tried to be caressing across miles of wood and wire and a gutta-percha receiver. With most likely a grin somewhere at their backs. Listeners recognizing the amatory inflection.

She said, "I'd love to see you, Tommy ——" still wistful. And knew a qualm of self-contempt oddly physical.

Tommy O'Neill wasn't a bad sort. A clean, ruddy, easily amused person. If you liked men clean and ruddy and easily amused. Adrienne didn't. Oh, clean, of course, but not so obvious about it; like an advertisement for some sort of soap.

She liked men straight and rangy and taut like a bowstring; energy, almost violent, able to be released in an instant.

She liked men thin-faced and tanned and hawk-nosed, with sardonically silver hair, close-cropped, above young ardent eyes.

Maurice made every other man in the world look stereotyped and stupid, their emotions clumsy and dull—braying saxophones and trombones, after the gallant golden call of a bugle.

"You are selfish as hell!"

Maurice had said that to her, and meant it, using the word he thought.

Putting on her hat, picking up her bag and gloves, Adrienne remembered the twist of his mouth over that word.

Selfish, because she was wise enough to want to safeguard their future happiness. Maurice didn't know his mother; Adrienne did. His mother hated Adrienne because Adrienne was going to take Maurice away from her. His mother hid her hate behind a soft, wrinkled, smiling mouth, behind a gentle plaintive voice—"I know I must lose my boy sometime"—behind gentle dark eyes that never missed any move Adrienne might make. Life in a house with Maurice's mother wouldn't be life with Maurice, it would be alienation.

"We live by ourselves, or I won't marry you." Adrienne had told him that.

"I can't understand your taking that attitude. If there's a soul in this world that's easy to get on with it's my mother," Maurice had said—believing it.

You can't very well tell a man that his mother is a domestic vampire, nor even an elderly and relentless harpy. Not prettily, you can't.

You can only go on saying it would be foolish—your trying to live with her. And he can only go on trying to show you how selfish and hard and unreasonable you are, till you both lose control and truth comes dripping up from her well—naked and gaunt. Till the door closes after him hard, and waiting, you hear the clang of the elevator door down the hall, closing harder—a hollow cruel sound.

The door of a tomb might make a sound like that, swinging shut.

Adrienne went out. She walked across the park. There were sheep grazing in a smooth green space, with a man and a dog to watch them. There were veils and webs of ephemeral leafage over trees which a month before had been stark. Little purple flowers enameling rocky slopes. Narcissi starring sheltered reaches. A rosy snow of bloom hooding cherry and plum. Lilacs budding. Rhododendron showing green. Spring beading the air like bubbles winking at the brim of a glass—a clear, pale, heady wine. Maurice loved Keats. He had taught Adrienne to read him. She put Keats and his winking bubbles stubbornly out of mind.

She said to herself: "Once I get past sentimentalizing, this is the best thing that could possibly have happened to me. He and his mother; between them I'd be pulverized, done for completely. Of course this hurts. But, thank God, it's happened before it was too late!"

She caught a taxi and drove for blocks in a drugged isolation of spirit, between other taxis, between clumsy green busses, between smug shining limousines and rakish dark roadsters. Like a leaf on a sluggish stream, here whirling in an eddy, there still, against a rock. Moving without will, ceasing without desire. When she left the taxi she went into a shop and bought a pair of gloves—subconscious intention—and her hands, thus brought to notice, suggested further employment. Anything to fill the bottomless hours.

She decided, "I'll get a manicure. I'm glad I thought of it."

Half a block back she had passed a place; obviously a beauty shop. She turned back to it now, relieved to have a definite objective, went in and asked, standing at a little desk where a raddled blonde in black satin hugged a telephone to her ear, meantime running a heavy finger down the closely written pages of an appointment book, "Can I get a manicure?"

The golden one, overly and determinedly golden, spoke into the mouthpiece of her instrument.

"Trim and a wave . . . Half-past three Thursday . . . All right, Miss Sullivan. I'll put you down; trim and a wave; thank you!"

Adrienne repeated her question, adding, "I have no appointment."

"Miss Kitty can take you," the blonde assured her graciously. She waved Adrienne to one of many narrow little tables, only a foot or so away, with all the customary little bowls and bottles, the shaded light, the tray of files and scissors.

Adrienne sat down and folded her hands on the cool glass table top with a sigh. Miss Kitty appearing presently, black-bobbed, white-smocked, doll-faced and capable, sat tête-à-tête, inquiring:

"Do you like 'em pointed?"

"Not too much," said Adrienne.

"Shorter?"

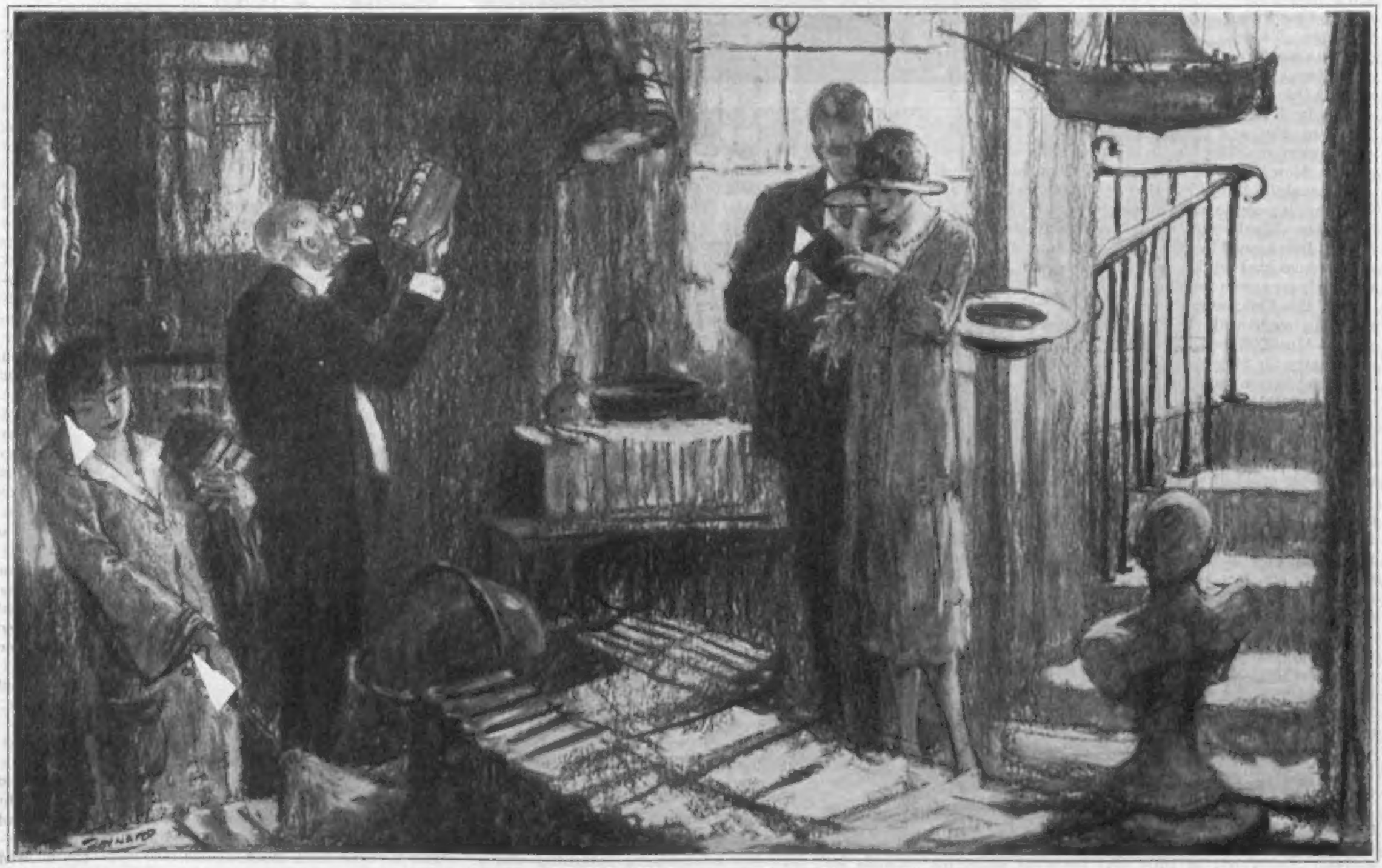
"Very little."

"I see," said Miss Kitty indulgently. "Left hand, please." She swooped upon her task. Adrienne looked at the opposite wall and hoped she would not have to talk.

The wall was enlivened with photographs, a great many of them; mostly signed, mostly in a high state of coiffure, bare shoulder and conscious professional pulchritude; most of them framed, some of them not. One realized directly that the photographs were by way of testimonial. The place had an interestingly theatrical air; well removed from the hushed aesthetics, the gray and green and rose subtleties of other facial salons.

There were cases of perfumes and powders and creams; cases of pearls and cigarette holders and painted flowers; while in the highest and largest glass case of all, three waxen female busts languidly revolved—brunette and blonde and *châtaigne*, curled to a hair. Their great eyes simpered.

(Continued on Page 130)



From the First; From That Day in the Little Bookshop, Adrienne Had Wanted Him

Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President — By Will Rogers

ROME, June 1, '26.

[This is Rome, Italy, not Georgia.]

THE PRESIDENT OF THEM UNITED STATES,

MY DEAR *Mr. President:* Well, I come clear to Italy, as you know, Boss, just to see Mussolini, and see for you if his style of Government was as bad as the Republicans over home. He is the busiest man in the world today and I dident know if I would be able to see him personally and privately or not. As I told you before, I had letters from everybody but you. But after all it has to be arranged through our ambassador, Mr. Fletcher.

The Photograph Which Mussolini Autographed for Will Rogers

Well, Nick and Alice had done nobly by me with Fletcher. They gave me a real personal letter, and in addition the day I landed in Rome they sent him a long Cablegram telling him to be sure and have the Duce see me. Now that was mighty fine of them, and it's just little thoughtful things like that that Alice and Nick are doing that is going to make him awful hard to forget some November. Mind you, I am not criticizing you. But if Senator Borah could be thoughtful enough, and take time enough from his busy life to give me one, why, there was absolutely no excuse for you.

Well, this Fletcher is a bear. He is a real go-get-'em Kid. He fought with the Roughriders in Cuba with the original Mussolini, and has been representing us all over the country for 24 years. I had lunch with them at his flat—they have a painting there—the day he celebrated his exact 24th year. Mr. Kellogg had sent him a nice Telegram, which by the way was mighty thoughtful of Mr. Kellogg. He is a good man for us to watch, this Fletcher, if anything better shows up. But don't know how anything better could show up that would beat Rome.

Well, he got busy right away, and he arranged a date for me for Friday at twelve o'clock. Now that was about 6 days away, and it seems that Mussolini was going to Genoa to speak in the meantime. You know, over there they have no Radio's and you have to go and tell them personally. He can't lay in bed and talk to everybody that hasent static, like you can.

Well, he got back from Genoa all right, as they had disarmed every Irishwoman of even their snuff. Well, the more I was there in Italy, and the more I would hear about him, and the more I would see what he had done, why, the bigger he got to me. As the date grew nearer, I commenced getting kinder scared. Everybody in the world had either flew to the north Pole this summer or was trying to see Mussolini. Well, I took the Mussolini end, because there are two Poles but only one Mussolini.

Now in the meantime I read up on him and talked to everybody that could talk sense—American—and I tried and did find the high light in his rise to this tremendous success. Everybody in Italy told me what shape the Country was in before, and they all also related to me the fight he had to get in to straighten the Country out, and in relating it they would all mention what everyone of them admitted was the turning point in his Party's favor.

Now as you know, Mr. President, you sent me here especially to see and study this man's Methods. He was my objective when I left home. You wanted me to see and write you from the Human Interest point and Humorous angle. So I will have to first tell you of his weapon. It did more to put him where he is today than any other one thing in the world. In speaking of it here to you I know that I am within the bounds of propriety, because it is so well known and spoken of everywhere in Italy, and I will also quote you exactly from Articles which were written by the great English writer Sir Percival Phillips, K. B. E., and were published in the London Daily Mail, and afterwards in book form. I will quote exact from his Book:

"In the war, Fascisti fought against Bolshevism. Fascisti—the Black Shirts—used many weapons. By far the most effective of these was Castor Oil. The Fascisti were constantly encountering acts of disloyalty which deserved punishment on a lower scale. So they conceived the idea of purging Society in this simple way. Some were too old to be beaten or thrown into Jail, some too young. But all ages received some of it if they did acts against their Government, or the Fascisti. He was given a couple of large tumblerfuls, and if he dident drink it voluntarily, his nose was held and he had to swallow. Thereafter castor oil became the sovereign remedy for Red Madness. It was given to all breeds of Bolsheviks from Desperado's from the criminal classes to the Intellectual's who were always preaching to overthrow the Government. The effect was unfailing. I am told that a patient never rendered himself liable to a second dose when he returned from his retirement, pale and haggard.

"He found himself an object of ridicule instead of a martyr. Fascisti would pass him by with an ironic inquiry as to the state of his health, and even his own Bolsheviki friends had difficulty in expressing sympathy without showing amusement. Ridicule then became a powerful ally of the Black Shirts. The psychologists at the head of the movement—which was Mussolini—gauged exactly the mentality of their opponents and when less subtle Leaders have relied mistakenly on brute Force alone, the Fascisti waged war with fine discrimination. So formidable has castor oil become that it is now the formidable argument for suppressing even disorder. Adria, in Venetia, gives it for drunkenness. Not only is the drunkard to be given it but the man who sold it to him, or if sold to boys under 16 years of age, and a bottle of castor oil is to be kept in every café just as a warning. Through the entire Fascisti penal system there runs this same sardonic humor, a warning is generally nessasary."

Now those are the bare facts as they were known and were published everywhere. The Life of Mussolini, by Margherita Sarfatti, the most complete book of any man's life ever published, treats, in a like manner, of this modern remedy. The reason I tell you all this is so you won't think that it is some concoction of mine to derive humor from a very serious situation in the History of a great country. It took Statesmen and men of foresight to do a brainy thing like that. In all my reading or observing of the workings of a remedy against political plottings and minor crimes, this is, I think, the absolute masterpiece of History. Not only from the humorous but from the efficient standpoint, I know of nothing that would lessen a man's political aspirations more than this. Just think of the possibilities not only in Italy, but in our country.

How many dozens of things can you think of offhand that it would improve, over our present remedies, and then the hundreds of things that should be remedied that has no particular law applied to them now, at all, but that this would fix. So this gave me a real line and a real issue to work on when I saw him. In other words, it gave me courage, for I knew the man must have humor.

Well, the day arrived and I said to myself, I am going in a-grinning, even if they decide to revive the old Roman Colliseum, and put me in there and give me just three jumps in front of a Lion. I had heard that Mussolini sits in the far-back corner of a great room, and that in this long walk up to him from the door he has your number before you hit the quarter pole. Well, the only unemployment I saw in the whole of Italy was the people that was waiting in these rooms to see Mussolini; I thought, my goodness, I will never get in here.

I was accompanied by Mr. Warren Robbins, the next in charge under Mr. Fletcher at the Embassy. He was my Host and Interpreter. Mussolini's office is a big Palace in the center of Rome. Right on the dot, at twelve o'clock, somebody said something to Robbins in Italian, and I was headed for the most talked of, the most discussed—the man that has done more for one race of people in three years than any man living ever did; a Napoleon, but with

peace; the man that I had never even in any of his pictures seen smiling. This man, with all this on his mind, I was going in to see if I could get a laugh out of him, or find out what kind of a Duck he was. My friend, Marcosson, I knew, had just got a wonderful interview from him, but his was alon Government, or economical and common-sense lines; t I didn't know what I was going to be able to lead him o.

I had asked people, but no one had ever had the nerve to try him out on anything less than a world problem. I knew that everybody that faced him for the first time always were kinder scared, or leary of him. And I also knew that a big man gets tired being just done nothing to but be complimented. So I says, "Benito"—that's his Christian name, and in Spanish means pretty. That is the only false alarm I found him sailing under. He was not what I would term pretty. He was cute, but not pretty. Well, I says, "Come on, Claremore, les see what Rome has got. I am going to treat this fellow like he was nobody but Hiram Johnson. Get your Lions ready for a foot race, in case I dissplease."

Now in the first place I wasent dressed like I should have been. Warren and everybody else that I saw had on what they called a Morning Coat. It has the long tail, but neither the coat, nor the pants, nor the vest, has to match. In fact they are not allowed to match; if they do they are wrong. Well, my suit all matched; that's all it did do. I could see Warren looking me over, but he dident say anything. He just figured: "Well, he will perhaps be thrown out anyway, so let it go." Well they had the distance right to his desk. It's just about as far as from the middle of the stage to the wings if your last joke has died on you.

Well, I come in a-grinning. I thought he has got to be a pretty tough Guy if he don't grin with you. Well, he did, and he got up and come out and met us at about the 4th green, shook hands smiling, and asked in English, "Interview?" I said "No Interview." Well, that certainly did make the hit with him; he was standing facing me, and he put both hands on my shoulders and said, "Hurray. Bravo. No Interview."

I guess he had got so tired of people asking him a lot of the same set questions and then, perhaps, seeing them misquoted afterwards. I said to him, I come clear from America not to see how your country was run. If it's run wrong, it's nothing to me. From all the pictures and all we know about you, you are looking like Napoleon, and I come to see is Mussolini a Regular Guy. Well, he got that in English, and it seemed to please him, and he seemed to start right in to prove to me that he was one. He understands most everything you say to him in English—that is, he seems to understand most of it. Personally, I believe he gets more of it than he lets on, and he always answered me back in English, if it was just some short reply; but if he had to explain or it was a long sentence, why he would tell it to Warren, and they talked in French, because Warren spoke that language better; it don't make much difference to Mussolini, outside of English, he is a bear on any of the others.

He asked me if I spoke French. That was his first comedy line. Can you imagine me speaking French? I bet, though, I could start in and learn it as quick as I could English, at that. I then asked, "You hold a lot of different jobs here—you know, he is the Mcadoo of Italy for running everything—you are Minister of " He interupted me, and laughingly counted off on his fingers, "Me—one, two, three, four, five, six—Me, Six Ministers," and laughed as he told me. He had sense of humor enough to realize what an outsider would think of one man holding six so-prominent positions. But he also had the good sense to know that he was the only one could hold them right now

I asked him, How much do you get for being all these and running this whole shooting match like you do. He understood without interpreter, and said, "Oh, not so much," and did his fingers together, as one does when they insinuate money. And as a matter of fact he only gets one thousand dollars a year in our money. I shouldent tell you this, Mr. Coolidge, but I want you to know what other men are doing for one 75th, and don't even mention "economy." I then told him the reason I asked was that I was prepared to make him a better offer, that I would give him more for being one Minister, or Cabinet member, over home than he got for all six over here. He laughed. I couldent tell whether he took it as a compliment or a knock. I then told him that while he was doing all this Minister business that France would perhaps engage him, that Briand was only in for weekends; he said, "No France Minister; no permanent position in France." That showed he had quite a smathering of humor and also a good business eye for a permanent job.

Like every man you talk too, he likes to ask the questions sometimes. He then asked me in a very confidential way and in very good English—because I bet he asks this to everybody—"W-h-a-t h-a-s i-m-p-r-o-v-e-d y-o-u m-o-r-e i-n I-t-a-l-y." Well I knew that everybody had always told him that it was the "Marvelous development that had taken place in the last three years." But I told him that it was two things—he seemed very interested—one was the amount of Automobiles meeting and neither one ever knowing which side the other was going to pass him on, and yet nobody ever got hit, and the other thing was the amount of Bicycles ridden, and I never saw anyone ever fixing a puncture.

Well this answer kinder set him back for a minute. I could tell the way he acted that he had got it, even without Warren interpreting it to him. He laughed, but you could tell that he was dissapointed. I was the only one that had not noticed the "marvelous improvement in the last three years." But he was humorous and game and he come right back with, "yes, we have very good Bicycle tires here in Italy." This last reply of his was through Mr. Warren. You know, here is a thing about foreigners. If they know they don't speak a thing well, they don't say it in that language, they are afraid of us laughing or inwardly criticizing their pronunciation. But it's just the opposite with an American, you give him three words all said wrong in some language and he will go out of his way to use them. There is no humiliation on his part. He is proud if he only gets one letter right in the whole word.

Now there was times during the conversation when he wasent watching and he would answer regardless of how he spoke it. I then asked him right out if he was the originator of the castor-oil treatment. He laughed and winked and said, "Very good, eh?" He dident say outright that it was his idea, but he winked as he said, "Very good, eh?" and he seemed to be rather proud of the idea, and I don't blame him, because it was the greatest idea put into execution in the entire History, and we can't go back of results. It was the turning point in Italy's fight against the Bolsheviki, and all the results that I will later enumerate that have been so wonderful in the progress of modern Italy were absolutely traceable to this key remedy, castor oil. Why not talk about it if it saved an Empire.

He then said, through Mr. Warren, "No castor oil in two years. When we were fighting and trying to save the country against the Bolsheviks, we used to find them and"—then he dropped back into English—"one fellow, he not so bad, we give him half leiter, next fellow, he bad boy, we give him ONE leiter," and he laughed and sure got a kick out of telling this. A leiter is somewhere less or in close proximity to what, in sense, is a quart.

Well, then I got to what I was leading up too; as he couldent go to America, I asked him would he sell me the recipe for this castor oil over there, that I wanted to give the Senate of the United States some of it, and the Congressmen, on account of being "not so bad," just about half a leiter. He laughed at that, for he had read of them; but the next line was the one that got the real guffaw out of him. I said I was going to Russia, and he interupted me. "Oh, Russia, See, See! You take recipe to Russia, very good for Russia, castor oil. I give you free." I wanted to suggest it for Charley Dawes to administer to the Senate during a filibuster. It would solve his problem. Well, we had some good laughs over the possible problems that the remedy might be administered for, including Democratic Conventions. I know of nothing that would lessen a political ambition any more, and while he was going good I thought I will ask him a few questions right quick while he is not noticing, and I can tell imediately how he stands on them by the way he looks. I told him I had just been in Geneva, and attended the Preliminary Dissarmament Conference, and what did he think about Dissarmament?

He again laughed, and winked at me as good as to say, "Why do you want to make me laugh." Then he replied, "No dissarmament; we dissarm when England dissarm on sea; when France in Air and land. So you see we never have to dissarm." Say there is the smartest thing I have heard in Europe, said in a few words. Poor old America, when they can't think of anything else to talk about they scare up Dissarmament. He then pulled another very funny line about this meeting which was on in Geneva, and which was just what they were doing. He said "They appoint committee; committee appoint committee; this committee appoint committee to appoint another committee, round and round, like dog biting at own tail." He said a saucer full right there.

I then asked him the question that is uppermost

(Continued on Page 82

"Signor Rogers, Compliments, Mussolini"

EXTRA LEGAL

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

The Strange Young Man Stood Up in the Wagon—the Full Six Feet and Three Inches of Him. "Possibly," He Said in His Melancholy Voice, "We Can Settle This Out of Court"

A YOUNG man who was remarkably tall and distressingly thin alighted from the train and surveyed what was visible of the town of Luxor. Not much was to be seen in the twilight from that vantage point. The mills were around the shoulder of the hill, and the town itself lay off at the right in its bowl of a valley. The railroad had almost missed it completely as it wandered absent-mindedly through the mountains, and when it awoke to the fact that a center of population was at hand its tracks were down half a mile away from the post office. It was a casual railroad anyhow.

The arrival waited for his trunk, picked up his rather dilapidated bag and walked with a slow, lopping, stoop-shouldered gait to the baggage room, where he presented his check and asked if there were an express to carry his belongings to the hotel.

"Seems like Paul ought to be showin' up," said the baggage-master, who was also station agent and telegrapher. "Kind of depends on Melchior if he gits here on time or not. . . . Sample trunk?" he asked, with an eye cocked at the overlarge box.

"I've never found a way of displaying samples," said the tall young man gravely. "It's a thought, however." He nodded his head three distinct times. "Probably there's something in it."

"Sufferin' cats," expostulated the baggage-master, "but that's a hefty trunk! Full of pig iron?"

"You might call it pig-headedness," said the stranger. "Some do. It depends on whether the case goes for or against you."

"I got to weigh it and charge you excess," the baggage-master volunteered

"Such," said the young man patiently, "is the penalty for erudition."

"We don't charge for that," said the baggage-master; "just for weight over two hundred pounds."

"I've been looking for the town," said the young man with a touch of melancholy. "It hasn't packed up and moved away, has it? I've had things like that happen to me."

"It hain't moved, and you can bet your bottom dollar it won't—not while Marty Rooney's settin' on it."

"I'm sure I'm indebted to Mr. Rooney. . . . And that—may I ask if that is the expressman?" He pointed to a mule-drawn equipage which drew up at the platform and came to a halt.

"That," said the baggage-master, "is Paul and Melchior. You kin tell which is Paul—he's got on pants."

Mr. Briggs, for such was the baggage-master's name, bellowed with startling vehemence, "Trunk goin' to the hotel!"

"Don't git in a sweat," said the member of the firm who wore trousers. "Me 'n' Melchior jest pulled up the hill. Give us a chancet to ketch our breath." He alighted leisurely from his seat and approached the trunk with evident disinclination. He grasped a handle and lifted—with no visible effect. "Me and who else carries this?" he asked

"Be kind of careful of it," said Mr. Briggs. "This man says it's full of erudition."

"Feels more like pig iron."

"'Tain't," asserted Mr. Briggs. "I asked."

The tall young man approached his trunk and bent over it. "Perhaps," he said, "you and I can lift it. If not, I propose we desert it. Did you ever hear of a law against trunk desertion?"

"I swan to man!" exclaimed Paul. "You're perty stout for your heft, hain't you?"

"You'd be surprised if you knew," said the young man. "Sometimes I fear my own strength. But"—here his tone became confiding—"it's nothing to my mental vigor."

"Gosh!" said Mr. Briggs.

Together they put the two pieces of impedimenta in the wagon and Paul wiped his forehead. Mr. Briggs breathed heavily and sat down abruptly, though he had done no lifting.

"Man was made to toil and moil," he said feelingly.

"Thank you," said the young man, "for solving that question. I've often wondered just why man was made."

"It was a botch job," said Mr. Briggs.

"I agree with you whole-heartedly," said the young man. "And now"—to Paul—"if your friend is in the mood, let us proceed to the hotel."

"Be you ridin' with me?"

"If it suits your convenience."

"Travelin' man?" asked Paul.

"No, I'm an arriving man," the stranger answered. "I may say I am one of the most completely arrived men you ever met. I'm here."

"I guessed that much," said Paul. "If it ain't askin' too much, what's in that danged trunk?"

"Knowledge," said the young man, and nodded his head again three times. "A complete set of knowledge—unless the Supreme Court met yesterday and turned it into misinformation."

"I dunno 's I follow you."

"In that," said the young man, and this time very patiently indeed, "you have the company of some of the most alert minds of this age. . . . The name of this town is Luxor. Its population is estimated at thirty-five hundred. It is a mill town, with a bank, post office, divers retail stores, a garage and a livery stable. Daniel Webster

spoke here on a certain occasion, and it is famous for its maple sugar."

"Gosh," said Paul, "somebody's been postin' you!"

"It is lacking in something, however."

"What's that?" asked Paul

"I don't know. I came up to see if, possibly, it wasn't myself."

"Cal'late to settle here?"

"You may announce that fact upon my authority," the young stranger said

"Um —— Giddap, Melchior." He sighed with relief when the mule obeyed, for it saved the effort of climbing down to light papers under it as a persuasive method. "You didn't have to pick Luxor, did you?"

"It was foreordained," said the young man.

"Goin' to work in the mills?"

"Only," said the young man, "as a last and desperate resort. When I go down for the second time I shall grasp at the mills."

"Huh! What do you figger on doin'?"

"Well, among other things, I think I shall become your senator."

Paul smiled grimly. "Oh! State or Washin'ton?"

"Probably," said the young man, "both. In turn, you understand."

"Friend of Marty Rooney's?"

"So far that gentleman has not had the privilege of my acquaintance."

"Wa-al, if you hold to them ambitions of yourn, you're apt to meet him," said Paul, and this time he did not smile—not even grimly.

They finished the descent of the hill in silence. There a trench had been dug at the roadside so that space remained but for the passage of a single vehicle. A motor approached from the opposite direction with some speed and lifted its voice to warn Melchior out of the way. But it was not Melchior's evening for turning out for things, nor for stopping, though Paul leaned back on the reins. Melchior forged ahead until he occupied the narrow pass. The motor screamed with its brakes and skidded so that it lay half across the roadway. It had the look of a disgruntled automobile

"G'dap," said Paul, but Melchior had reached his destination.

"Well," said a voice, "come on or back up."

"Melchior's got one of his spells," said Paul in a discouraged voice.

"Will you get out of my way?" the voice said imperiously.

"Depends on Melchior," said Paul.

"Do something," said the voice.

"I be," said Paul. "I'm possessin' my soul in patience. It's a virtue Melchior's learnt me."

"I don't wish for any impertinence," said the voice. "You have no business on the roads with a thing like that."

"I got 's much right 's you have with a thing like that," said the expressman, exhibiting his republican independence.

The strange young man stood up in the wagon—the full six feet and three inches of him. "Possibly," he said in his melancholy voice, "we can settle this out of court."

"You can get out of my way," replied the occupant of the car.

"The point of the matter seems to be," said the young man, "that we can't. Also involved in the issue is the question as to whether Melchior is in your way or you are in Melchior's way."

"We're on the right side of the road," snapped Paul.

"But we'll concede a point," said the young man. "We'll allow you to drive around the block and so save time and altercation."

"I don't drive around blocks for anybody," said the young lady in the car—and she said it ungraciously.

"In that case," said the stranger, alighting from the express wagon, "I shall walk on to the hotel."

"Aren't you going to do something?" the young lady demanded.

"I am," said the young man. "I am going to eliminate myself from a situation which bids fair to become embarrassing to innocent bystanders."

The young lady stared after him and bit her lip, nor did she return to the attack until his drooping figure turned the corner.

Then, suddenly, she crashed her gears into reverse, swung around her car and made it fairly leap away from Melchior. She was following the advice to drive around the block

The strange young man entered the hotel and approached the desk, where he registered as Caleb Hope.

"Have you," he asked, "a special rate by the week, month or year?"

"Cal'latin' to stay long?" asked the clerk.

"Permanently," said Mr. Hope.

Before the formalities were completed, Paul entered triumphantly. "Melchior cal'lated he'd git a move on," he said. "We blocked off Marty Rooney's niece and she was like to have turned around and bit herself," he said to the clerk.

"Want to watch out now. She'll take a wheel off of you the first chance."

"As for me," said Mr. Caleb Hope, "I could do with some supper."

"Dinin'-room door opens in twelve minutes," said the clerk.

II

ON THE next day, shortly after noon, the town of Luxor was permitted to witness an event of importance in its life and in the life of Caleb Hope. This event took place before a tiny one-story wooden structure on the main street—a building situated between the butcher shop and the hardware store—and was nothing less than the hanging of a sign. Caleb Hope supervised the erection. When the

(Continued on Page 62)

Marty's Face Was Not Jovial Now, Nor Was It Alarmed or Angry. It Was Singularly Self-Controlled, and His Very Bright Gray Eyes Were Studying Caleb

THE MONEY THIEF

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

It Proved to be an Ordinary Glass Jar With a Screwed-On Metal Top. Even in the Dim Light the Gleam of its Contents Answered All His Questions

AS DONOVAN descended from the train he allowed his coat to open slightly, so as to reveal his deputy sheriff's star to the hotel keeper, the grocer, the druggist and the postmaster on the platform. Donovan's star was not a fixed star, but they did not know that. He had specialized in precious stones, not criminals; but as jewel expert for Redelos Indemnity he sometimes traced stolen jewels of value, often as an appointed peace officer.

"Commercial House?" asked the hotel man.

"You win," replied Donovan, accompanying him.

The town was a very small one on the desert side of the summit, and he wished a reasonable reason for his presence to become known. On the way over he therefore explained that presence briefly and clearly.

"I'm looking for a crook," he said.

"What did he do?" asked his conductor.

"A number of things."

"We all do that," said the other.

Donovan waited, for the sake of the effect, until he had scanned the hotel register. He registered under the assumed name of P. O'Brien, also for the sake of the effect. Then he continued: "Not here. This crook I'm speaking of robbed a safe in the city. We almost had him snared, but he stole a car and away he ran."

The statement was true, but it did not include the whole truth. Such a man had robbed a safe in the city, and had escaped in a stolen car, and Donovan did wish to apprehend him; but no one knowing the deputy's interest in jewels but must have wondered; since this thief had stolen money, not diamonds.

"I can give you a cool north room," said the hotel man.

"Anything. I want to root around a bit in the desert looking for tracks. Where can I rent a little car?"

"You might try Tom Green in the next block south. You saw him at the station. He owns a car."

"Is it fast?"

"It's faster running downhill, but you can use it anywhere. You see, he's a grocer."

"I'll rent it of him," said Donovan.

"Just tell him I sent you, Mr. O'Brien."

He hesitated, as if he were on the point of asking a further question but did not quite dare to do so.

"Say it," Donovan told him.

"It's a foolish question to ask, Mr. O'Brien; but you act as if you had so much time, you must feel pretty sure of your man. If that thief escaped last night, headed this way, and if he's driving a stolen car, why isn't he in Nevada by now? The grocer makes the run from the city in three hours. Why couldn't your thief do it too?"

Donovan grinned. "I didn't say the thief was driving a stolen car. I said he escaped in one. He might have reached Nevada by now, if he had stayed on wheels. But he didn't. This man's on foot. He dropped a bearing on the San Roque grade and had to follow his shoes into the hills. That puts it up to him. He can't stay where he is. He can't get back to the city. What has he left that he can do?"

"You mean he'll probably try to cross the desert on foot?"

"Wouldn't you, if you had to? I think he will—either at this point or some other."

"I'd pick Foley's myself, to start from," replied the hotel man. "Foley's is over east. Hassan's is too far west for a man on foot. This point here is pretty public, being on the railroad. Tom Green knows the roads better. Talk it over with Tom."

Donovan strolled on. The grocer proved to be as much interested in his errand as the hotel man. His belief was that the thief would try to follow the railroad, public or not.

"I'd pick Foley's as my second choice," he said.

"How about Hassan's?" asked Donovan.

"Possible but not probable. He'd have to cross to Seeby's mine. That would mean twenty-five miles without water, not counting the trail to Hassan's. And he wouldn't be sure of finding Seeby's. He wouldn't even be sure of finding Hassan's."

"It doesn't look as if he'd pick Hassan's," Donovan admitted.

"Why don't you talk with Marshal Bollinger? He'd know how a crook like that would figure."

"How do I find this marshal?"

"Just call at the drug store. He's the druggist here. You saw him on the platform standing beside me when you got off the train. And say! Speaking of Hassan's, if you want any good sugared sage honey to take back with you, I have it. Hassan's honey is the finest I ever saw."

"Remind me of the honey," said Donovan.

The marshal did not believe that the fugitive would follow the railroad.

"You see, it's like this, Mr. O'Brien. The only trains that stop in this end of the desert are day trains. He couldn't possibly flip a blind baggage in broad daylight without being seen. Look us over yourself. Where would he hide? We have one local passenger each way that stops, and one local freight. The rest sail through on express schedule. That cuts back his chance of jumping a train. He might try walking the ties, but where would he eat and drink, with every town on the road laying for him? He couldn't make it."

"How about cutting across to Seeby's mine?" asked Donovan.

"Forget it. He'd have to work through the mountains past Honey Hassan's, because that's the last water. Hassan's is hard to find. Suppose he misses Hassan's, where is he? He's out of it before he starts. How he'll go is by way of Foley's."

"In that case the logical thing for me to do would be to strike for Foley's myself."

"Looks like it to me, Mr. O'Brien."

"What does this Foley do for a living, off in the desert?"

"Cattle. You see, he has water. If you had come yesterday you could have talked to him. He drives in twice a week."

"And Honey Hassan—what does he do? Raise honey?"

"Honey and beeswax. If you would stay over tomorrow you could talk to him. During the honey flow he drives in every Saturday."

"I've heard of his sugared sage honey," said Donovan thoughtfully. "It is sugared, isn't it?"

"That's his specialty, sugared sage."

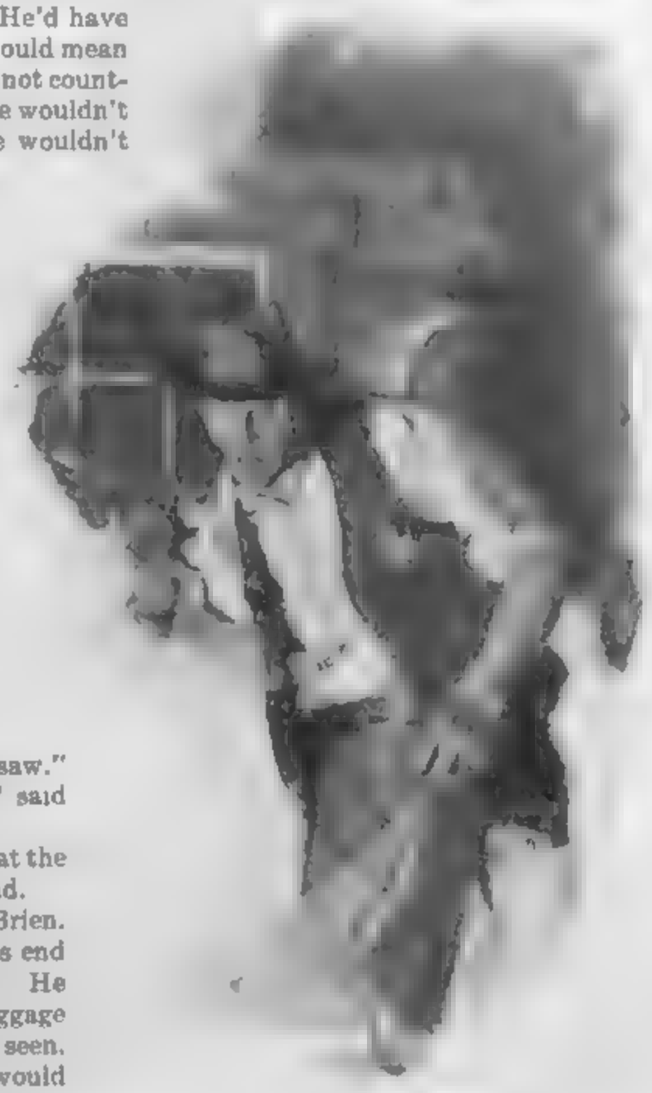
"I shan't be here tomorrow, but I'll see you again."

"Sure. Sure. And about that crook, Mr. O'Brien—it wouldn't do any harm to talk to the postmaster about him. Sometimes these crooks have their mail forwarded to places ahead."

"Where do I find him?"

"The post office is the building beyond the hotel. Just tell old Uncle Sam that I sent you."

Donovan felt able to spare the time. Instead of turning in at the post office he continued north along the main-traveled road. The moment he reached the corner of the



"If I Could Get Him Against the Door I'd Have Him," He Thought

building he likewise reached the edge of town. Instantly thereafter he entered the desert. Out of the tail of his eye he saw that he was watched, and he smiled a little smile; but he waited until he had walked on a hundred feet before surreptitiously drawing from his pocket an object he held cupped in his hand, and a hundred feet farther before letting this object slip through his invisible fingers to the ground.

He continued along the road without so much as a glance at that which he had dropped. After a little he turned to stroll back. When he came to the right place he pretended to see something underfoot, stopped, kicked at it, and then, bending down, ostentatiously rescued the thing from the dust. He was still looking at it when he entered the post office.

"He acts as if he had found money," the postmaster remarked to the grocer, who happened to be present.

It was not money, but only a three-carat unset diamond of the finest Wesselton color, worth slightly more than the building.

Donovan found the grocer and the postmaster discussing the route taken by the money thief. The diamond he thrust into his pocket. At once he became the center of the room.

"If that crook has gone on down the railroad," said the postmaster, "he must have passed through here. He didn't pass through here by daylight—we would have seen him. Therefore he must have passed through during the night. But he was on foot, and there wouldn't have been time for him to walk from the San Roque grade before daylight. Therefore he didn't do it. People never do things they can't do."

"That's good logic," said Donovan.

"He'll try and get out past Foley's," continued the postmaster. "He might make Hassan's by walking all day and all night and part of tomorrow, but he'd have to have water and sleep, and he'd be half dead before ever he set foot in the desert itself."

"I didn't say he had passed through here," replied the grocer. "I said he would."

"But we're ready for him now, and he can't."

"All he has to do is make a quarter-mile detour."

"Where would he get his water?"

"He could hold up somebody for water."

"Who?"

"Honey Hassan, tomorrow morning, when he drives in."

"Is he the sugared-honey man?" asked Donovan.

"He's the man," the postmaster replied. "He lives on a ranch he bought last fall from old Pete Packard, up on the edge of the desert. You never saw such a range. The mountains back of him are matted thick with white and black sage, and in the canyons you find wild buckwheat and willow and mesquite and catclaw—all sorts of honey plants. The desert has flowers in it, too, in the spring. Where you have cool nights you always have a big yield of honey."

"The desert has a good many things in it," said Donovan, producing his diamond. "See what I picked up just now."

"What is it?" asked the postmaster.

Donovan did not miss his wise exchange of glances with the grocer. "It looks to me like a diamond," he replied.

"Where did you find it?"

"Out here in the road."

"Oh, yes!" The postmaster looked it over, then passed it to the grocer. "Did you see this, Tom?"

"This diamond? Yes, sure. We've met before."

"Did you lose a diamond?" asked Donovan softly.

"No, I can't say as I did."

"It looks to me like a good diamond," persisted Donovan.

"Sure. It's a good diamond—of its kind."

"Do you know something about this stone that I don't?"

"I know where it came from," said the grocer.

"Where?"

"I hate to say it, Mr. O'Brien, but that diamond's a prize-package diamond. One of my customers found it in a package. He fell for it hard. It's real good glass."

"He had it tested?"

"Showed it to an expert. Sure. It fell out of his pocket right afterward," the grocer remembered. "It looked as big as an egg."

"If he lost it I'll give it back to him," Donovan remarked dryly. "Was it somebody here in town?"

"Not in town—no. Honey Hassan found it. I don't imagine he lost it this time. I expect he threw it away because he was tired of it. It's yours if you want it. He'll tell you the same."

"It's so pretty I think I'll keep it for a while," Donovan replied.

"The Desert Has a Good Many Things in It," Said Donovan, Producing His Diamond. "See What I Picked Up Just Now"

Whereupon, thrusting it back into the darkness of his pocket, he began asking further questions about the possible roads open to a man in flight from the law; among others, the roads through to Foley's by way of the desert. He remained in the post office more than an hour. When he at last left to go to supper he carried with him a greater knowledge of desert highways and byways than he meant to use; but he had learned what he wished to know.

II

HASSAN approached the railroad, now in sight, with mixed feelings. The steering wheel under his delicate but dust-bitten hands shuddered beneath his distaste for it. He hated it, hated the tack of his slack tires on the hot road, hated the six hundred pounds of sugared honey he was taking to market, hated the grocer to whom he meant to sell it. But the railroad drew him. He hated the people who lived in the town, likewise in sight, but the town itself drew him.

Most of all he hated the desert in which he now swam suspended, with its salt-stained playas, its stippling of bunch grass and creosote bush, its bitter wells, and its nightly, cold, high winds. Yet more than town or than railroad, the desert drew him. He hated it, but he lived in it.

The railroad drew him because it led to the outside world. The desert drew him because it remained apart, because it pressed back town and railroad and outside world. A man can live to himself in the desert. At the present moment Hassan was in a mood to live to himself.

He drew up before the track, automatically looked in both directions for an improbable train, then crossed and turned to the right toward the station.

It was the grocer who told him of the presence in the neighborhood of a hunted criminal, and of the visit of Deputy Sheriff O'Brien on the man's trail. He instantly stiffened into wood. But his hearing did not stiffen. His ears remained alert. He learned through them that O'Brien had arrived the afternoon before, that he had stayed all night at the hotel, that after breakfast he had driven north, and that the grocer supposed he would beat eastward along the flat past Foley's. As he listened he formed a dislike for O'Brien, and this quickly swelled into another hatred; but he did not show this hatred any more than he had shown his hatred for the grocer, but stood with half-closed eyes absorbing the enlarged account.

"I tell you this crook's a bad egg," the grocer went on, vaguely sensitive to Hassan's mood. "The deputy sheriff says he's a killer. I have no wish to see him. I think myself he'll cross following the railroad, but the deputy talks about Foley's. Anyhow, he couldn't reach your place even if he knew the roads. What do you care?"

"Not a thing in the world," replied Hassan at last.

Nevertheless, he began asking nervous questions, first about the bad egg and then about O'Brien

"Just what was it he did, this crook of yours?" he asked.

"What did he do? He held up a cashier, and then when he got close pressed he stole a car. That's this time. Before this I don't know what he did."

"When? When? How long ago?"

"Night before last."

"That's just lately," said Hassan. The grocer vaguely felt that he regarded the lateness of the time with favor. "You talked about his following the railroad. How could he, in a car?"

"He made his getaway in the car, but he broke down on San Roque hill and took to the mountains. He's on foot now. They picked up his trail yesterday morning."

"They're tracking him down?" asked Hassan, coldly interested.

"Not tracking, if you mean footprints. All they have is they found the stolen car."

"How did they know they had the right lizzie?"

"Why, they saw him take it, back in town."

"Did they see his face—these witnesses? Did they recognize him?"

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CENTAURS AND CHUKKERS

By Charles J. McGuirk

ON THE afternoon of Saturday, September 13, 1924, four mounted representatives of the British Empire made the first of two vain attempts to take back the International Polo Cup which had been lifted from them by the Americans in 1921.

These two games were known as the Eighth International Polo Match. They were attended by 70,000 people. They marked the debut of polo into the class of sports which, like baseball, football and prize fights, take the place of the ancient gladiatorial contests of Rome as spectacles.

The normal American is a vicarious athlete. He takes his sport seriously but secondhand. He is gregarious, traveling in vast herds which number as high as 90,000. He is vocal, and earnest. Advice is the best thing he has. He gives it freely. You can hear him—and little else—advising fighters to "knock 'im cold," wrestlers to "break 'is neck," and ball players to "knock it for a gool." In the colleges he goes in for mass attacks which take the form of community singing or synchronized cheering. But 90 per cent of him remains advisory and critical, and under no known condition would he have this changed. He would rather "see it than be it."

Most of the 35,000 people who witnessed the first game that Saturday afternoon were seeing polo played for the first time. Most of them had always regarded polo as a sort of glorified croquet on horseback. But then they had considered tennis a gentle game until the red-headed Maurice McLoughlin came out of the West with a serve like a machine-gun bullet. You never could tell about these new games.

Among Those Present

THE crowd looked promising. It was brilliant, studded with personalities known to the world and the rotogravure sections. The matches were held on the Number One Field, known as the International Field of the Meadow Brook Club at Westbury, Long Island. The giant blue stands were filled to capacity. In one of the boxes sat the Prince of Wales, who had come to America at the invitation of the United States Polo Association and who was now the guest of Louis E. Stoddard, chairman of the association and a polo internationalist. Near him were seated Lord and Lady Mountbatten, the Duke of Alba, personal representative of King Alfonso of Spain; Captain the Honorable Frederick E. Guest, chairman of the Hurlingham Committee; Secretary of War Weeks, Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt, senators, generals, society personages from the Vanderbilts, Whitneys, Astors, Goulds, down to the latest parvenu.

There were former internationalists who had helped make the history of American polo. Thomas Hitchcock, Sr., and Foxhall Keene had represented this country thirty-eight years before, when England took the cup in the first International Matches at Newport, Rhode Island. Mr. Hitchcock, that afternoon, saw his son and namesake play a brand of polo which had not even been thought of when he was an internationalist. Harry Payne Whitney, the father of modern polo, and Lawrence Waterbury, who had been his team mate in 1909, when America recaptured the cup, and in 1911 and 1913, when she successfully defended it, watched the game near John E. Cowdin of the 1902 team, and René La Montagne of the 1914 Internationals.

Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., in Center, Wielding His Powerful Backhand Stroke. Above—Three of the World's Greatest Players: Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., and Devereux Milburn, America's Polo Aces, Pursuing Lord Wodehouse, of England, Who Is Riding on the Ball

The playing field stretched between the stands, a sward 300 yards long and 160 yards wide, close-cropped as a golfers' putting green. Along its sides ran boards eleven inches high. The goals faced each other 250 yards apart. They were eight yards wide, and the goal posts, ten feet high, were light enough to break if collided with.

Ponies

EIGHT horsemen rode on the field on thoroughbred horses, smaller but with the same general lines as the horses that raced on the Belmont and Jamaica tracks. They were manifestly keyed up, but they showed no undue excitement. The English team wore blue shirts and white polo helmets above their riding breeches. They wore short spurs on their riding boots. Some of them carried whips. They were Major T. W. Kirkwood, No. 1; Major F. B. Hurndall, No. 2; Major E. G. Atkinson, No. 3, and Luis Lacey, Back. The Americans were clad in white, and the program identified them as J. Watson Webb, No. 1; Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., No. 2; Malcolm Stevenson, No. 3; Devereux Milburn, Back.

Suspicions that the game might turn out gentle were revived by sight of the mallets in the players' hands. They were certainly croquet sticks, a little longer in the handle, perhaps, but croquet mallets, nevertheless.

Then, it was known that Lacey, the English back—Lacey of the Argentine—was riding into the game with his shoulder in harness, because of a torn ligament, and still suffering from an attack of shingles. The game couldn't be very rough or they wouldn't allow a sick man to play.

Grooms appeared leading spare ponies under blankets. Many of the spectators, charmed by the sight of a moving horse, were watching these when the game began. For a brief moment the skeptics stretched back, waiting to be shown. Then they were sitting forward in their seats, bodies tense. They had come to see a dignified game in which the players babied a little white ball up and down the field. Instead, they looked upon what seemed to be a combination of an exciting section of a Western movie and a gang fight on horseback.

The ball they were chasing looked no bigger than a golf ball, and, when hit, sounded as though made of wood. It was—of willow wood which, in 2000 years of experiment and play, has never been approached for making a polo ball. The ball itself was 3.25 inches in diameter and weighed 5.5 ounces. It was moving all the time, scurrying down the field, flying in the air under the impact of the mallets of the Americans. Ponies, fully extended, stretched out after it, their bellies almost touching the ground. They

pulled up short and turned on a space no bigger than a silver dollar.

Players rode on top of the ball, into mêlées of three and four, out again, swinging their mallets in the air as they approached the ball, hitting it, seemingly without aiming, crooking their mallets into an opponent's just as you did when you played shinny. Polo is shinny or hockey on horseback.

The Americans won that game. They won the second game and the match the following Monday. The

Louis E. Stoddard, Chairman of the United States Polo Association

International Cup was filled with champagne and presented to the American players by the Prince of Wales, who was offered and accepted the first drink from it. When it had made one round, it was passed again to Hitchcock and Strawbridge, because they were almost certain to play on the team which would defend the cup in 1927.

Polo had passed the test as a spectacle. Attendance at games in Meadow Brook and other fields has increased enormously since these matches. A larger crowd than 35,000 is expected at the next international matches. For the first time in its long history it has earnest fans who know everything about polo except how to swing a mallet, hit a ball and sit a horse. It is the last amateur sport in America to attract the attention of lovers of the out-of-doors who would rather "see it than be it."

Polo's Past

BUT polo will never be played among great masses of people, as are golf and tennis. It is a rich man's game. Maintenance of the necessary strings of fast, trained, thoroughbred ponies costs so much that nobody but a wealthy man or an army officer can afford to play it

Devereux Milburn, famous American back, who has played in six of the eight international matches, and who is one of the greatest players of all time, declares that this is unfortunate, because of its value as a character builder. Played at top speed, it makes rigorous demands upon horses and riders. Of a player it demands courage, combativeness, such a degree of horsemanship that he can control his pony's every movement subconsciously, while he strokes the ball at top speed with a skill as great as that demanded in golf or tennis. It insists on a brand of courage that will survive bad crashes, accidental blows from the mallets of opponents, collisions and falls, that frequently result in painful injuries and sometimes in death. Many good potential players have been discouraged and frightened out of the game by one or two hard falls.

The game as played today calls for a speed, stamina and boldness that only the thoroughbred, or the horse with a strong thoroughbred strain, can meet. And the player must live up to his mount.

Polo is so old that no one can give its exact age. Experts approximate it at about 2000 years. It emerged into history somewhere about 600 A. D. among the Persians, who played it as *chaugan*, a name derived from the shape of the stick used for striking the ball. In *chaugan*, usually played after a victorious battle, the Persians are said to have used the heads of their defeated foes as balls

The Tartars, nomadic horsemen swarming all over Asia, picked it up from Persian mentors. It was particularly adapted to the sport needs of a people who lived on horses and whose women are said to have done their cooking on horseback and at the gallop. The Tartars spread it simultaneously through China and India by way of Tibet, and as it passed through, the Tibetans christened it *pulu*, meaning a ball made out of willow wood.

The Chinese played it on the sturdy, shaggy ancestors of the Chinese pony, which were somewhat low in the withers, but as big in bone below the knee as any first-class polo pony. While all Europe's armies swarmed into Jerusalem on armored draft horses to lock with the Saracen in a vain effort to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the hands of the infidels, polo flourished under the khans of China and under the rajahs of India. Yet it was centuries before it found its way into Europe. This was because the types of horses used by the knights were as poorly adapted to the game as elephants.

Devereux Milburn and Harry Payne Whitney, the Two Men Most Responsible for America's Polo Supremacy

British tea planters in Cachar, India, picked it up from the natives, who played it on an unboarded field, 300 by 170 yards. They adopted it about the time of the Crimean War, and the first European polo club was formed by Captains Sherer and Stewart in the Cachar District in 1859

Translating the Game Into English

POLO is peculiarly adapted to modern cavalry, and the British army took to it with an enthusiasm equaling that of the Tartars centuries before. The game spread among the Europeans, via the army stations, to Calcutta, and then all over the Punjab and Northwest Provinces, until it was being played throughout the length and breadth of Hindustan. It thrived, even through the dry seasons when Indian stations are like cities of the dead. In the cool of the evening, strings of ponies, Arabs, country-breds and Walers wended their way to the maidan, or polo fields, led by white-clothed syces.

Officers, either retired or on leave, brought it to England in 1860, and it was played there desultorily until 1864, when the 9th Lancers won a match from the 10th Hussars.

Its popularity in England dates from this first match. Hurlingham and Ranelagh became the country's polo centers, and at Hurlingham stables were built to shelter a hundred horses. Throwing its roots in England, the game became exposed to climatic and topographical influences which resulted in several changes. English polo, most of it, was and is played either in a mist or a light drizzle, on an uneven ground heavy with moisture. To overcome these handicaps a heavier ball was adopted and the

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Louis E. Stoddard Flashes From a Mêlee to Shoot a Goal, at the Rumson Country Club, Rumson, New Jersey

HONOR

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. P. WARD

IT WAS I who told Edith Hilton that Oscar Hjelm was sick in bed. When she learned that "in bed" meant lying on an old lounge in Ben Wistrom's law office, Oscar having no other place to stay, her eyes grew round as buttons. But she was businesslike as usual, consulting her watch, thinking over her engagements, then saying, "Come to the house for me at seven o'clock, Billy. I'll go down there with you." The watch was secured by a long gold chain that went round her neck. She tucked it back in the belt of her dress.

My uncle and I had lived alone, since the death of my aunt, in a drab frame house with an L on Niobrara Street. Colonel Hilton, Edith's father, lived on fashionable Fremont Avenue, but his back yard was opposite ours, across the alley. Of course his house was larger and much finer than ours. I admired its turret and jig-saw ornaments and the cast-iron deer in the front yard.

This was the last of June, public schools closing for the long vacation that week. This year the high-school graduation exercises in Dolon's Opera House on Washington Street were to be embellished by a minuet and perhaps some other dances in costume. Edith Hilton had suggested that and was drilling the dancers. She had been to a preparatory school in Ohio, then to college, and for two years thereafter had followed an occupation that sounded strange to us in Western Nebraska at that time—namely, athletic instructor in the preparatory school. Her mother having died the preceding autumn, she had come out to live with her father. That was when I had first seen her. I was sixteen and in my second year in high school, but not a dancer—to my chagrin just now, since it left me out of Edith Hilton's rehearsals. Her father came from Kentucky and was president of our gas company. My Uncle Clay used to say that he wasn't a real Kentucky colonel, as he pretended to be, but probably only the son of a Cincinnati barber who had seen a real Kentucky colonel across the river and formed himself on that model; also that he wasn't a real capitalist, as the president of a gas company ought to be. Mr. Dolon, president of the Merchants Bank, was said to own the gas company and to be the political boss of our town. Colonel Hilton was a fiery orator, very useful for political purposes, and according to my uncle's ironical account, Mr. Dolon made him president of the gas company to keep him from competing with Wolfe Tone Fitzgerald, who represented our district in Congress. But my Uncle Clay, in his truculent days before my aunt died, was apt to exaggerate.

Calling at Colonel Hilton's ornamental house at seven o'clock, I got an electric shock. There was to be a full-dress rehearsal in the opera house that evening, and Edith was in costume, with bare arms and bosom. The exposure embarrassed me greatly. I wondered, with dismay, if she meant to walk downtown that way. She was square-shouldered and agile, with dark hair and dusky pink cheeks; but what I remember most vividly about her is her even white teeth, a whole mouthful showing when she laughed. I don't know that I ever heard of jolly teeth, but that would describe my recollection of hers.

Hardly anything was beyond her. She played ball with myself and half a dozen boys of my own age in the vacant lot north of our house—once knocking the ball through Mrs. Ketcham's kitchen window and doubling up with laughter, which of course outraged Mrs. Ketcham all the more. Only a fortnight before this evening she had scandalized the neighborhood by riding a borrowed bicycle around half a dozen blocks. It was one of those forgotten machines with a six-foot wheel in front and a tiny wheel in the rear. One had to ride it astride, and this was many years before ladies discovered that they could ride a horse astride without shattering womanly modesty.

We were very liberal-minded in some respects. Certain leading citizens got uproariously drunk in public now and then with no loss of prestige. Dick Tyler's gambling house was only two doors from the Merchants Bank, and as well known to everybody in town. Even quite small school children were aware that respectability lifted its skirts and averted its face when passing the dun old house with a mansard roof at the end of Ely Street. But we were very punctilious about the conduct of respectable ladies. Edith Hilton got herself much criticized. However, vastly to my relief, she slipped on a linen coat that covered her from neck to heels, so I had nothing to blush for when we walked downtown together.

Ben Wistrom's law office comprised two back rooms above a shoe shop on Jefferson Street. You went up narrow stairs, then down a long hall. The first room was furnished with two battered desks, half a dozen chairs, bookshelves on one wall and an old lounge against the other wall. There lay Oscar Hjelm, in shirt and trousers, under a ragged blanket.

Oscar's father had a dingy little tailor shop next to Beck's livery stable, over on Jackson Street. I think he never made anyone a suit of clothes or a garment; but he mended and pressed for poor clients. He had lost his left eye and wore a black patch over the empty socket. His beard was long and thin and kinky. His wife was crippled with rheumatism. Both spoke broken English. Oscar was studying law in Ben Wistrom's office, and good-natured Ben let him sleep on the lounge in the front room, since there could hardly have been room for his long legs in the cubby back of the tailor shop where his parents lived.

Oscar was nineteen, but an interest in literature had drawn us together the year before, when he was quitting high school to study law. I don't remember how we got hold of a bargain book catalogue from Chicago; but, volume by volume, as the dimes accumulated, we sent away for Chaucer, Spenser, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, proposing to read every notable author mentioned in Taine's English Literature down to the moderns. My Uncle Clay had a two-volume edition of Shakspere, in fine print, and Milton. Also, Oscar and I could meet evenings in our dining room and disturb nobody by our green and sappy talk. Or, after he took to lodging in Ben Wistrom's anteroom, we could meet there.

Only Edith Hilton and I knew that Oscar was a poet. At first only I knew it, not even Uncle Clay being in the secret that the verses signed X Y Z which I got him, sometimes, to print in his weekly newspaper, The Herder, were written by the tailor's gangling son. Uncle Clay wouldn't have minded, having only the slightest interest in poetry anyway. But Oscar was very homely and awkward, his big head insufficiently thatched with silken straw-colored hair and his big pale blue eyes having a rather startled look. He knew everybody laughed at his queer father, mimicking the broken English, and at him too. His poverty was ridiculous. He couldn't have endured the additional ridicule that would naturally have been visited upon him if it were known that he aspired to be a poet.

But Edith Hilton chanced to read an X Y Z sonnet in The Herder, and asked me if I knew who wrote it. That was different. I felt sure she wouldn't laugh at Oscar; and I could hardly have helped telling her anything she asked, if I knew it. So I disclosed the secret that it was written by the son of the one-eyed Swede tailor on Jackson Street. Then she must see Oscar; nothing else would do. That was rather difficult; but I arranged that Oscar should come up to my back yard, then she would stroll over from her back yard and be introduced. We all three sat down on a broken-backed bench behind our kitchen and she talked to him a long while.

Of course I had praised Oscar's verses and told him he must persevere with them; but I was his friend and only a youngster. This woman had been to college in the East. She treated him as seriously as though he had a diploma in one hand and a plug hat in the other. It was his first big taste of praise and encouragement. He went away on air—and on nettles, too, for she had got him to promise to call on her at her father's house the following Sunday afternoon. That sort of appalled Oscar, being almost the same as advertising him as a poet. I tried, with the tact of a camel, to hint Oscar's qualms about it, which I shared. Understanding after a moment, she laughed and put her

Only Edith Hilton and I Knew That Oscar Was a Poet

arm around me, in a very embarrassing way she had, and said she'd come over to our dining room. After the second meeting Oscar began adoring her with the adoration of a dog. But she hadn't known he was lodging in Ben Wistrom's anteroom.

She sat by the lounge, talking to him until it was time to go to the opera house. "I'm going to look in after the rehearsal, if it isn't too late," she said at leaving. The lounge reminded you of a broken-backed dog with the mange; and out in the hall she said to me indignantly, "This is rotten!"

I walked over to the opera house with her, then loafed around awhile and returned to Oscar, who was feverish—wakeful and drowsy by turns. Doctor Barnum had said the illness might prove serious unless the patient followed directions and stayed indoors. In order that medicine might be taken regularly Ben Wistrom had left his big silver watch. By half-past ten I gave up expecting Edith Hilton, thinking it was too late. All the same, I lingered, with a flicker of hope. Presently came a brisk rap at the door and she stepped in, flushed from the exercise in the stuffy opera house and a fast walk over here. She had neglected to button up her linen coat. She often disconcerted me by seeming to forget about her body, whereas my impression was that proper young ladies always remembered their bodies and kept them very carefully concealed. She sat down by the lounge again, but stayed only a few minutes.

What I had been hanging around for was the chance of walking home with her, but out in the hall I was on edge to ask her to button her coat before we went down into Jefferson Street, where there would be plenty of loafers. There was only one dim gas jet in the hall. Passing along, we heard boisterous laughter behind a closed door that gave to one of the four rooms occupied by Wolfe Tone Fitzgerald, the congressman. The sign on the front-room door said Attorney and Counselor at Law, but the tenant's business in fact was politics. Being a bachelor, he lived up here back of his law office. They said the rear rooms were luxuriously furnished; and stories, at which men grinned, were circulated about them. Fitzgerald was temperamental and romantic.

Edith Hilton went down the stairs ahead of me. When she had nearly reached the bottom her father stepped in from the street, stopped at sight of her and spoke loudly, in anger: "What are you doing here?"

If she answered, I didn't hear it, but I think she only set her lips and looked him in the face, for she had a temper of her own

"You ought to have more sense! It's no place for you!" the colonel exclaimed louder than before, and caught her arm. Her coat flapped back, and he cried, "You're not even dressed!"

By that time I was at the foot of the stairs, and saw the colonel's carriage at the curb, with Sam, the negro coachman, holding the reins. Also, half a dozen grinning men stood on the sidewalk watching the scene. It was after eleven. Patrons of the saloons were going home, or from one saloon to another. No doubt the colonel's carriage drawing up at the curb had attracted them in the first place. More idlers came up as the blustering colonel bundled his daughter into the carriage, much like a policeman with a prisoner in charge. I heard voices upstairs; somebody coming out of Wolfe Tone Fitzgerald's rooms. The carriage drove away and I started home on foot, tingling to get away from the grinning crowd.

Yet it was all simple enough. Colonel Hilton had driven to Dolon's Opera House to take his daughter home, but arrived a few minutes too late. She had left word that she was going over to Ben Wistrom's office to see Oscar Hjelm, who was ill. The colonel, alarmed and irritated at the notion of her being abroad alone at that hour, followed and burst out angrily when he saw her. I comprehended the situation, and had no thought of ever hearing of it again.

Oscar improved from that Wednesday night. By Sunday he was up and out-of-doors, although a little shaky still. Edith Hilton was busy with the school affair up to Friday night, when the performance was given in the opera house, but I reported to her that Oscar was improving. That week ended school, with the long summer vacation ahead. On Monday about half-past eleven I started up to Ben Wistrom's office, intending to get Oscar to come to luncheon with me at the cheap restaurant we sometimes patronized. The luncheon probably would be griddle cakes and coffee, at fifteen cents each. I think neither of us could have seen the way to pie at five cents extra that day.

I was almost at the head of the stairs when Oscar came bursting out of the office door, with Ben Wistrom at his heels. The lawyer was one of those broad, barrel-bodied, short-legged men. Our wits said his coat tails dragged in six inches of snow. The legs would have held up an elephant, but they were not much good for running when matched against Oscar's long stride. I don't know how to describe Oscar except that I had never seen anyone look so wild

Ben Wistrom saw me and bellowed, "Catch him! Stop him! Hold him!"

Of course I knew Ben Wistrom was Oscar's friend, and I thought, with a relapse of the fever Oscar had gone off his head. One couldn't know Oscar without feeling that he hadn't so very far to go. I mean, there was that kind of nervous instability or excitability about him. Sometimes when he talked to me in solemn rhapsody about Edith Hilton, in a low tone, so absorbed that it was almost like talking to himself, I had felt that his balance wheel wasn't very dependable. So I put myself in a posture to grapple with him. He was decidedly the bigger, but at any rate I could hold him until Ben Wistrom came up.

I was sure he was off his head then, for as he raced down the hall he pulled a big revolver from his coat pocket, flourishing it at me like a sword and shouting, "One side! One side!"

I wasn't afraid of a revolver in Oscar's hands and lunged at him, catching him around the waist. In the grapple we lurched against one of Wolfe Tone Fitzgerald's doors, making it creak. Then Ben Wistrom came up and seized Oscar's pistol hand. Ben was strong as a bull. The door opened and Fitzgerald looked out. With his help we readily subdued the madman, Ben Wistrom wrenching the pistol from his hand, and then almost literally carried him back to the office. Inside the anteroom, Ben Wistrom bolted the door after us.

Oscar had been overcome physically, but when he stood up alone in the anteroom he looked as wild as ever. His collar had come unfastened in the tussle and his hair was rumpled, so he may have looked even wilder. He panted, and his wavering voice sounded as though he were begging for his life.

"Let me kill him, gentlemen! Let me kill him!" He wrung his bony hands, tears ran from his eyes. "It's all I'll ever ask! Let me kill him!" It ended in a gasp.

Ben Wistrom answered him sternly, "You'll kill nobody. You're not going out of this room."

Oscar pleaded again: "You have no right, Ben Wistrom! You have no right! She came here to see me when I was sick. She came like an angel." It seemed to overcome him afresh, for he glared around the room as though

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Ben Wistrom Came Up and Seized Oscar's Pistol Hand. Ben Was Strong as a Bull. The Door Opened and Fitzgerald Looked Out

A CASE OF FLEW

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

She Began Jabbing Out Bits of Leaf Mold Rapidly and Continuously. "Did You Know Your Brother Was Pur Fencing Against You?"

AS ALWAYS when about to give a decision, Preacher Zerubbabel Rettenmuller slowly brought up one ankle until it rested upon a knee; then slowly opened his horn-handled knife and began to sharpen its blade upon his sole. His daughter's eyes raised swiftly to his face and for a moment the steel needles lay motionless in the half-knitted sock. Only the young man who had come asking for advice seemed unconcerned. He sat with his chair tilted back against the side of the porch, his gray-yellow eyes pinching quietly upon a sloping pasture. Yet there was about him, as always, an impression of motion; as though the cowlick in the exact center of his forehead were actually pushing with all its strength at his abundant tawny hair; as though his broad shoulders were actually squaring beneath his plaided shirt.

"This is how I make my thoughts about that fence," began old Zerubbabel. "But first I got to go a little back. I know a'ready how your pop inherited that land to you and Emil—by the halves. That was all familiar with me. It was the Monday behind his death he says me the question, 'It's right, ain't, to leave it to them by the halves?' And I give him yes. And he says, 'There it is then,' and he took and made that way with his hand. But what I am getting at: He ain't making this way with his hand, but this way. In other words to say, you have got it in your thoughts to run the fence eastwards and westwards through the fifty; and your pop he was pointing northwards and southwards. How about that now?"

Conrad Kress brought his chair legs down with a pounce and his shoulders did now actually shrug.

"A sick man! He done well to move his hands any which way, so near to his doom like what he was. Besides, ain't I the oldest? Ain't I the right to say what fur half I will take? That's usual, ain't it?"

"It's usual," agreed the preacher; and added stoutly, "But it ain't usual for one brother to give to another one a swamp and nothing else."

"Sixteen acres else," retorted young Kress. "Sixteen good acres out of his twenty-five he has got and that there's enough fur to keep him if he would farm them good. But no; he leaves them get all overgrowned and then he works till he is near sick to shape them up again. His grasses and his weeds they come running into my corn and his hens they come overhopping into my garden. And so far forth as the swamp goes, ain't he setting there pop-eyed a half of his time? He is just like pop was—a-standin' and a-gapin' on nothin' and a-thinkin' on nothin'. You know yourself pop made a laugh fur all the farmers; a-buyin' the swamp in the first place and then not ever gettin' the gumption to red it out."

"Leave the dead lay!" demanded the other sternly. "Your pop had something where was worth more than a few bushels exter of corn. That there was his kindness. And I make no doubt Emil is like him that way. Yes, it has come to me still"—he tapped the blade upon his sole shrewdly—"where it ain't anything in the world more scarce as what kindness is."

"Kindness ain't running no farm," observed young Kress dryly. "A settin' onto a swamp tamin' wild birds ain't pulling no weeds. Nor it ain't building no fence either. If pop would have laid the switch at him oftener, he wouldn't have been so spoiled through. And mom would have done it, too; ach, my, she took after me that way! But pop was pulling always the stick from her. So there it is!" He gestured in short disdain toward a lush growth of trees and bushes which bordered Rettenmuller's long pasture. "You can corner into him if you want to without no line fence; but me, I am going to have a fence, and I am going to make it a good one."

"Some which way I got the notion you had come to get my advices about that fence," observed Rettenmuller.

The young man scowled; then himself laughed as he caught the sidelong amusement of the old eyes upon him.

"Well, to be sure," he said boldly, "it's usual to ask preacher would he or wouldn't he. But fur all"—he tossed his tawny mane—"what was the rest of us give heads fur if we was meant always to use the preacher's head fur this and the other?"

There are a few people who are so impudent by nature that their very charm is enhanced by their impudence; or it may even be that whatever of charm they have is inherent in their impudence. Old Zerubbabel looked at the richly colored youth tilting in easy strength before him; and he thought of his own young body half a century before when he had been able to lift a heavier timber than any of his fellows, and he sighed. His daughter looked at the youth; and she thought vaguely that she would open a can of peaches for supper, those big late peaches with the rich red flaring beneath their golden down, and she smiled.

"Well"—Rettenmuller slowly closed his knife as the visitor rose—"I ain't giving in that your pop had it in his thoughts that you wouldn't divide the swamp and the good land by the halves. But on the other hands, if Emil wouldn't do right by the land ——" His gaze strayed down the length of his pasture and brooded upon the variant greens of the swamp, intensified now by the level rays of the late afternoon sun. "Yes, a line fence. I have thought a many times that I and Emil should fence between us. A farm without a fence is like a coat with a ragged sleeve."

Scissors clattered sharply upon the floor The girl had sprung to her feet. For the first time she spoke:

"Yes, and what would you be doing? You would be cutting off your face for to spite your nose. Every day the cow goes and eats off the swamp grasses and it makes for you the good cream and butter yet."

A pink swirl had curled upward under her fair skin: and the loose brown clusters of her hair, clinging childishly inward to her temples, seemed to catch the color and to hold it there, even after the momentary blaze in her eyes had smoldered down under the astonished gaze of her father. She made an indecisive movement toward the door.

"Hold on now!" commanded Zerubbabel. "What is it to you where the cow gets its wittles?"

"I am milking it, ain't I?" The faint defiance of her earlier speech was gone. Her embarrassed eyes darted upward, scurried about like a spirit seeking escape and were caught by the gray-yellow eyes full upon her, and held. She drew her breath sharply, pulled as from some tangible thing and fled into the house.

The young man looked at the door where she had disappeared, then at Zerubbabel; and his expression of wonder, admiration and faint amusement remained.

"She's near a woman," he stated

"She has only seventeen. But she combed her hairs to the top of her head today," countered her father abstractedly. "But what was kreistling her over the cow? She milks it, yes; but she ketches it up too. And if she has got to go into the swamp to ketch it, that makes a bigger piece ways for her, ain't?"

Conrad Kress went down the steps. Then he turned; and his eyes and the preacher's eyes were held by a little figure which was starting down the slope of the pasture, trailing a forked stick. The long, flushing fingers from the west picked up the warmth from the chestnut tumble heaped awkwardly upon her bent head and outlined the slim blueness of her figure against the green slope.

"This here is how it goes with me," said the young man suddenly. "I want to get good-fixed so I can, now, marry when I find a girl where suits me. And you take notice to me too!" He threw up his arms in a single powerful gesture and the muscles all over his body seemed to rush upward with them. "I could tell you now who is going to get the prize fur the best wheat at the Grange Institute. No, I ain't aiming to stay singlewise all my life like Emil there. He couldn't ever marry with no wife, fur he can't keep himself even."

"No, the Word ain't ever giving a man dare to starve his wife." Zerubbabel hitched uneasily. "And with her—fur long a'ready I made up my mind that the man where gets her has got to be a good purwider or he ain't getting her. But what's ower her anyhow? Since she was born I never heard her speak up sharp and quick that way."

The young man's eyes pinched down upon the small blue figure and upon the swamp toward which she was straying.

"It ain't only the cow she's after in that swamp." He laughed his short, possessive laugh. "Leave me give you an adwice now, even if I ain't no preacher. Build you that fence." He whipped about and strode toward the gate.

Old Zerubbabel was not the only one who was puzzled by the girl's behavior. She herself was. She paused as she reached the outlying bushes of the swamp and drew the pins from her hair. She had a notion that that unaccustomed weight upon her head was making her feel confused and out of sorts. She shook the crisp brown tresses and hastily rolled them in their wonted fashion at the nape of her neck, then took the narrow, shadowed trail

The place was not, in the accustomed use of the term, a swamp, but an oval depression in the otherwise level country. Approximately only four acres were given over to tules and marsh grasses; and this portion was, in reality, the shallow continuation of a small pond near the center of the wooded tract. The slope of the ground upon the other three sides was imperceptible, owing to the dense growth of juniper, cypress, black gum and other trees which are tolerant of water about their roots; yet its pitch was sufficient to render the ground comfortably dry throughout the greater portion of the year. Why the spot had been allowed to remain beautiful and unproductive in the midst of that thrifty community was a matter of puzzlement and in some quarters of angry concern; yet the explanation was probably simple enough. Only the impractical, such as the older Kress, would buy it in the first place, when so much land level and ready for tillage was to be had upon all sides.

Or had the spot by the very inviolability of years acquired a certain charm which defied the sacrilege of saw and ax blade—a charm akin to that which some very sheltered people possess, an innocent self-sufficiency which protects from shock by its very helplessness? Sometimes Ellen Rettenmuller had felt this curious charm, this sense of restful assurance when she had stepped within the shadowed close—always, indeed, in greater or less degree until this day. But today she stood looking at her cow as it ruminated upon the lush grass and herbs which grew in the sunlit fringe without the heavy shadow of the trees, and she did not raise her voice in its usual merry hail. Why should she? And yet, why shouldn't she? She stood, depressed and uncertain, and cross at herself for being depressed and uncertain.

There was a snapping of twigs, a parting of bushes, a panting breath and a young man broke toward her.

"Why, you didn't call!"

"No, I didn't call," she answered dully. Then, roused by the blank of his expression—"I only come."

He laughed then. "And I knowed you was here. Oh, yes, I did! When you're around I just come flying like my ——" He bit off his speech and looked at her in a bantering ecstasy of excitement. "Guess oncet! My what?"

He was not akin to the shadows of his swamp as he stood there before her, but its sunlight. His face was round, his skin was fair, his hair, not so ruddy as his brother's, lay sheen-smooth upon his wide forehead. Only his eyes seemed akin to the deep-rooted solemnity of the place; they were deep-lashed and unexpectedly gray in their depths, like water tree-hung.

"My what?" he demanded again, and because he always made her think of wings when he danced like that before her, she cried out of sudden divination, "The ducks!"

"The wood ducks! The wood ducks have come a'ready. Always in May they have come, and here it ain't but the hind end of April. You would guess then that they had made hurry to come back to me, ain't? And the many of them! You should see oncet! Come anyhow!"

She darted ahead of him upon childish impulse. He leaped after her and teasingly caught at her skirt. She stopped then and the smile was gone from her face.

"Always you make like I was a child," she said

He did not swing at once to the seriousness of her mood. "And that must be, then, because you are a child, ain't not?"

"That I am not," said Ellen Rettenmuller. A band of startled wild canaries made flutter in the branches just ahead of them. Yellow-gray birds, gray-yellow birds. Her eyes upon them, she murmured, "And some such others don't look at me that way either."

The boy's eyes were like water moving deeply now. "Who was looking on you like you was a—woman?" he demanded.

The strange depth of his tone shook her eyes to his for an instant. She twisted from him and sat down upon a mossy knee which an ancient cypress had thrust upward through the damp soil for its own mysterious purposes of aeration.

"I ain't saying where anybody in especial was looking on me. But I don't feel fur seeing no flying things today."

"I only thought"—the boy's hurt gaze studied her—"well, for months back I been thinking about the day the ducks would be coming. You mind, ain't you, what happened the day they come a year back? You mind—oh, Ellen!" He sank upon the ground and his hand darted toward hers, but he withdrew it as she kept her eyes averted from him. "You ain't forgetting, was you, how the ducks come in their pairs, mated a'ready, and how you said —— Why, you wasn't forgetting to remember that, was you, Ellie? Give me your ain't on it. Or wasn't you, mebbe, anything so well? You look so all ower funny."

"No, I ain't forgetting." Her hands tightened upon the forked stick and she began jabbing out bits of leaf mold rapidly and continuously. "Did you know your brother was fur fencing against you?"

"Och, so that was it!" he cried relievedly. "You thought it was kreistling me that he would put a fence among us. But no; I have glad fur it."

"You have glad that he takes for himself the good land all? You set still and say him nothing then?"

"But he leaves me the swamp. And think oncet what that means to me—to have all this here in peace. He can't be setting his hurting traps here no more. And here day behind yesterday if he didn't go to work and dump into the pond that half barrel of oil where got the smut in. Onto the leaves of the pond lilies he put the black filth of it. Yes, I should guess it goes good fur me that he makes yet that fence."

"And how do you guess it goes with me?" she cried passionately. "Do you guess it goes good with me that you leave him take all the good land off you? But no! You get me to pass you my promise and then you set down and expect fur the ravens to take and feed us, like Elijah or whoever; or your wild ducks maybe. What fur kind of husband would that make fur me to marry into, I ask you?"

She sprang up and flung the stick from her. The boy got slowly to his feet as though the whole of him were numb. His face had gone the color of the white lichens upon the tree behind him.

"It don't seem like it's you where's speaking," he said.

"Well, it was!" But upon the last sharp word her lips began to tremble. The tears of the woman bubbled oddly upon the round cheeks of the child, burning hot with young blood. She turned suddenly and left him. He did not follow.

Sobbing and hating her sobs, she drove the cow into the sunlight of the pasture. But she could not bear it; its rays struck her through and through. She had a sudden vision of herself standing naked and loathsome and exposed to all the revengeful darts of an outraged heaven.

Strong, shadowy arms reached out and pulled her back among the trees, pulled her down to the ground, embraced her, bade her spend her tears. She looked up after a time and she was as she had always been before in that kind and secret place—full of eager longing and full of—oh, but full of tender love. She struck her lips as though they had been some alien thing which had offended her and went swiftly toward the little lake.

It was at its farther end where the pond lilies grew that she had hoped to find him, and it was there she saw him. He was sitting upon the ground at the edge of the water and he had a fluttering thing between his knees which he seemed to be wiping at with his bandanna. But it was his face at which she looked as she hung back; it seemed so strange. As the green-shadowed water struck upward upon its averted profile, it looked round no longer, but thin and green-white, as though he were, in reality, the shade-grown spirit of the place.

"I won't make like that no more," she faltered. He looked up, not swiftly but slowly, as though he had heard an imagining rather than a voice, and when he saw her he said nothing. The bird went fluttering from beneath his stilled hands and she sat down beside him. "I won't be making like that again," she pleaded once more.

Her words began to tumble after one another. Something black had bubbled up in her, she said, and had tumbled out of her lips. She struck them again and wiped them hard as though the soilure were still upon them. She didn't know what it was, but something had happened to her. She had been sitting upon the porch with her knitting and then all of a sudden she had felt cross at herself, and when she had seen him she had felt cross at him. "And someway," she concluded pitifully, "I just don't feel young no more. I feel like I had come into my age."

"But you had right," the boy said gently, though his eyes still bore their pain. "I give you right to have cross with me. I could see it, setting here. You are so young—och, my, the young you are!—and here if I ain't got you to pass your promise

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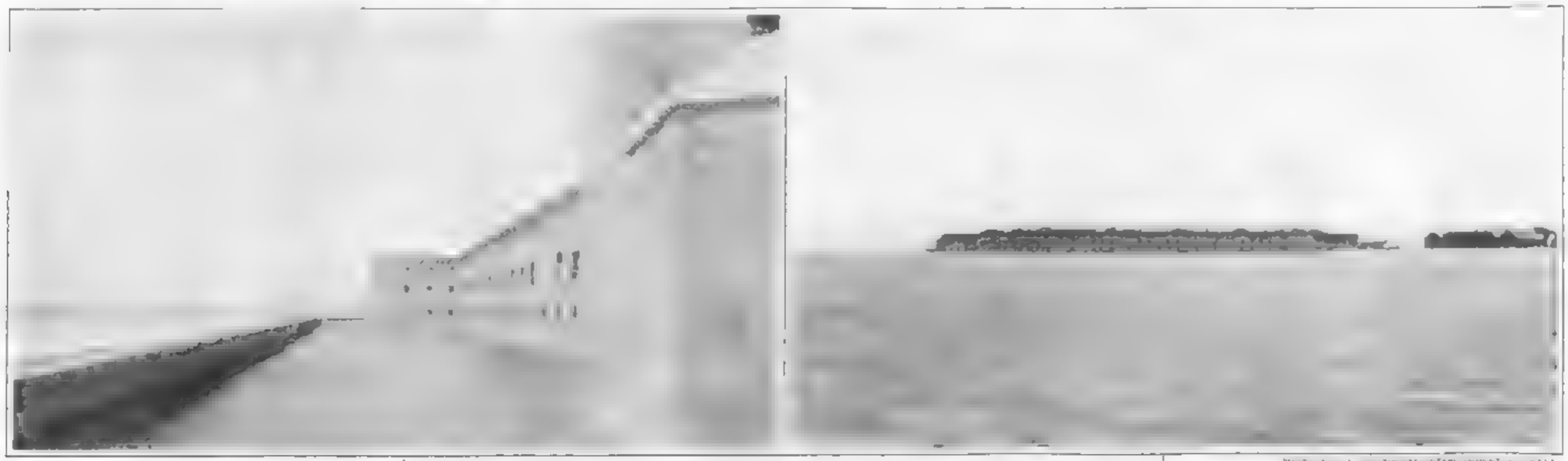
"Hold On Now!" Commanded Zerubbabel. "What is it to You Where the Cow Gets its Wittles?"

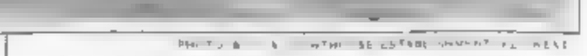
ISLANDS OF MYSTERY

The Dry Tortugas, Queer Fringes of Uncle Sam's Domain



The Only Wet Moat in America—120 Miles From the Florida Coast

Sallyport Light, and One Bastion of Fort Jefferson. The Three Windows Above the Port are in the Cell Once Occupied by Doctor Mudd



Fort Jefferson Rises Sheer Out of the Sea, a Miracle in Masonry

By George Allan England

THERE she is, boys!" cried Skipper Arthur Swain, of the C. G. 293. Looking far ahead into the most spectacular of tropical sunsets, I beheld the first faint loomings of a place I had since boyhood longed to see—Fort Jefferson, Dry Tortugas.

Up from a sea of molten turquoise, emerald and gold, dim islands were arising, one of them topped by a vague, mysterious something, a gigantic citadel planted squarely in the Gulf of Mexico. That so amazing a marvel could exist there, 65 miles from Key West and 120 from Cape Sable, the nearest mainland, seemed contrary to reason. At first glimpse of it the sense of legendary wonders which I had long dreamed as enveloping the Tortugas took visible form. It thrilled me with a delightful sense of unreality, as if this were some Maxfield Parrish dream city in the farthest Seas of Nowhere.

Swiftly the seventy-five-foot speed boat cut westward, right into the sun's eye, flinging warm spray over the drifting gulfweed, racing a school of joyous porpoises, sending the flying fish askitter. We—my wife and I—gazed with entrancement at the singular apparition of Fort Jefferson, now bulking larger. For hours our speedster had been spurning through magic waters, past low-lying Marquesas Key and tragic Halfmoon Shoal, where the 1919 hurricane had snuffed out 500 lives. The skipper had been overhauling suspected rum runners, keeping a sharp lookout for Cuban dope smugglers and other malefactors. His orders were, broadly speaking, to visit Fort Jefferson, see who might be there, find out what they were doing and make them stop it.

The Citadel in the Sea

THE splendid Southern hospitality of Capt. John G. Berry, commander of the Gulf Division of the Coast Guard Service, had made us guests of C. G. 293 and her snappy crew of seven men. Rare opportunity! And now as a climax the fort itself was rapidly resolving itself from a dark blot on the horizon into a mighty prison fortress, forbidding, gray and grim, sheer-rising from the Gulf. The fairy floating castle was becoming ominous in that effulgent splendor gloriously splashed with scarlet and purple, with gemlike vermilion, with dazzling gold that painted sea and sky. Over its deserted lighthouse and frowning bastions, among the tangled wreckage of cyclone-devastated steelwork and through blankly staring eyes of gun embrasures, the sun shot glares of dying crimson. Dramatic approach to this most tragic and mysterious of isles!

Everybody, in a way, has heard of the Dry Tortugas. But to refresh our memories of the islands, site of the world's strangest prison, let us pause a moment to note that they lie at the extreme western end of the Great Florida Reef. Ten keys comprise the group, the most important being East Key, Middle, Sand, Long, Bird, Garden and Loggerhead—so named from the immense loggerhead turtles that lay their eggs there. The archipelago extends perhaps ten miles from east to west. Population there is none, except on Loggerhead, where dwells a lighthouse crew; and, in the bird-breeding season, one keeper on Bird Key.

Thus practically deserted now, lies a group of islands where once jolly wreckers and buccaneers held high revels; a group where thousands of men and no few women once lived, and where some of the most tragic incidents of our history—incidents of tempest, imprisonment, strategy, pestilence—once ran their dramatic course.

I was anxious to land at once on Garden Key, where stands the strange citadel in the sea, but our course led first to Loggerhead. As we swept past the fort, it stood revealed as a titanic stronghold indeed. No wonder, for Jefferson is the third largest under our flag; the only larger being Fortress Monroe, Virginia, and Fort Adams, in Rhode Island. "Under our flag" is only a figure of speech as applied to Fort Jefferson. For many a year no Stars and Stripes has flown there. Not even a flagstaff now remains upon its battlements.

So this was Uncle Sam's vast sea prison! What infinite desolation! The heart sank at the idea of life imprisonment there. As the sun glared through those vacant and broken embrasures, one thought of the demon ship with skeleton ribs in The Ancient Mariner. Viewed from the sea, those stupendous surf-battered walls and gigantic bastions loom up with the eternal majesty of the Pyramids.

"How the devil men ever brought all that brick and stone and iron out here into open ocean," I commented, "and how they ever built that, and mounted it with guns, gets me!"

"Sure, it gets everybody," assented Skipper Swain. "It's by all odds the biggest masonry fort anywhere in America. As an engineering feat, it's got everything stopped that ever I saw, and I've seen some!"

But now we had sped past the fort, and Loggerhead was opening out, nearly three miles ahead. A long low key it was, with palm groves etched upon the sunset and with a black-and-white lighthouse tower dominating all. Behind the coconut palms slim masts of fishing schooners pricked up against the furnace glare—a scene for painters!

Pirates! Treasure! Cyclones!

ENGINE telegraph chattered, C. G. 293 slowed, and Bos'n's Mate Bowery hove the blue pigeon. Rousing a barracuda or two, stirring the iridescent and fairy craft of Portuguese men-o'-war, we nosed in toward a gleaming sand spit. So clear was the water that we seemed magically adrift over enchanted gardens where purple sea fans waved, where rainbow fishes darted among coral prongs. Broad planes of lapis lazuli and emerald made the Gulf waters paradisiacal.

"No bottom at five!" rang Bowery's cry. "A quarter less five!" Our slim-waisted wasp of a craft began to roll heavily. "On the mark seven!"

"Get your anchor ready!" the skipper commanded. Our engines thrashed astern. "Drop her!"

Idly our speedster—really a tiny warship with a machine gun and a one-pounder to give her teeth—tugged at her hook. The dinghy flumped down. Into it, strangers in a land exceeding strange, we descended. Thereafter we were pulled ashore over enchanted surfs, with sunset now smoldering in lovely umber and burnt orange behind the key, and the thinnest little feather of a new moon peeping over the coconut palms. All was as alluringly exotic as if we'd been in the Paumotus, or wherever tropic isles are most fairylike.

At the high landing stage hospitable keepers met us. They had had, of course, no news of our coming. Loggerhead Light—370,000 candle power and the farthest at sea of any lighthouse I've ever heard about—has neither cable nor wireless. For the most part its isolation is complete. Yet the men love it; and as for the island's cat, she hasn't been ashore in fourteen years!

Acquaintance quickly made, they offered us their best, which was wonderfully good. While C. G. 293 departed on business of her own, they made us welcome. And after supper, on the broad upper gallery of one of the substantial brick dwellings, they spun various bits of Dry Tortugan lore.

"Pirates? Buried treasure? Cyclones?" remarked Keeper Hall as the vast beam of the light swung its slow, solemn pencil against the stars and warm surfs creamed along the coral beaches. "You bet! 'Specially cyclones.

We have he-ones here, mister, with hair on their chists. The big one of September, 1919—that was a cooler. It finished the Nalbanera, out here. Big Spanish liner, with 500 aboard. Radio picked her up just outside Havana, but she couldn't get in. Seas too high. Next thing we knew she was blowed on Halfmoon Shoal, near Rebecca. Every man, woman an' child was drownded. Nary a one saved."

"Blowed 135 mile an hour," put in Albury, "an' the barometer was down to 27.51. Seas breakin' right over this here island. Wrecked some of our buildin's. The light stood, though."

"Yes," Johnson added, "but she vibrated over four or five foot."

"Inches, you mean," Hall suggested.

"No, foot! An' when a solid brick tower, 150 foot high, bends over five foot at the top, that's blowin' some!"

"He'd oughta know," remarked Albury. "He was up there in the heft of it, rain an' all. It rained oceans. Busted in fourteen heavy plate glasses. The lens spun round so dag-goned fast it run all the quicksilver out o' the bearin's an' nigh wrecked the light. But Johnson, here, clogged it with ropes at the risk of his life an' saved it. An' one time, in a cyclone, the windin'-up crank spun an' hit a keeper's leg an' busted it. It ain't all pie out here!"

"Most all our coconuts blowed down in '19," said Johnson. "There was hundreds o' dead birds round the light—killed by bein' blowed aginst the tower. Thrushes, banana birds, noddies, gulls—all kinds."

"What's more, the key was all littered up with scales," musingly remarked Albury. "Fish scales, sir, blowed clean off the fishes in the ocean an' scattered everywhere!"

The Hot-Shot Oven, Where the Defenders of the Fortress Prepared Warm Receptions for Any Foe

Pirate Tales and Buried Treasure

WE SLEPT that night in a vast, high and almost empty room, its floors scrubbed white as a yacht's deck, and with shelves laden with wondrous corals and queen conchs; slept, lulled by murmuring surfs and by palm fronds that in the trade wind whispered secrets.

Morning found the reddest of suns rising through furnace clouds behind Fort Jefferson's empty-eyed battlements, afar. We wandered that day along coral beaches of enchantment where pelicans heavily flapped away; drank fresh coconut milk; ate papaws, sweet and buttery; lazed most satisfyingly in this dolce-far-niente enchanted isle where it is always afternoon.

One of the keepers showed us the buildings of the Carnegie Marine Biological Laboratory, bowered amid palms and hibiscus and Australian pines.

"The professors comes here about three months a year," he explained. "They jig with crabs an' snails an' fish. They try to breed our island snails with the Bahama specie. Once they got one live cross-bred baby snail; an', my dear man, wasn't they tickled, though? They go down in divin' suits on the reef to see what's down there—as if who cared! They paints diff'rent kinds o' sardines, too, an' feeds 'em to the fishes to see which kind they like best. They say snappers is the most educated kind o' fish there is. But if that ain't wastin' money, to find out about fishes' education, what is? I'd like to know!

"Sure there's been pirates here—lots of 'em!" And he showed us Loggerhead's greatest mystery, a very ancient wall built of a stone different from any on the island. "This here wall used to run right acrost the key. In this day an' time, nobody properly knows who built it, but the old folks at Key West say it's part of a pirate fort. They say now an' then a skeleton used to be found here. I know for a fact, long guns has been discovered on the keys. There was French, English an' Dutch pirates, an' the last of 'em was chased away by the West Indies squadron. Plenty of Spanish coin's been dug up here. Cap'n Benner, that used to keep the light here, he got more 'n $1000 in silver over to East Key. There's lots more found money too.

"Them as knows, claims there's $80,000,000 in gold buried right on this here key. They say there's a lot hid over at Fort Jefferson too. I know when they was buildin' the fort they found a big old English cannon. It had the British coat of arms on it, an' the date 1700. Reckon it was one the pirates had, an' throwed over to keep the enemy from capturin' it. Anyhow, 'twas spiked. If you write stories, you might make one 'bout that.

"On Bird Key we could use to see old brickwork foundations, like a fort, at low water. Some folks dug there, but they never found no money. I'd like to find some pirate gold, mister. I would so!" Who wouldn't?

I undertook no digging, but only mused on the stirring days when picaroons sailed these emerald and sapphire seas; when lofty Spanish galleons met their doom near the Dry Tortugas; when beruffled dons gallantly walked the plank; and when the Jolly Roger flew to these entrancing breezes. I have always felt a profound interest in pirates, ever since having learned that a certain Captain England was one of the hardest of the lot. How entertaining to claim a bona-fide pirate on one's family tree, even if he only happened to hang there! Perhaps the shades of Sir Henry Morgan, Bartholomew Sharp, Sawkins and Dampier; of Ringrose, L'Ollonois and Brasiliero—still nightly haunt these very sands of Dry Tortugas. Let him who can disprove it.

Paying a Visit to Jekyllan' Hyde

ANOTHER morning found C. G. 293 back again, ready to carry us to the huge sea fortress. Farewells soon over, we embarked with gifts of wondrous shells and corals. Presently we were speeding toward the larger goal of our sea trek—the most amazing structure, in some ways, ever anywhere built. For a stupendously massive hexagonal fortress covering sixteen acres; a fortress with walls fifty feet high, designed to mount 500 guns in three tiers; a fortress begun in 1846 and not yet finished—nor ever to be—the scene of stirring historic stresses, the place of incalculable toil, suffering and death—does this not merit to be called amazing?

Fortward-bound, our jolly fellowship of crew diverted us and one another with ghost stories of the abandoned stronghold. They, it seemed, had anchored there the previous night, and some of them had landed in the moonlight for the sheer happiness of getting thoroughly scared. The vast numbers who have died there of pestilence, and the innumerable other tragedies linked with this mysterious island, have given it an eerie reputation.

"It's a spooky place at night, you bet," declared Seaman Ring. "You can imagine all kinds o' ghosts crawlin' round there."

"Old Jekyllan' Hyde cert'nly does lurk there, boys," Bowery affirmed. "I heard him hootin' at me last night, sure as guns!"

"Must have been the ghost of the major they kept there a prisoner so long," suggested Seaman Walker.

Continued on Page 53

In These Abandoned Casemates Hundreds Died With Yellow Jack

The Jungle is Reclaiming the Once Immaculate Parade Ground

Above—Arch of an Unfinished Magazine at Fort Jefferson, Now Destined Never to be Completed

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 31, 1926

Free-for-All Primaries

EFFECTUAL means must speedily be devised to put an end to the expenditure of vast sums, running into the millions, for the purpose of swinging primary elections. Even when the corrupt use of money in primary campaigns cannot be proved, the system is wrong. It has grown out of bounds in opposition to the whole spirit of American institutions. It is destructive of democracy. The nation reads with amazement of the millions employed during the Pennsylvania primaries.

The plea that no law was violated is not a valid defense. The paramount fact is that the people of the United States simply will not tolerate the expenditure of vast sums by the backers of candidates for high public office. Purity of elections is perhaps the most indispensable feature of representative government, for without it the will of the voters is thwarted, their confidence is forfeited and their obligations to government are impaired.

Possibly there may be no cure for the existing state of things except the abolition of the direct-primary system, but in the light of recent happenings, methods of strengthening the law readily suggest themselves.

Men experienced in practical politics foretold how the present system would work out. The weaknesses in the system which they foresaw have materialized. A new crop of abuses has grown up in place of the old one. Prospective candidates for nominations have been made to see, only too plainly, that unless they have organization support or the heaviest kind of financial backing, they will too often have only a Chinaman's chance to win an important nomination.

The old convention system of selecting candidates was bad enough. Every sort of swapping, trading, logrolling and every brand of trickery known to politics was employed. At some stage of the proceedings there were likely to be sudden shifts of position, the carrying out of secret understandings and all sorts of dirty work at the crossroads. And yet, with all these defects and with the occasionally brazen choice of candidates, it was usually possible to fix responsibility upon a single boss or upon a single small and powerful group. Everyone knew, with at least reasonable accuracy, who was responsible for the more important nominations; and this knowledge frequently dictated the choice of good candidates. Candidacy under the old method was predicated upon a certain standing in organization circles. It was not a free-for-all contest and no one pretended it was. The new method as it is working out in practice is free for all—especially demagogues and those who have the price or who can get the price for a million-dollar primary.

Free Speech

ALTHOUGH bristling with practical difficulties, the question of free speech is one concerning which the citizen must have well-defined opinions. Books by the hundred and platform utterances by the thousand cover the subject theoretically. The rub comes in its everyday application.

History as well as common sense teaches the simple lesson that severe repression often proves its own undoing. Impeach as we may the motives or character of the adventurous spirits responsible for the French and Russian revolutions, yet there is more than a suspicion that their bloody and tyrannous strangle holds came about partly because of the previous régimes of suppression as well as corruption. One extreme leads to another; if the pendulum swings too far one way, it does not come to rest until it has gone to great lengths in the opposite direction.

Blest is the country in which the natural steam of youth is allowed to escape through a million harmless and unnoticed vents, rather than pent up for the inevitable explosion. There is no sadder spectacle than the middle-aged college alumnus who suddenly becomes shocked because a small group of sophomores or juniors in his dear old alma mater have decided to form a club of purple souls, or socialists, or something of the sort.

Hard pressed, indeed, is the experienced dean or president caught between the half-divine, half-calflike enthusiasm and effervescence of the undergraduate and the hardened arteries and even harder headedness of an unsympathetic but outspoken alumnus whose memory of his own undergraduate intellectual ferment has been erased as noiselessly and painlessly as night blots out day.

For it is just as natural for a sophomore to join a socialist club as it is for him to knock out flies in the backyard behind the fraternity house in the hour after luncheon when he ought to be studying. It is just as normal for him to go through a period of unbelief as it is for him to change the style of his cravat. It is part of his mental growing pains. Except with an abnormal minority, belief follows unbelief, and sanity presses hard upon phantasies. There must be doubt in the young before there can be conviction.

Stevenson said that it is as right for a young man to be imprudent and exaggerated as it is for an old man to turn gray. Don't worry about your daughter becoming unsettled, said the president of a women's college in a recent speech; the danger is that when she leaves college she will become all too settled, losing her enthusiastic thought and desire to make the world better.

The ferment in the young is nothing but the regular movement of history. Each generation must have its outbursts against the old fogies. This is nothing new; it has always been and always will be. Those of high-school and college age and a little older invariably find fault with the beliefs and theories of their elders, to become in their turn men and women of settled conviction. It is part of progress, almost a biological necessity in the march of the generations.

Unfortunately the normal and wholesome discontent of youth often becomes confused in the public mind with the antics and vaporings of a neurotic minority in the body politic. The practical difficulty is to draw the line between the natural imprudence and exaggeration of youth and the trouble-making proclivities of merely meddlesome or actually destructive elements. With the increase of education we must expect an enlarged variety of smartness on the part of individuals or organizations, the emphasis of whose activities indicates mental derangement, despite a cloak of intellectual respectability.

Out of an utterly complacent satisfaction with existing conditions harm is likely to come. But harm also comes from stirring up the pot merely for the sake of seeing it boil. We have plenty of individuals and organizations whose job seems to be to magnify petty incidents, meaningless in themselves, into national issues. If a professor has a personal quarrel with the president of an educational institution, there are organizations ready at instant notice to send their representatives to the spot to make out a case for the suppression of academic freedom.

We are plagued with organizations and individuals whose business it plainly is to carry chips on both shoulders. It is not so much their doctrines as their manners which are offensive. They advertise themselves as red as possible, and then demand the right to speak to school children. A frightened superintendent or principal, uncertain where his duty lies, refuses permission, and then the fat is in the fire, which is exactly where the trouble maker wants it to be.

Finding and inventing fractures in the right of free speech has become a well-established industry, carried on by highly organized trouble-making bodies. Many of them are not so revolutionary in their beliefs as they want people to think. Their members tear around the country seeking by every known device to make a martyr out of someone who has merely made a fool of himself.

People who favor unbounded freedom of speech and those who are thinking chiefly of the danger of destructive propaganda, both overlook the fact that these matters are pretty well governed by definite law. Usually it is better to let the pink say his speech without protest, and then hold him responsible for what he says under the law as it exists.

We know it is criminal to advocate the destruction of existing government by force, and if a person so advocates he should not play the cry baby by asking the same government to protect him. The laws also forbid indecent and obscene utterances. If enforced, they would usually prevent any great harm being done by excesses of either the spoken or the printed word.

There is no denying the existence in plentiful numbers of the gadfly type of self-appointed meddlesome busybodies, always seeking a chance to intrude themselves into local and unimportant misunderstandings with a view to making large issues out of small incidents. But an attitude of wise tolerance must not be destroyed by petty annoyances. Ridicule and indifference are better weapons against much of the misdirected zeal from which the country suffers than the heavier weapon of force.

An important religious body in recent convention assembled, denounced bathing revues and beauty contests as "bad, all bad." Would it not have been wiser to have referred to such exhibits as cheap and vulgar, and saved the stronger adjective for a more dire occasion?

In the same way it does not pay to use the heaviest artillery against the warped activities of that exceedingly small minority of the population which gets a thrill from being considered red in its leanings. The law presents a sufficiently powerful weapon to bring the really destructive members of this group up with a round turn. As for the larger number who play with fire as a means of expressing their egos, a calm and unruffled permission to shout their heads off is the deadliest of insults. Many of those who make a business of hunting for suppressions of free speech would be mortally hurt if their activities went unopposed. They thrive on hostility and threats to silence them.

To permit persons who hold extreme views on economic, social and religious subjects to inflict their soap-box discontent upon school children seems of doubtful wisdom, for the very simple reason that children do not know what it is all about. But for university students or adults in the outside world to be deprived of attending lectures or speeches devoted to intellectual excesses through the refusal to give a speaker permission to use a hall, only endows with fictitious importance what are in all probability pointless, senseless and half-baked views. If sufficiently ventilated, error has a wonderful way of correcting itself.

After all, a sound citizenship must be exposed now and then to more or less silly extravagance of ideas. For the most part people recognize buncombe when they hear or read it. It evaporates when it strikes the air, and the citizen, half amused and half indifferent, pauses for only a fraction of a minute, and goes about his own affairs.

SHANKS HIS MARE

By EDWARD PAYSON WESTON
As Told to William A. McGarry

WALKING has been my specialty since one day back in 1857, when I pursued a teamster from the old Herald office in New York far out the Bloomingdale road to recover a box of hot-house flowers for Mrs. James Gordon Bennett. The flowers were to have been left at the Herald to be picked up by a courier en route to Washington, for delivery to the wife of the Postmaster-General, but the teamster forgot to leave them. I was then a boy of all work in the editorial offices, and when I learned what had happened I volunteered to overtake the wagon.

On the way back I hopped aboard a horse car only to find I didn't have a nickel to pay my fare. I explained the situation to the conductor, and he kindly allowed me to ride free, sending his compliments to the famous editor.

When I delivered his message through Frederick Hudson, who was then managing editor, my salary of three dollars a week was doubled! But the really important thing to me was that I was ordered to write my first piece for the paper, telling the story of the chase and how the conductor's kindness had made possible the dispatch of the flowers in good condition.

It was regarded as quite an exploit, that little jaunt of eight or ten miles. I was nineteen at the time, and during the effort I thought nothing of it.

It is more than likely that I might never have walked that far again if it had not been for the publicity, which made me aware of the fact that I had far more natural endurance afoot than the average man or youth. I began to cast about for opportunities to display my prowess as a long-distance pedestrian, and in 1861, after various amateur tests, I walked from Boston to Washington to attend the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln—and missed it by half a day! But the fact that I had covered 443 miles in 208 hours brought me more publicity, and encouraged me to keep the idea in mind during six years as a newspaper reporter, concert manager, book salesman and other odd jobs until my first professional hike—1326 miles from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, in one hour and twenty minutes less than the twenty-five walking days I had fixed for the journey.

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Edward Payson Weston, the Veteran Long-Distance Walker

The Footpath to Health

SINCE then I've walked, I dare say, farther than any man alive. How far my wanderings have taken me I do not know. It was reckoned hard on 100,000 miles back in 1910, when I crossed the continent afoot from Santa Monica, California, to New York, a distance of 3500 miles, in seventy-six days, twenty-three hours and ten minutes—in my seventy-second year. At that time I was beginning to think of retirement, but three years later I walked from New York to Minneapolis—1546 miles—in less than sixty days, and in my eighty-fourth year I made another comeback with a 500-mile trip from Buffalo to New York. And those figures are only for my professional appearances over measured routes. If I have walked 100,000 miles on my business I've done at least half that much more for fun!

And it was fun, nearly every mile of it. I wouldn't want to repeat a certain four miles on my hands and knees along a railroad track in the Rockies on my first trip to the coast, when I was seventy-one and too frail to stand against the raging winds. That was the slowest journey of my career—four miles in twenty-four hours—and the hardest. But it was also a valuable lesson in what walking will do for a man's health. A year after I had passed the Biblical limit of three score years and ten I was able to keep under way in the hardest kind of going, facing thirty days of the worst storm I have ever experienced, up to my knees in slush and mud at times, soaked to the skin day after day, yet it had so little effect on me that I couldn't even work up a sneeze!

If I told you that any other man could do the same thing I might be accused of belittling my special knack of pedestrianism. The medical experts have told me again and again that the Lord intended me to be a walker. But I will say that most of the men I have met between the ages of forty and seventy could make themselves feel years younger by taking to the open road and barring hearts that are too far gone to be salvaged—could be assured of longer and happier lives. More than that, all of them would be astonished at the vigor that comes of long, regular, easy-gaited walking, and the positive eagerness it will develop for more distance. And as for the younger men, sometimes in watching the mad pace of modern life I wonder if they are not more in need of hikes than their grandfathers. Walking would teach them the quality that youngsters find so hard to learn—patience. It would give them proof that the race is not to the swift.

I was eighty-seven years old last March 15, having been born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1839, and perhaps I've lived long enough and walked far enough to be of some help to all seekers after health. In walking, as in everything else, there's a right way and a wrong way, but the secret of how to get the most out of your feet is not a mystery. We all inherit it the moment we get up off all fours and discover we can walk erect. The years will bring strength, endurance, and maybe a measure of grace, but they cannot add anything save common sense to that first lesson.

Natural Way the Right Way

WHAT I am trying to emphasize is that the right way to walk—for health and pleasure—is the natural way. Some self-styled experts who couldn't do fifty miles a day will tell you we must turn in our toes, like the Indian, in order to acquire a natural gait. Others will attempt to fix the length of the stride. But my experience has been that every man is his own doctor when it comes to walking. I've met Indians who turned their toes out, and I have a theory that the use of moccasins from earliest childhood has a lot to do with toeing in.

Get a pair of comfortable shoes, neither too tight nor too loose. Have the heels as low as possible with comfort, remembering that shoes without heels would paralyze one who had never been accustomed to them after a few miles. Then let your feet find their natural position, whether they toe in or out. Let the stride be easy and don't try to lengthen it. After you've walked enough you'll find it stretching out automatically as the exhilaration of Nature's medicine gets into your blood.

The great thing about walking, after all, is that it is Nature's remedy. It isn't exercise in the ordinary meaning of the word. If you do it regularly and easily it is more like a perfect massage. It will ease and relax the muscles. But unlike massage it will also strengthen them. And unlike most exercises it will give them endurance rather than mere brute strength. It will not cause them to bunch and harden. Muscles that have been overdeveloped at some time or another are the dwellings of rheumatism, and if you walk wisely and regularly you'll miss the aches and pains of that affliction. The only thing you will need to remember is not to overdo it.

Now I'm going to tell you something that may sound like a paradox. Most men who take up walking, especially the older men who do it at the advice of their doctors, fail to get any benefit out of it because they don't walk far enough. They overdo it by walking too fast, and they underdo it by making the walks too short. A mile a day is not enough to get up a brisk circulation, in my opinion. The frame of mind of the average man walking under orders doesn't get time to change in that distance. He starts out grimly, doggedly, wearing too many clothes, and his walk is work. Before he has gone 200 yards he is in a heavy perspiration and short of breath. Perhaps he takes off the sweater or outer coat he is wearing, at the same time slowing up. He has started with a determined stride, generally too long, banging his heels down somewhat after

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mournful Numbers

WHERE in the attic the dust encumbers
Days that are gone,
I found a paper with telephone numbers
Scribbled thereon.

Again I feel the tremendous wallop
It gave to me
When I had a valid excuse to call up
1503.

Again I feel the excuses springing,
Just as of yore,
When I could no longer escape from ringing
9944.

Again I feel my old heart prickle,
As in my youth,
When I left the house to deposit a nickel
In a soundproof booth.

And I hear the operators titter,
As I would coo
Passionately to the dark transmitter,
"2342!"

My heart awakes, as if roused from slumber
By a telephone bell.
Quick! I will call again the number
Once loved so well!

I breathe the syllables recollected—
"2342!"
But Central answers, "Disconnected!"
How true! How true! —*Morris Bishop.*

Quaint Old Mid-Victorian Customs

(Still Followed in Some Places, They Tell Me)

WALKING.
Reading.
Being courteous.
Spending Sunday at home.
Really lifting your hat to a girl.
Taking the marriage ceremony seriously.
Listening to the opinions of old folks.
Acknowledging that you like poetry that rimes.
Riding in a street car for pleasure.
Preferring wine to hooch.
Having children.
Making your children behave. —*F. F. Harbour.*

Mrs. Van Gelt, Whose Gems Have Been Greatly Admired by the Underworld, Taking Her Motor Constitutional

Modernizing the Masters

THE Tin Pan Alley vandal takes a melody by Handel
And he gives it just a slightly different twist;
Then to his tuneful sherbet adds a major strain by Herbert,
Or a minor from a rhapsody by Liszt.
The gist of his creation lies in clever imitation
Of the stirring notes the opera singer croons.
The syncopated beaux arts will not yield a modern Mozart
When it's such a cinch to jazz the ancient tunes.

The raucous hurdy-gurdy plays a cuckoo song by Verdi
Or a sentimental ballad by Bizet.
From Reginald De Koven, Wagner, Weber and Beethoven
Come the rhythms that our dancing feet obey.
The gay refrains that Haydn took a just creative pride in
As a mammy song our fancies now intrigue;
The mournful blues that dope us may be borrowed from an opus
By an Offenbach, a Schubert or a Grieg.

First came the school of ragtime, sheer cacophony in jag time,
Then symphonic jazz, harmonious and low;
And though our songs are muted, all too often they are looted
Or recruited from the classic long-ago.
But better days are coming, and the songs you'll hear us humming
Fair Euterpe, muse of music, will console.
Let him who will be clever! Brave, original endeavor
Will forever be the true musician's goal.
—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

Conservative

"WHY didn't your boy take that job runnin' one of them elevators in the new office building?"

"Well, you see, at first they said it would be only ten stories high and that would 'a' been all right, 'cause Billy kin count that high all right, but when they made it nineteen stories, Billy figgered 'twan't worth while to learn to count that high."

Christopher Voter, Who Will Always be Very Young

With Apologies to Mr. A. A. Milne and Ever So Many Other People

THEY'RE changing guard at Washington's palace—
Christopher Voter went down with Alice.
It must be grand to belong to the guard.
"Now the Old Guards' life is terrible hard,"
Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Washington's palace—
Christopher Voter went down with Alice.
The Old Guard sticks to its sentry box.
"They say Mr. Stearns looks after their socks,"
Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Washington's palace—
Christopher Voter went down with Alice.

(Continued on Page 78)

Crazy to be a Movie Star—Our Dora Leaves Podunk, and Uncle Ezra Says: "Yer Dora Tootin', Them Picture Folks Will See Her Sign on the Dotted Line"

Our Dora Away Off in Hollywood—Note: Dot Designates Dora at the Bottom of the Line, Where She Sees Them All Sighin'

Three hearty soups for the summertime meals!

You will select CAMPBELL'S VEGETABLE SOUP when you desire an abundance of fine garden vegetables, with invigorating beef broth, cereals, herbs and seasoning.

You will select CAMPBELL'S VEGETABLE-BEEF SOUP when, in addition to a plentiful quantity of vegetables, you wish tender and nourishing pieces of beef to satisfy the appetite.

You will select CAMPBELL'S BEEF SOUP when your taste is for an even greater quantity of the beef, with the flavor and nourishment of vegetables besides.

Your summer meals should have one hot dish—it's so stimulating and beneficial. What a welcome relief to have such tempting soups as these in your pantry! Already cooked! So easily served!

These Campbell's Soups taste best when the water is added COLD, the soup brought to the boiling point, allowed to simmer, and then served HOT.

12 cents a can

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL

SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET!

He Spent One Long Day Delving There, and Each Letter He Read and Each Book He Opened Added a Brush Stroke to the Panorama of the Past

IMMORTAL LONGINGS

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

OVERLOOK, returning the day before to the valley where his boyhood lay, had found in his first glimpse of June something which raised up old memories before his eyes, which seemed to open rifts through the clouds that veiled the future. The belated recognition of the apparent fact that she was married to Pot checked this process of awakening in him; Will Hepperton's revelation of the actual state of affairs loosed it once more. Only, as he turned back toward the valley, hurrying toward her, he had a moment's faint fear; stopped on the border of the wood and stood, considering. It was as though his instinct discovered danger in the situation now; as though still warnings whispered in his heart and bade him hold and draw aside. But he brushed these misgivings behind him and his feet took wings; and he dropped down the rocky, rutted road through the wood and came to Pot's place and turned into the farmyard, sought the kitchen door. He moved in haste, as though time lacked for what he meant to do; but he had not at all considered what this was he meant to do or say.

It had not occurred to him that she might not be here; but though he knocked two or three times, nowhere within the house did any movement sound. The kitchen was empty, the kettle steaming lazily upon the back of the stove, the place all put to rights and readied for the day. "With the baby somewhere," he thought, and knocked again, resoundingly, till at last he was convinced she was not here, and he felt ludicrously disappointed and went out toward the barn to find Pot and ask for her.

But Pot was nowhere near the house; off somewhere in the fields no doubt. And Overlook, walking slowly back toward the road, kicked at the turf in an astonishing dejection and grinned at himself while he did so.

"Forgot your groceries, too," he said derisively. "And forgot to telephone about the car—like a darned fool!"

He was amused to discover that these forgetfulnesses did not greatly distress him; it seemed to be of no particular moment that he would have to walk back up the ridge to the Corner again. There was here no haste or hurry at all; no particular tasks awaited him; nothing but the quiet routine of life; nothing to do but live. To have wasted in this fashion an hour or two of his New York day would have been little short of sacrilege, but the hours here were of small account. There were so many of them, drifting peacefully.

He came to the road, and he was about to turn up toward the Corner when he heard the sound of a voice—the voice and the laughter of a child. It came from the brookside toward the bridge. June must be there, he thought, with May's children, whom she tended; and he went that way, moving slowly, willing to see her without himself being seen.

As he approached the brook he heard splashing water, and the little girl laughed again. The child must be wading, he decided, on that sand bar at the lower end of the pool below the bridge. A moment later he saw her; and beyond, at the same time he saw June lying there.

The pool was bordered with alders, which reached out above the water before rising toward the sun, so that their fronts were like the bosoms of wind-swollen sails. At its upper end the old bridge crossed; a bridge of weathered planks and timbers laid on great squared logs. The gray birch with roots like a ladder leaned from the bank at the west abutment of the bridge. Upstream there lay the forest, through which the brook came singing over the shallows, dancing and splashing as though disturbed by the feet of children running there. Below the pool, across the lip of the sandy bar, the water tilted smoothly, curled over a hidden log and cut deeply into the bank beyond. And downstream, too, the brook was screened with alders; so that save from the bridge the sand bar was not visible. It lay in a pit of sunlight banked with green; and across it, as the brook flowed, there flowed a little current of cool and healing air.

June, when her morning's tasks were done and no others immediately waited, liked to come down here from the farmhouse and lie for a while along the warm sand. She had come thus today, carrying the baby, not yet a full year old, and leading small Junie by the hand.

Junie was active and gay; she was sure to get into the water, so June took off the child's simple garments and laid them by. The baby she set on the sand; and he was content, tasting bits of wood, pebbles, grains of sand in the assiduous search for food which so completely preoccupies the infant mind.

And June herself, drowsy in the sun, lay along the bar while the baby crept beside her; and small Junie, moving contentedly in the shallows which lapped about her chubby ankles, splashed and shouted in the water there.

Thus they were when Overlook came upon the bridge; and he came quietly, and stood quietly, watching with a slow smile. Something clouded his eyes, something filled his throat while he watched. The little girl's round body, struck by the sun, was white as marble by the dark pool, pale against the tawny sand. She waded to and fro, stooping to pick up pebbles from beneath the surface, squatting to slap at the water with her palms and shriek with delight when it splashed upon her. She sat down in it and slapped at her feet; she rolled on her fat stomach and kicked and dug with her hands in the wet sand. She discovered a frog with only its eyes out of water near an old stub by the bank, and cautiously approached the thing, studying it with a silent intensity of interest. Withdrew again without

(Continued on Page 28)

He Saw Her Sitting a Little Way Off Where the Sun Streamed Through Her Hair

THE NEWEST VOGUE AMONG FINE CARS

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR HUPMOBILE HAS
EVER BUILT. NO FINER PERFORMANCE AT ANY
PRICE. A PERFECTION OF THE STRAIGHT-EIGHT
THAT GIVES THE WORD PRESTIGE AN ENTIRELY
NEW MEANING FOR THOSE WHO NEVER OWN
OR DRIVE ANY BUT THE FINEST CARS. BEAUTY,
COLOR OPTIONS, LUXURY, IN SEVEN ENCLOSED AND
OPEN BODIES $1945 TO $2495 F.O.B. DETROIT, PLUS REVENUE TAX

IN THE FINE CAR FIELD, THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS

THE DISTINGUISHED

HUDMOBILE

EIGHT

(Continued from Page 26)

disturbing it, and presently forgot its presence there as she renewed her play.

June, Overlook saw, lay as though she slept; one arm was flung across her eyes, the other lay relaxed along the sand, half embracing the little boy baby by her side. She lay on her back; and her dress, that same blue dress scrubbed so clean, seemed to be pressed down upon her body by the sunlight, as though she were standing front to front with a thrusting wind. Save the slow rise of her bosom, there was no movement in her at all; not so much as a finger stirred; and her hair, loosened a little, slept about her sleeping head, kept from the harsh pollution of the sand by a handkerchief outspread.

While Overlook watched, unmoving, the little boy seemed to be weary; he relaxed, his head upon her shoulder. And Overlook saw her arm, whether in sleep or no, curl more closely about him, loose again when presently he stirred to resume his play; as though, even though she slept, instinctively she sheltered him when he came to her for shelter, released him when he wished to brave the world alone. The man discovered in this one gesture all the essence of maternity; found all the motherhood of woman in this one woman—in this one woman who was in her own right no mother at all.

And he thought, content to stand there thoughtfully, that there are many things in woman which may attract a man. He had known other women; though he had never married, yet he might have done so if he chose. There had been a girl who for a time was his secretary; she wore an efficient attraction day by day. She was gay when he wished gayety in her, quiet when he would be still; she had an intelligence he learned to respect and a friendliness at which he warmed himself. He had sometimes thought—his own unspoken phrase came back to him now—that she would be good fun as a wife for any man. He liked her, but he never longed for her and never spoke his liking; and she married a young bond salesman out of Harvard and he never saw her any more. He had seen other girls with youth and friendliness and laughter. There were hundreds of them at every big football game, and they were pleasant to look upon; so Overlook always managed to get tickets to the games. But he was content to look on them with pleasure and see them go their way

And there were other women he had known who drew men about them, playing skillfully a skillful game, awakening a nervous fire. But it was a fire which burned without warming; there was in them no friendliness; it was rather the remote and cruel riddle of their hearts which made men seek them out.

"A riddle draws a man," thought Overlook. "The sphinx was female too."

He smiled faintly, watching the scene there on the strand. It might be, he confessed, the mystery in June which enabled her thus to possess his thoughts

"But I don't believe that's it," he decided. "Something else—something in her hidden. She's puzzling, but that's not all. Something besides. You can't help knowing she might be beautiful."

He felt the inadequacy of this; sifted and sorted and analyzed his impressions, seeking a name for them. And he became so absorbed in these speculations that he forgot to remain inconspicuous. He lighted a cigarette, and the movement and the flare of the match caught the little girl's eye, so that she stood where she was, in the shallow water, looking at him in a swift, discovering dismay. And then she turned and fled from him toward where June lay, and caught at the woman's garment; and June opened her eyes, lifting her arm that had shielded them, and she spoke softly to the little girl, then saw Overlook on the bridge the length of the pool away.

She saw him first while still she lay at length, turning her head that way; and he had forgotten how blue were her eyes. She saw him and rose, smoothly, to sit erect, reassuming dominion over her body, ordering her limbs, adjusting her skirts to cover them. And she watched him gravely, and turned her head to speak to the little girl, and looked toward Overlook again.

He said ruefully, "I'm sorry I frightened her; tell her not to be afraid of me."

"They know if you like them," she told him, not accusingly at all.

He laughed softly. "Why, I do like them," he protested. "I don't know much about children, but I do like them, June."

She bowed her head a little, made no reply to this; and then she looked up at the sun. "Pot said you'd gone to the Corner," she told him. "I didn't look to see you back before noon."

There was no explanation he could make to her; he felt a faint chagrin. "I'm—on a vacation," he said lamely. "I refuse to be responsible and efficient for a day or two. I ran into Will Hepperton and talked awhile with him—didn't go to the store at all."

She did not comment on this, but he felt that even her silence demanded a reply. "I've been wandering around," he continued. "Everything I see around here reminds me of something. A lot of things to think about." He added a moment later, "I saw your old house was closed. Will told me May died, and your father."

"Yes," she said slowly; not with sorrow, but as though these things were only a part of life, and life was not to be catechized. He was struck again by this; that there was no self-pity in her anywhere. And he looked where the little girl had gone back to her play again. June paid her no heed, revealed no least embarrassment in the fact that the child's round body was bare. He thought another woman in these hills would, discovering him there upon the bridge, have caught up little Junie to cover her—was sure of it.

He was even a little disturbed himself that this naked baby should play about so openly between them; and he chuckled inwardly at his own perturbation, even while he weighed and analyzed June's lack of it.

"It's curious," he said aloud at last. "Things seem to have shrunk here. I was as big when I went away as I am now, I think. But the roads seem shorter and the houses smaller, and this bridge used to be a lot longer than it is now, if my memory is good for anything at all."

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"I Whittled Out a Windmill for Little June, and She Made Up With Me and We're Good Friends Now. June Seems to Approve"

The GREATEST BUICK EVER BUILT

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT · · · BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

THE CHINESE PARROT

XVIII

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

A FEW moments later they left Peter Fogg standing on the neatly manicured lawn beside P. J. Madden's empty palace. In silence they rode down the avenue, then turned toward the more lively business district.

"Well, what did we get out of that?" Bob Eden wanted to know. "Not much, if you ask me."

Chan shrugged. "Trifles, mostly. But trifles sometimes blossom big. Detective business consist of one unsignificant detail placed beside other of the same. Then, with sudden dazzle, light begins to dawn."

"Bring on your dazzle," said Eden. "We've learned that Madden visited his house here on Wednesday, but did not go inside. When questioned about his daughter, he replied that she was well and would be along soon. What else? A thing we knew before—that Madden was afraid of Delaney."

"Also that Delaney followed queer profession."

"What profession? Be more explicit."

Chan frowned. "If only I could boast expert knowledge of mainland ways. How about you? Please do a little speculating."

Eden shook his head. "Promised my father I'd never speculate. Just as well, too, for in this case I'd get nowhere. My brain—if you'll pardon the mention of one more unsignificant detail—is numb. Too many puzzles make Jack a dull boy."

The taxi landed them at the station whence hourly busses ran to Hollywood, and they were just in time to connect with the twelve-o'clock run. Back up the hill and over the bridge spanning the arroyo they sped. A cheery world lay about them—tiny stucco bungalows tinted pink or green, or gleaming white, innumerable service stations. In time they came to the outskirts of the film city, where gayly colored mansions perched tipsily on miniature hills. Then down a long street into the maelstrom of Hollywood's business district.

Expensive cars honked deliriously about the corner where they alighted, and on the sidewalk milled a busy throng, most of them living examples of what the well-dressed man or woman will wear if not carefully watched. They crossed the street.

"Watch your step, Charlie," Eden advised. "You're in the auto salesman's paradise." He gazed curiously about him. "The most picturesque factory town in the world. Everything here except the smoking chimneys."

Paula Wendell was waiting for them in the reception room of the studio with which she was connected. "Come along," she said. "I'll take you to luncheon at the cafeteria, and then perhaps you'd like to look around a bit."

Chan's eyes sparkled as she led them across the lot and down a street lined with the false fronts of imaginary dwellings. "My oldest girl would exchange the favor of the gods to be on this spot with me," he remarked. "I shall have much to relate when I return to Punch Bowl Hill."

They lunched among the film players, grotesque in make-up and odd costumes. "No postman before," said Chan, over his chicken pie, "ever encountered such interesting walk on his holiday. Pardon, please, if I eat with unashamed enjoyment and too much gusto. New experience for me to encounter food I have not perspired over myself in person."

"They're taking a picture on Stage Twelve," the girl explained when luncheon was finished. "It's against the rules; but if you're not too boisterous I can get you in for a look."

They passed out of the dazzling sunshine into the dim interior of a great building that looked like a warehouse. Another moment and they reached the set, built to represent a smart foreign restaurant. Rich hangings were in the background, beautiful carpets on the floor. Along the walls were many tables with pink-shaded lights, and a resplendent head waiter stood haughtily at the entrance.

The sequence being shot at the moment involved, evidently, the use of many extras, and a huge crowd stood about, waiting patiently. The faces of most of them were vital and alive, unforgettable. Here were people who had known life—and not too much happiness—in many odd corners of the world. Nearly all the men were in uniform—a war picture, no doubt. Bob Eden heard snatches of French, German, Spanish; he saw in the eyes about him a hundred stories more real and tragic than any these people would ever act on the silver screen.

"Leading men and women are standardized, more or less," said Paula Wendell, "but the extras—they're different. If you talked with some of them you'd be amazed. Brains and refinement, remarkable pasts—and on the bargain counter now at five dollars a day."

A call sounded and the extras filed onto the set and took their allotted stations at the various tables. Chan watched, fascinated; evidently he could stay here forever. But Bob Eden, sadly lacking in that lovely virtue, patience, became restless.

"This is all very well," he said. "But we have work to do. How about Eddie Boston?"

"I have his address for you," the girl replied. "I doubt whether you'll find him in at this hour, but you can try."

An old man appeared in the shadowy space behind the cameras. Eden recognized the veteran player who had been yesterday at Madden's ranch—the actor known as Pop.

"Hello," cried Paula Wendell. "Maybe Pop can help you." She hailed him. "Know where we can find Eddie Boston?" she inquired.

As Pop joined them Charlie Chan stepped back into a dark corner.

"Why, how are you, Mr. Eden?" the old man said. "You want to see Eddie Boston, you say?"

"I'd like to—yes."

"That's too bad. You won't find him in Hollywood."

"Why not? Where is he?"

"On his way to San Francisco by this time," Pop answered. "At least, that was where he was going when I saw him late last night."

"San Francisco? What's he going there for?" asked Eden, amazed.

"One grand outbreak, to hear him tell it. You know, it looks to me like Eddie's come into a bit of money."

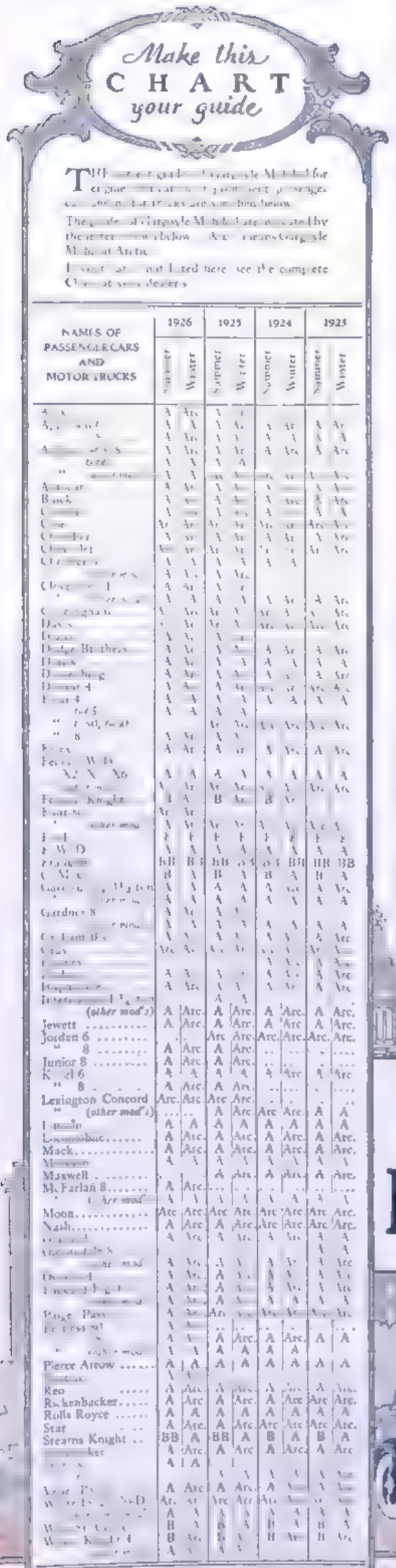
"He has, has he?" Eden's eyes narrowed.

"I met him on the street last night when we got in from the desert. He'd come by train, and I asked him why. 'Had some rush business to attend to, Pop,' he says. 'I'm off to San Francisco in the morning. Things are looking up. Now the picture's finished, I aim to take a little jaunt for

(Continued on Page 33)

They Stood Amazed at the Scene Before Them. "What's All This?" Inquired the Lean Man

A little history. We were first: to study automobile lubrication scientifically.



First: to produce different oils for different motors. First: to expose the fallacy of "Non-Carbon" oils.

First: to chart lubrication so that any one able to read could select oil with scientific accuracy. Today-

3 out of every 4 motorists who buy oil by name ask for Mobiloil. And Mobiloil is by far the most-used oil among automobile engineers. They want least carbon—full power—quiet engines.

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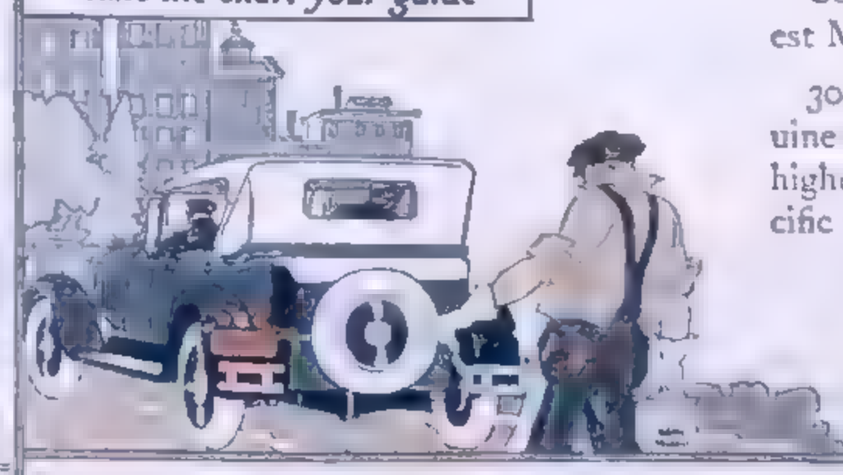

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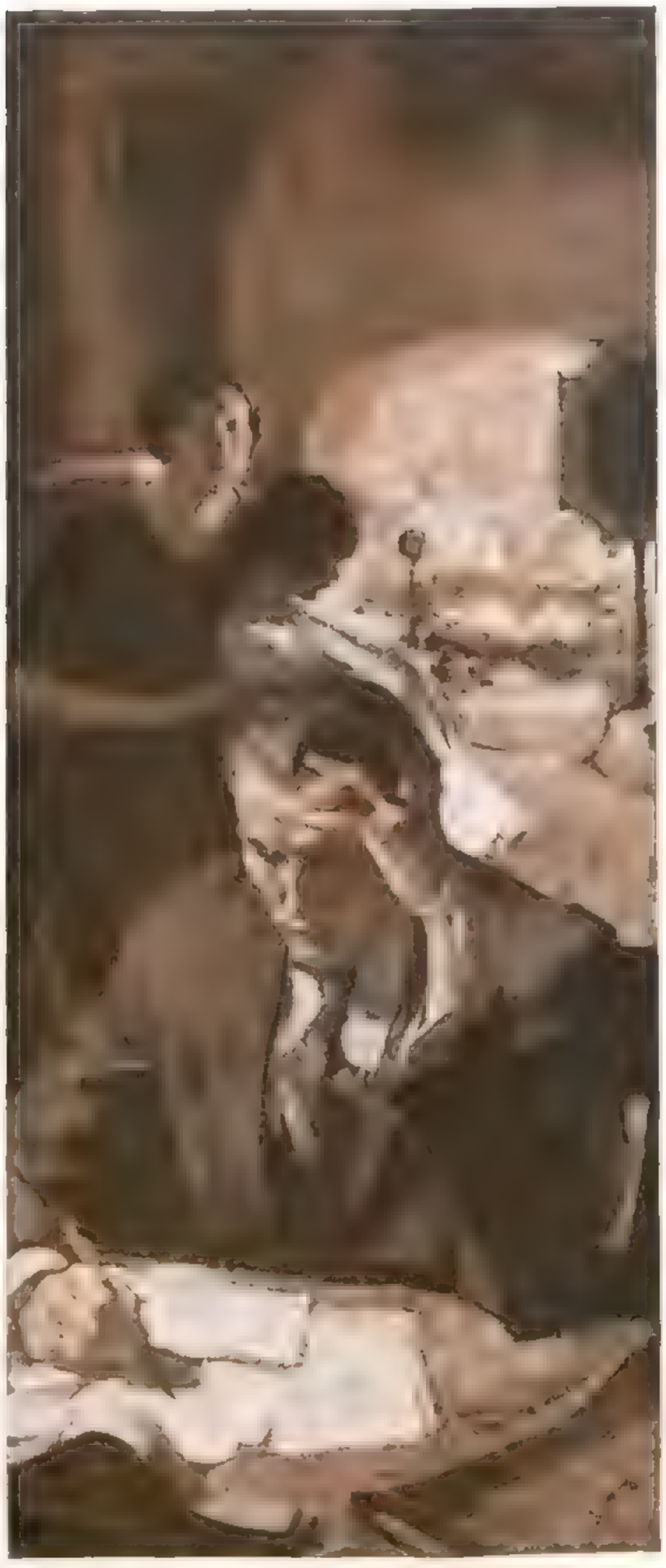

The MAN everybody knows

The comic supplement refers to him as "the tired business man." But his family can't see the joke. It's too true to be funny.

Work is his master. It is on his mind every minute of the day. He carries his office home with him at night

He is too busy. Too busy to think about his family; too busy to exercise; too busy to watch his diet.

Eating to him is just a habit; luncheon an opportunity to satisfy his hunger and talk business

He can keep up that pace for a while. But sooner or later Nature asks for an accounting.

For the man who eats without regard to balance in his diet frequently pays the penalty of a lack of bulk in his daily menu. And bulk, physicians say, is essential to regularity and health.

Why not take steps now to correct your diet? Why not guard scientifically against a condition which may threaten health and success itself?

There is an easy, pleasant way that millions of men and women have found effective.

Balance your diet with this delicious bulk food

Post's Bran Flakes provides bran in its most delicious form; an appetizing cereal food that supplies the natural bulk so often lacking in the average diet. It also brings to the body such vital health essentials as: iron, phosphorus, protein, carbohydrates and vitamin-B.

Try it. "Now you'll like bran." Its tempting flavor will appeal to you instantly. You will understand readily why Post's Bran Flakes is the most popular bran food in the world.

Enjoy it as a breakfast cereal with milk or cream. Try it in combination with fresh fruits or berries in season. Eat it baked into cookies, muffins and bread.

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Don't put off this important diet correction another day. Keep on the "Road to Wellville" by making Post's Bran Flakes a daily habit.

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everybody—every day

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention

"Now You'll Like Bran"

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(Continued from Page 30)

my health.' Said he hadn't been in San Francisco since the 90's and was hungry to see it again."

Eden nodded. "Well, thank you very much." With Paula Wendell he moved toward the door, and Chan, his hat low over his eyes, followed.

At the foot of the runway in the bright world outside Eden paused. "That's that," he said. "One more disappointment. Will we ever get to the end of this? Well, Charlie, Boston's beat it. Our bird has flown."

"Why not?" said Chan. "Madden pays him to go, of course. Did Boston not say he knew all about Delaney?"

"Which must mean he knows Delaney's dead. But how could he? Was he on the desert that Wednesday night? Ye gods!" The boy put his hand to his forehead. "You haven't any smelling salts, have you?" he added to Paula.

She laughed. "Never use 'em." They moved out to the street.

"Well, we must push on," said Eden. "The night is dark and we are far from home." He turned to the girl. "When do you go back to El Dorado?"

"This afternoon," she replied. "I'm working on another script—one that calls for a ghost city this time."

"A ghost city?"

"Yes—you know—a deserted mining town. So it's me for the Petticoat Mine again."

"Where's that?"

"Up in the hills about seventeen miles from El Dorado. Petticoat Mine had three thousand citizens ten years ago, but there's not a living soul there today. Just ruins, like Pompeii. I'll have to show it to you; it's mighty interesting."

"That's a promise," Eden returned. "We'll see you back on your dear old desert."

"Warmest thanks for permitting close inspection of picture factory," Chan remarked. "Always a glowing item on the scroll of memory."

"It was fun for me," answered the girl. "Sorry you must go."

On the trolley bound for Los Angeles, Eden turned to the Chinese. "Don't you ever get discouraged, Charlie?" he inquired.

"Not while work remains to do," the detective replied. "This Miss Fitzgerald—song bird, perhaps, but she will not have flown."

"You'd better talk with her ——" Eden began. But Chan shook his head.

"No, I will not accompany on that errand. Easy to see my presence brings embarrassed pause. I am hard to explain, like black eye."

"Well, I shouldn't have called you that," smiled the boy.

"Go alone to see this woman. Inquire all she knows about the dead man, Delaney."

Eden sighed. "I'll do my best. But my once proud faith in myself is ebbing fast."

At the stage door of the deserted theater Eden slipped a dollar into the hand of the door man and was permitted to step inside and examine the call board. As he expected, the local addresses of the troupe were posted up and he found the name of Miss Fitzgerald's hotel.

"You have aspect of experienced person," ventured Chan.

Eden laughed. "Oh, I've known a few chorus girls in my time. Regular man of the world, I am."

Chan took up his post on a bench in Pershing Square while the boy went on alone to the hotel. He sent up his name, and after a long wait in the cheap lobby the actress joined him. She was at least thirty, probably more, but her eyes were young and sparkling. At sight of Bob Eden she adopted a rather coquettish manner.

"You Mr. Eden?" she said. "I'm glad to see you, though why I see you's a mystery to me."

"Well, just so long as it's a pleasant mystery ——" Eden smiled.

"I'll say it is—so far. You in the profession?"

"Not precisely. First of all, I want to say that I heard you sing over the radio the other night, and I was enchanted. You've a wonderful voice."

She beamed. "Say, I like to hear you talk like that. But I had a cold; I've had one ever since I struck this town. You ought to hear me when I'm going good "

"You were going good enough for me. With a voice like yours, you ought to be in grand opera."

"I know—that's what all my friends say. And it ain't that I haven't had the chance. But I love the theater. Been on the stage since I was a teeny-weeny girl."

"Only yesterday, that must have been."

"Say, boy, you're good," she told him. "You don't happen to be scouting for the Metropolitan, do you?"

"No; I wish I were." Eden paused. "Miss Fitzgerald, I'm an old pal of a friend of yours."

"Which friend? I've got so many."

"I'll bet you have. I'm speaking of Jerry Delaney. You know Jerry?"

"Do I? I've known him for years." She frowned suddenly. "Have you any news of Jerry?"

"No, I haven't," Eden answered. "That's why I've come to you. I'm terribly anxious to locate him, and I thought maybe you could help."

She was suddenly cautious. "Old pal of his, you say?"

"Sure. Used to work with him at Jack McGuire's place on Forty-fourth Street."

"Did you really?" The caution vanished. "Well, you know just as much about Jerry's whereabouts as I do. Two weeks ago he wrote me from Chicago—I got it in Seattle. He was kind of mysterious. Said he hoped to see me out this way before long."

"He didn't tell you about the deal he had on?"

"What deal?"

"Well, if you don't know—Jerry was about to pick up a nice little bit of change."

"Is that so? I'm glad to hear of it. Things ain't been any too jake with Jerry since those old days at McGuire's."

"That's true enough, I guess. By the way, did Jerry ever talk to you about the men he met at McGuire's—the swells? You know, we used to get some pretty big trade there."

He Stopped as a Figure Rose Suddenly From the Tonneau and Fell Upon Him. The Gun Exploded, But Harmlessly Into the Road

"No, he never talked about it much. Why?"

"I was wondering whether he ever mentioned to you the name of P. J. Madden."

She turned upon the boy a baby stare, wide-eyed and innocent. "Who's P. J. Madden?" she inquired.

"Why, he's one of the biggest financiers in the country. If you ever read the papers ——"

"But I don't. My work takes so much time. You've no idea the long hours I put in."

"I can imagine it. But look here, the question is, where's Jerry now? I may say I'm worried about him."

"Worried? Why?"

"Oh, there's risk in Jerry's business, you know."

"I don't know anything of the sort. Why should there be?"

"We won't go into that. The fact remains that Jerry arrived at Barstow a week ago last Wednesday and shortly afterward he disappeared off the face of the earth."

A startled look came into the woman's eyes. "You don't think he's had an—an accident?"

"I'm very much afraid he has. You know the sort Jerry was—reckless."

The woman was silent for a moment. "I know," she nodded. "Such a temper. These red-headed Irishmen ——"

"Precisely," said Eden, a little too soon.

The green eyes of Miss Norma Fitzgerald narrowed. "Knew Jerry at McGuire's, you say?"

"Of course."

She stood up. "And since when has he had red hair?" Her friendly manner was gone. "I was thinking only last night—I saw a cop at the corner of Sixth and Hill—such a handsome boy. You certainly got fine-looking fellows on your force out here."

"What are you talking about?" demanded Eden.

"Go peddle your papers," advised Miss Fitzgerald. "If Jerry Delaney's in trouble I don't hold with it, but I'm not tipping anything off. A friend's a friend."

"You've got me all wrong," protested Eden.

"Oh, no, I haven't. I've got you all right, and you can find Jerry without any help from me. As a matter of fact, I haven't any idea where he is, and that's the truth. Now run along."

Eden stood up. "Anyhow, I did enjoy your singing."

"Yeah. . . . Such nice cops, and so gallant. Well, listen in any time; the radio's open to all."

Bob Eden went glumly back to Pershing Square. He dropped down on the bench beside Chan.

"Luck was poor," remarked the detective. "I see it in your face."

"You don't know the half of it," returned the boy. He related what had happened. "I certainly made a bloomer of it," he finished. "She called me a cop, but she flattered me. The kindergarten class of rookies would disown me."

"Stop the worry," advised Chan. "Woman a little too smart, that is all."

"That's enough," Eden answered. "After this you officiate. As a detective, I'm a great little jeweler."

They dined at a hotel and took the 5:30 train to Barstow. As they sped on through the gathering dusk Bob Eden looked at his companion.

"Well, it's over, Charlie," he said. "The day from which we hoped for so much. And what have we gained? Nothing. Am I right?"

"Pretty close to right," admitted Chan.

"I tell you, Charlie, we can't go on. Our position is hopeless. We'll have to go to the sheriff ——"

"With what? Pardon that I interrupt. But realize, please, that all our evidence is hazy, like flowers seen in a pool. Madden is big man, his word law to many." The train paused at a station. "We go to sheriff with queer talk—a dead parrot, tale of a desert rat, half blind and maybe crazy, suitcase in attic filled with old clothes. Can we prove famous man guilty of murder on such foolish grounds? Where is body? Few policemen alive who would not laugh at us ——"

Chan broke off suddenly and Eden followed his gaze. In the aisle of the car stood Captain Bliss, of the Homicide Squad, staring at them.

Eden's heart sank. The captain's little eyes slowly took in every detail of Chan's attire, then were turned for a moment on the boy. Without a sign, he turned about and went down the aisle and into the car behind.

"Good night!" said Eden.

Chan shrugged. "Fret no longer," he remarked. "We need not go to sheriff—sheriff will come to us. Our time is brief at Madden's ranch. Poor old Ah Kim may yet be arrested for the murder of Louie Wong."

XIX

THEY arrived at Barstow at half-past ten, and Bob Eden announced his intention of stopping for the night at the station hotel. After a brief talk with the man at the ticket window Chan rejoined him.

"I take room that neighbors the one occupied by you," he said. "Next train for El Dorado leaves at five o'clock in morning. I am on her when she goes. Much better you await subsequent train at 11:10. Not so good if we return to ranch like Siamese twins. Soon enough that blundering Bliss will reveal our connection."

"Suit yourself, Charlie," returned Eden. "If you've got the strength of character to get up and take a five o'clock train, you'll have my best wishes. And those wishes, I may add, will be extended in my sleep."

Chan got his suitcase from the parcel room and they went upstairs. But Eden did not at once prepare for bed. Instead, he sat down, his head in his hands, and tried to think.

The door between the two rooms opened suddenly and Chan stood on the threshold. He held in his hands a luminous string of pearls.

"Just to reassure," he smiled. "The Phillimore fortune is still safe."

He laid the pearls on the table, under a brilliant light. Bob Eden reached over and thoughtfully ran them through his fingers.

"Lovely, aren't they?" he said. "Look here, Charlie, you and I must have a frank talk." Chan nodded. "Tell me, and tell me the truth—have you got the faintest glimmering as to what's doing out at Madden's ranch?"

"One recent day," said Chan, "I thought ——"

"Yes?"

"But I was wrong."

"Precisely. I know it's a tough thing for a detective to admit, but you're absolutely stumped, aren't you?"

"You have stumped feeling yourself, maybe ——"

"All right, I'll answer the question for you. You are. You're up against it, and we can't go on. Tomorrow afternoon I come back to the ranch. I'm supposed to have seen Draycott—more lies, more deception. I'm sick of it; and besides, something tells me it won't work any longer. No, Charlie, we're at the zero hour. We've got to give up the pearls."

Chan's face saddened. "Please do not say so," he pleaded. "At any moment ——"

"I know—you want more time. Your professional pride is touched, I can understand, and I'm sorry."

"Just a few hours," suggested Chan.

Eden looked for a long moment at the kindly face of the Chinese. He shook his head. "It's not only me—it's Bliss. Bliss will come thumping in presently. We're at the end of our rope. I'll make one last concession—I'll give you until eight o'clock tomorrow night. That's provided Bliss doesn't show up in the interval. Do you agree?"

"I must," said Chan.

"Very good. You'll have all day tomorrow. When I come back I won't bother with that bunk about Draycott. I'll simply say, 'Mr. Madden, the pearls will be here at eight o'clock.' At that hour, if nothing has happened, we'll hand them over and go. On our way home we'll put our story before the sheriff and if he laughs at us, we've at least done our duty." Eden sighed with relief. He stood up. "Thank heaven, that's settled."

Gloomily Chan picked up the pearls. "Not happy position for me," he said, "that I must come to this mainland and be sunk in bafflement." His face brightened. "But another day. Much may happen."

Eden patted his broad back. "Lord knows I wish you luck," he said. "Good night."

When Eden awakened to consciousness the following morning the sun was gleaming on the tracks outside his window. He took the train for El Dorado and dropped in at Holley's office.

"Hello," said the editor. "Back at last, eh? Your little pal is keener on the job than you are. He went through here early this morning."

"Oh, Chan's ambitious," Eden replied. "You saw him, did you?"

"Yes." Holley nodded toward a suitcase in the corner. "He left his regular clothes with me. Expects to put 'em on in a day or two, I gather."

"Probably going to wear them to jail," replied Eden glumly. "I suppose he told you about Bliss."

"He did, and I'm afraid it means trouble."

"I'm sure it does. As you probably know, we dug up very little down the valley."

Holley nodded. "Yes, and what you did dig up was mostly in support of my blackmail theory. Something has happened here, too, that goes to confirm my suspicions."

"What's that?"

"Madden's New York office has arranged to send him another fifty thousand, through the bank here. I was just talking to the president. He doesn't think he can produce all that in cash before tomorrow and Madden has agreed to wait."

Eden considered. "No doubt your theory's the right one. The old boy's being blackmailed. Though Chan has made a rather good suggestion—he thinks Madden may be getting this money together ——"

"I know—he told me. But that doesn't explain Shaky Phil and the professor. No, I prefer my version. Though I must admit it's the most appalling puzzle."

"I'll say it is," Eden replied. "And to my mind we've done all that's humanly possible to solve it. I'm handing over the pearls tonight. I presume Chan told you that too?"

Holley nodded. "Yes; you're breaking his heart. But from your viewpoint you're absolutely right. There's a limit to everything, and you seem to have reached it. However, I'm praying something happens before tonight."

"So am I," said Eden. "If it doesn't I don't see how I can bring myself to —— But dog-gone it, there's Madam Jordan. It's nothing to her that Madden's killed a man."

"It's been a difficult position for you, my boy," Holley replied. "You've handled it well. I'll pray my hardest—and I did hear once of a newspaper man whose prayers were answered. But that was years ago."

Eden stood up. "I must get back to the ranch. Seen Paula Wendell today?"

"Saw her at breakfast down at the Oasis. She was on the point of starting for the Petticoat Mine." Holley smiled. "But don't worry, I'll take you out to Madden's."

"No, you won't. I'll hire a car."

"Forget it. Paper's off the press now, and I'm at an even looser end than usual. Come along."

Once more Horace Greeley carried them up the rough road between the hills. As they rattled down to the blazing floor of the desert, the editor yawned.

"I didn't sleep much last night," he explained.

"Thinking about Jerry Delaney?" asked the boy.

Holley shook his head. "No; something has happened—something that concerns me alone. That interview with Madden has inspired my old friend in New York to offer me a job there—a mighty good job. Yesterday afternoon I had a doctor in El Dorado look me over and he told me I could go."

"That's great!" Eden cried. "I'm mighty happy for your sake."

An odd look had come into Holley's eyes. "Yes," he said, "the prison door swings open after all these years. I've dreamed of this moment, longed for it, and now ——"

"What?"

"The prisoner hesitates. He's frightened at the thought of leaving his nice quiet cell. New York! Not the old New York I knew. Could I tackle it again and win? I wonder."

"Nonsense!" Eden answered. "Of course you could."

A determined look passed over Holley's face. "I'll try it," he said. "I'll go. Why the devil should I throw my life away out here? Yes, I'll tackle Park Row again."

He left Eden at the ranch. The boy went at once to his room, and as soon as he had freshened up a bit, stepped into the patio. Ah Kim passed.

"Anything new?" whispered Eden.

"Thorn and Gamble away all day in big car," the Chinese replied. "Nothing more." It was obvious he was still sunk in bafflement.

In the living room Eden found the millionaire sitting aimless and lonely. Madden perked up at the boy's arrival.

"Back safe, eh?" he said. "Did you find Draycott? You can speak out. We're alone here."

Eden dropped into a chair. "It's all set, sir. I'll give you the Phillimore pearls at eight o'clock tonight."

"Where?"

"Here at the ranch."

Madden frowned. "I'd rather it had been at El Dorado. You mean Draycott's coming here?"

"No, I don't. I'll have the pearls at eight o'clock, and I'll give them to you. If you want the transaction kept private, that can be arranged."

"Good!" Madden looked at him. "Maybe you've got them now?" he suggested.

"No. But I'll have them at eight."

"Well, I'm certainly glad to hear it," Madden replied. "But I want to tell you right here that if you're stalling again ——"

"What do you mean—stalling?"

"You heard me. Do you think I'm a fool? Ever since you came you've been stalling about that necklace. Haven't you?"

Eden hesitated. The moment had come for a bit of frankness, it seemed. "I have," he admitted.

"Why?"

"Because, Mr. Madden, I thought there was something wrong here."

"Why did you think that?"

"Before I tell you—what made you change your mind in the first place? In San Francisco you wanted the necklace delivered in New York. Why did you switch to Southern California?"

(Continued on Page 94)

Waste Hates Change

Hoop-skirt styles of machinery keep Waste hanging around, with those extravagant habits of high-cost operation, heavy maintenance and swift depreciation. You may even be playing Waste's game, through a mistaken notion of the first cost of modern machinery equipped with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings.

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OVERTIME

By DAY EDGAR

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

ROLLING down the dark driveway, the limousine slackened speed as it approached the two stone gateposts, each surmounted by a wrought-iron lamp that shed soft light over the gravel. When the car, turning to the left, swung slowly out onto the boulevard, its headlights swept across a wide lawn and the sway of the heavy body gently rocked the two people who sat inside. Jean, releasing a great breath of relief, settled back on the deep cushions.

"Well, that's over!" she exclaimed. "Didn't it go off beautifully?"

"Grand," said Don. "I was proud of you."

Jean gave a light, pleased laugh.

"I admit I had the comfortable feeling that I was getting over better than usual. I tried hard to make a good impression on them both." She waited, but he did not speak. "Was I all right? Do you think they liked me?"

He had wormed himself comfortably into the corner and now, at peace with the world, was sinking into the yielding upholstery.

"Why, sure!" he said. "Doesn't everybody like you?" And a yawn turned the final words into a tuneless yodel of round vowels.

"But I mean especially like me," she persisted. "You seem to miss the whole point of what I've been working for."

"Well," he said slowly, with the effect of concentrating, "there's no doubt at all that you made a big hit. Aren't they sending us home in their best car? And I noticed he got pretty chummy with me—more so than he's ever been at the office."

"Then you admit I was right?" The challenge was instantaneous.

"Sure!" he agreed, working his neck down in his winged collar. "You're almost always right."

"Almost? Oh, you mean the apartment?"

"Well, I'm not kicking any more," he said amiably, "but I still claim we could get twice as much room for our money somewhere else."

"Of course we could, Don." The patience in her voice was entirely good-humored. "If we went far enough, I suppose we could get five or six times as much. But we wouldn't be in the country club today, and we wouldn't have had dinner with the Huntingtons tonight."

The first of these triumphs, she pointed out, had led to the second.

And now the second definitely settled the only discussion in which the Donald Shermans had permanently held clashing opinions.

"I knew I was right," she said earnestly.

"See Here, Young Man, Can't You See That She Isn't Able to Keep Up Your Pace?"

She was too completely a wife, after five months of matrimony, to miss this chance to strike while the iron was hot; so, with the evening's victory as her text, she preached the vital necessity of holding up their end socially, of avoiding that mistake which so many wives made when they allowed themselves and their husbands to fall into the rut of staying home at night.

"Wives of that sort don't realize it," she said compassionately, "but they're simply failing in the most important part of their job. Now if we had stayed in all the time, none of our present friends would ever've known we were on the earth."

She sighed complacently as she looked out through the glass at her elbow. They had passed the older country homes on the outskirts of the suburb and now the boulevard ran between rows of new widely spaced apartment houses, a few patches of yellow light still showing up along the cliffike fronts; occasionally the glare of an oncoming car lifted the chauffeur's head and shoulders into a sharp silhouette.

"And it isn't as if we were running into debt either," said Jean reflectively. "Of course, we aren't saving what we could; but it's the preparation we're making now that counts, and your standing with Mr. Huntington. Did he talk about business when she and I —— Don!"

The car had tilted as it swung around a corner. Don, taken at a disadvantage, soared from his nest, landed in her lap, and bouncing off, came to rest on the floor. Jean, with sympathizing murmurs, helped him back to the seat, brushing at his coat and handing him his hat.

"Never mind," she said, "we're almost there. Did Mr. Huntington talk about business when she and I were upstairs?"

"A little." As they drew in to the curb a thought seemed suddenly to disturb Don. "Say," he asked, "am I supposed to tip His Highness up front?"

"No." Jean shook her head. "All he gets is the kind word."

His Highness, holding open the door, bowed at her gracious thanks; and while the purring monster of glass and polished nickel slunk off into the night they turned and walked up the softly lighted steps, steps edged with the big boxed evergreens which in themselves helped to make three rooms here so much more desirable for them than five or six rooms anywhere else.

As the elevator shot upward, Jean beamed at Don. "She asked me to come to tea sometime soon."

"Doesn't surprise me," said Don, exploring his vest pocket for their key. "He likes you too."

"What did he say?" she asked quickly. Don straightened and pushed their door open.

"Said you certainly were pretty."

She stopped at the hall mirror and studied herself with an intense, soulful gaze. "But is it mere surface beauty," she speculated, watching him under her lashes, "or some deeper charm that gives me my fatal power over men?"

Don, struggling out of his topcoat, grinned and looked admiringly after the green-clad figure which was, although possessed of its own merits, most notable for the expert manner in which it supported the small, triumphant head of coiled black hair.

"God alone can tell, little woman," he said, following her into the kitchenette; "but I'll have mustard on mine."

He watched her stride toward the ice box. Other girls merely got from one point to another; but the same natural grace that made her a splendid dancer enabled Jean, with her short, rapid steps, to transform the most prosaic walk into the memory of a procession of posed statues. As she pulled open the ice-box doors now, she addressed a nonexistent third person in what was obviously meant to be

(Continued on Page 39)

One of these days you'll wish you had this *extra* wheel!

When a tire goes flat. . . .

Or when a spoke wheel hits the curb sideways, and splinters. . . .

Or when a careless duffer rolls up behind, and bang! into the rear of your car. . . .

Then you'll wish you had this *fifth* Budd-Michelin Wheel.

The fifth Budd-Michelin Wheel carries the spare tire.

Exchanging a wheel with a flat tire for the extra wheel is a three to four minute job.

A few turns on the self-locking nuts at the hub, and the wheel is off. The extra wheel is slipped into its place—the nuts are tightened—and *that's* all over. .

No more rim changing, and a lot less dirt.

Even a rugged steel Budd-Michelin Wheel will bend when it gets a hard enough bump—but will bend only, when an ordinary wheel would go to pieces.

Under the old system, when a wheel gave up and quit you had to hike to the nearest telephone, call a service station, pay a towing charge—and then buy a new wheel. A nasty wait, a nasty bill, and a nasty temper.

With Budd-Michelins, you take off the bent wheel, put on the fifth wheel, and are on your way.

And the bent wheel can always be straightened, good as new, for two or three dollars.

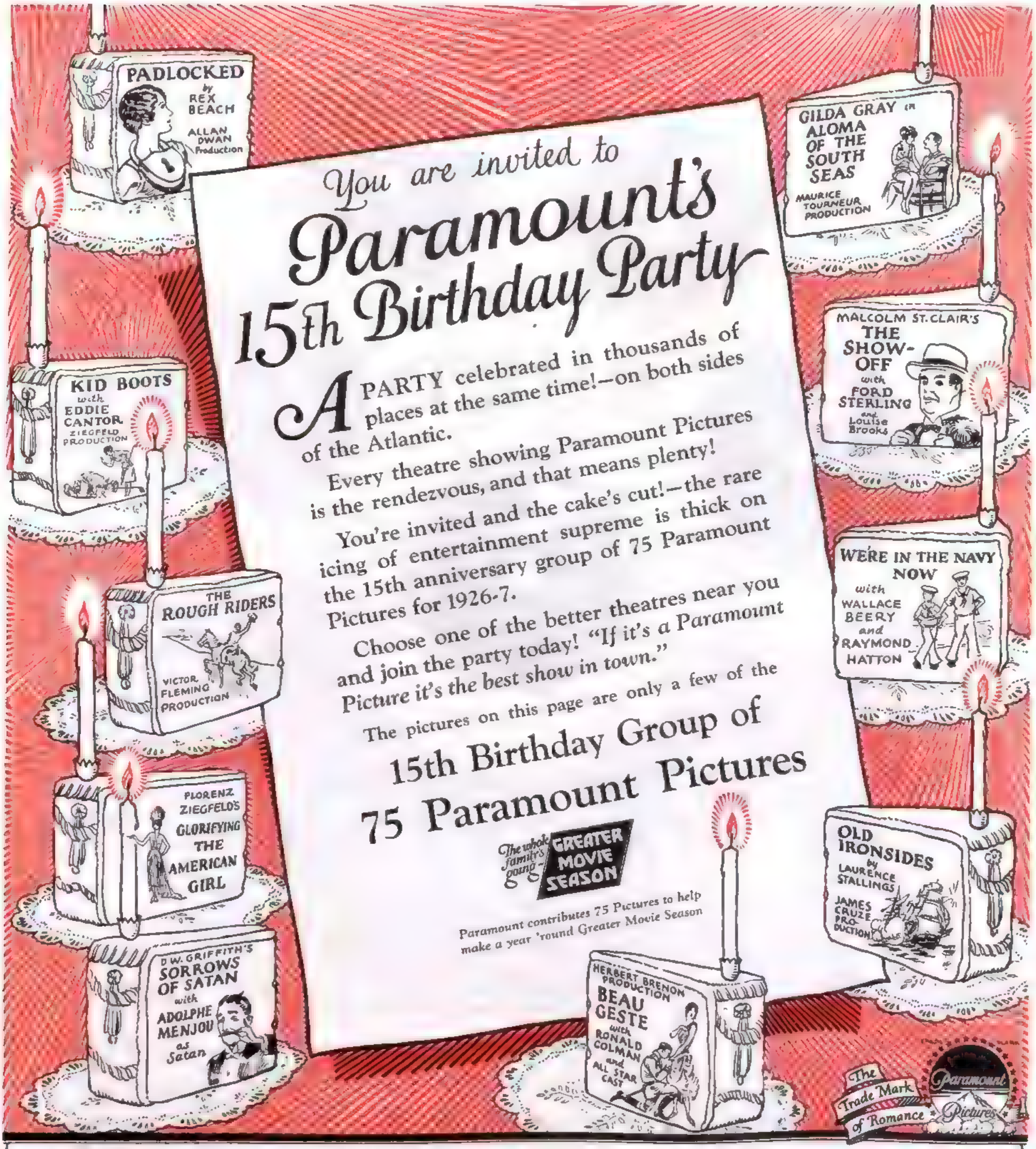
The driver who bumps the rear of your car, when you have a Budd-Michelin, isn't going to dent the body.

That extra wheel on the rear is a tough customer, and when the other fellow gets careless with his brakes, it will give him more than it takes.

In addition, how that glistening, streamlined extra wheel snaps up the rear of the car—makes it look as good going as coming!

Reasons for Budd-Michelin Wheels? More reasons than room to tell about them. Ask the man who owns *five* . . . Then when you want that extra wheel, you'll have it!

[*Detroit* . . . BUDD WHEEL COMPANY . . . *Philadelphia*]


PADLOCKED
by REX BEACH
ALLAN DWAN Production
KID BOOTS
with EDDIE CANTOR
ZIEGFELD PRODUCTION
THE ROUGH RIDERS
VICTOR FLEMING PRODUCTION
FLORENZ ZIEGFELD'S
GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL
D.W. GRIFFITH'S
SORROWS OF SATAN
with ADOLPHE MENJOU
as Satan
You are invited to
Paramount's
15th Birthday Party
A PARTY celebrated in thousands of places at the same time!—on both sides of the Atlantic.
Every theatre showing Paramount Pictures is the rendezvous, and that means plenty!
You're invited and the cake's cut!—the rare icing of entertainment supreme is thick on the 15th anniversary group of 75 Paramount Pictures for 1926-7.
Choose one of the better theatres near you and join the party today! "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town."
The pictures on this page are only a few of the
15th Birthday Group of
75 Paramount Pictures
The whole family's going— GREATER MOVIE SEASON
Paramount contributes 75 Pictures to help make a year 'round Greater Movie Season
GILDA GRAY in ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS
MAURICE TOURNEUR PRODUCTION
MALCOLM ST. CLAIR'S
THE SHOW-OFF
with FORD STERLING
and Louise Brooks
WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW
with WALLACE BEERY and RAYMOND HATTON
OLD IRONSIDES
by LAURENCE STALLINGS
JAMES CRUZE PRODUCTION
HERBERT BRENON PRODUCTION
BEAU GESTE
with RONALD COLMAN
and ALL STAR CAST
The Trade Mark of Romance
Paramount Pictures
Paramount Pictures
Produced by FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., New York City.

(Continued from Page 36)

the lofty voice of a rich matron to whom servants have long since ceased to be a novelty:

"Mr. Sherman will have ham with mustard, Toto; thin slices and lettuce." She put a saucer of sliced ham on the table. "He's had a hard day down on the Street—the traffic was something terrible and he lost his whistle. Graham bread, please"—peering into the bread box. "What? Well, give the poor old fellow common bread then. Nothing's too good for ——"

Don sank into a chair and watched the thin slices curl away from the loaf.

"Well, old-timer," he said with a suggestion of concealed craftiness, "in view of this smashing success ——"

"Wasn't it, though?" Jean shed all resemblance to the bored lady of many servants.

"In view, as I was saying when last interrupted," he went on, "in view of this smashing success"—his tone wavered—"how about a vacation? Let's stay in every dog-gone night for a whole solid week."

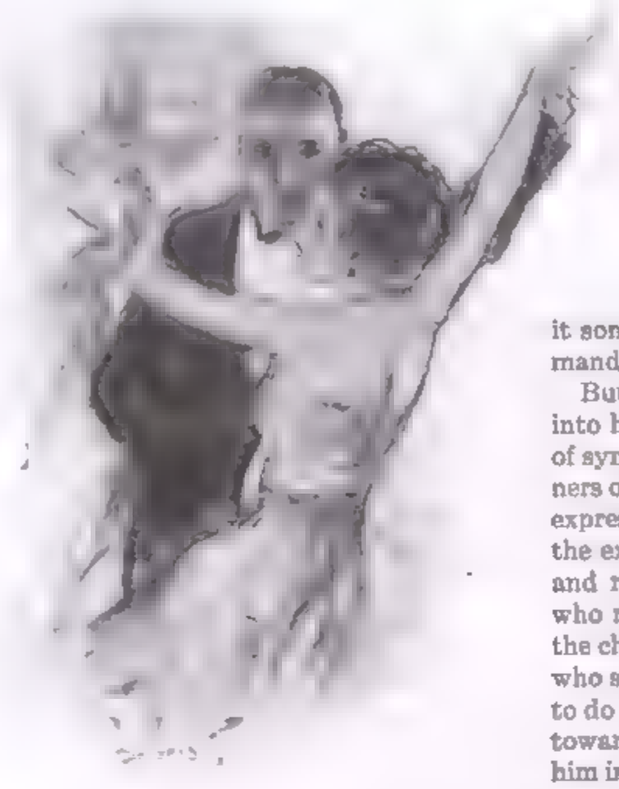
"Don!" The knife stopped halfway through a slice as she looked up with a scowl. "Haven't you just got through seeing for yourself?"

"I know," he protested; "but now that we've landed what we were after, we can ——"

"Landed what we were after? We've only begun!"

"Then where the deuce do we finish?"

"Oh, Don, do I have to go through all that again? It's s-so d-d-discouraging."



"No Use Arguing," Whispered Jean Gleefully, "When It Comes to Dancing We're a Pair of Wows!"

He reached the table just in time. The most rational masculine argument, when subjected to the acid test of Jean's tears, had a way of invariably revealing itself to Don as brute selfishness.

"I take it all back, darling," he said. "Couldn't you tell I was only fooling?"

"I know it's tiresome for you sometimes," she conceded, rubbing her nose against his cheek, "but we've got social obligations now, as well as pleasures. Why, there are at least four things we simply must go to this coming week!"

"Doesn't matter how many." He settled again into his chair. "You lead and I'll follow. Look how much better off I am since we got married!"

Her smile rainbowed gratefully through the vanishing tears and she gestured with the mustard paddle.

"This is my business," she declared. "It's not fun; it's hard work. And if I loaf on my end of the job now, just when we're really getting ——"

She proceeded, with the earnest assurance of her nineteen and a half years, to make clear that any equally bright young man in the employ of Huntington, Inc., might impress his abilities upon his superiors as convincingly as Mr. Donald Sherman; it remained for Mrs. Donald's cultivation of an extra-official intimacy with the Huntington family to distinguish Mr. Sherman's abilities from those of his competitors.

"It's bound to make a difference, Don, the next time there's a promotion."

She put the saucer of sliced ham back into the ice box and poured out two glasses of foaming milk.

"And we'll have to pay them back for their dinner party, whether they expect it or not. We'd better not have them up here." A single line appeared between the black eyebrows. "We'll take them to a good show in the city and go around to one of the night clubs," she decided judicially. "They'd enjoy that; it's a little different from the usual thing." A new look came into her face and she spoke more slowly. "Mrs. Huntington will be making up her committee for the spring bazaar pretty soon. Gosh, I'd love to be on ——"

Suddenly, as though ashamed of the fierce longing in her voice, she laughed self consciously and looked up from the triangular sandwiches. Her face changed at what she saw. Her hands dropped to where her hips would some day be and her red mouth opened in the way of all nobly planned wives who, along with their warnings and comfortings, find it sometimes necessary to command.

But her lips closed again, and into her eyes came little gleams of sympathy. The creeping corners of her mouth completed the expression of a vast indulgence—the expression of a soft-hearted and remarkably young mother who realizes perfectly well that the child should be spanked, but who simply cannot bring herself to do it. So, instead, she tiptoed toward his chair and leaned over him in performance of the home-made ritual by which he loved to be waked.

II

THE music blared through the lifting mist of cigarette smoke, muffling the clatter of tongue and china, and bringing Don Sherman to his feet beside Mrs. Huntington's chair. She rose, her eyes lingering on her plate of buttered mushrooms. Jean and Mr. Huntington joined the crowd that flocked toward the dance floor, weaving among the tables as a swarm of ants coming from all points of the compass might twist past blades of grass as they hurried to a cleared spot in the center.

"Mrs. Huntington seems to enjoy dancing," said Jean as they moved off. "I think it's lovely in a woman of her age."

"She remembers the steps better than I do," answered Mr. Huntington. "Great dancer in her day."

"But you dance awfully well," Jean said quickly. "You notice how easy it is for me to follow you?"

She, who could follow any contortions with a deft pliancy most heartening to the contortionist, smiled up at the lean leathery face. He, conservatively repeating his personal corruption of a single movement from the two-step, smiled back and visibly stopped worrying over the need of launching into a new caper that might have nothing in it to compensate for the possibility of disaster.

"I do seem to get along pretty well," he admitted. "But I suppose it all depends on the partner."

"Oh, no!" Slighting the music to keep time with him, the partner vigorously shook her head. "It depends on the man. All the woman can ever do is follow."

"Huh!" said he good-naturedly. "On the dance floor, maybe."

Jean merely dimpled in answer; but afterward, when they were back at the table and a rank of bare-legged girls were performing in the cleared central space, she regarded Mrs. Huntington a little more thoughtfully than before.

She had deliberate gray eyes, whitening hair, and the uncontested lines in her face wrote a record of experience placidly accepted. She sat with her hands in her lap, the large gray head a little tilted back as though she were determined, now that she was here, not to be surprised.

A buxom tenor, appearing after the retreat of the chorus, sweetened the air with vocalized longing for the cottage of his sinless youth, an appealing little dwelling which boasted the startling novelty of someone who'd wait by the garden gate, and to which the singer was so strongly drawn that it seemed but a matter of minutes until he must be on his way. A pair of Charleston dancers came on next and offered the advantage of conversation made possible.

Don held out his cigarette case to his guests. Mrs. Huntington smilingly shook her head, and her husband, lighting a formidable cigar, glanced at Jean with speculative amusement in his shrewd blue eyes.

"I notice he didn't offer you one. Doesn't he approve?"

"I never really asked him," said Jean. "But I don't smoke anyway."

"Thought all you modern girls did," said Mr. Huntington.

"I can't be a modern girl," she answered with one of her quick smiles. "I'm in training."

"For a beauty contest?"

"For the serious job," said Jean, "of being a wife."

Mr. Huntington chuckled through his cigar. "Is it as bad as all that nowadays?" he asked.

"Oh, it's pretty serious!" Wagging her head sagely, Jean saw that Mrs. Huntington was engaged in conversation with Don, so she leaned forward to take advantage of this chance. "You see, Mr. Huntington," she said, "everything's so—so specialized today."

(Continued on Page 60)

"But Is It Mere Surface Beauty," She Speculated, Watching Him Under Her Lashes, "or Some Deeper Charm That Gives Me My Fatal Power Over Men?"

NO MORE WASTE LAND

Deer in Kaibab Forest, in Southern Utah

By A. RUTLEDGE

A SIGN of that nature I had never seen before, and there was something so whimsical about it that it seemed the work of a humorist instead of the sage plea of a state game commission. Paraphrased roughly, it read something like this:

"Mr. Farmer, don't keep your place too clean. Leave that forlorn patch of scrub growing over yonder by the creek; leave that briered fence row; leave that bushy ditch bank just as it is. Your best friend of the great bird kingdom, bobwhite, can't live with you if you take away all his cover. Keep most fields clean, if you like, but leave some places deliberately disheveled for the sake of those who will leave you if you clean away their shelters. . . ."

This was a pertinent and a sensible request, put in a far more persuasive way than a cold announcement could have been put. And it serves to introduce a much wider subject, and one full of fascination for lovers of the outdoors and the creatures that, for all our proud so-called advancing civilization, remain distinctly Nature's children. Moreover, because of that very advance in man's civilization, the question is a vital one. It is this: What is the relation between our conquest of the earth and the fate to which that conquest may subject the creatures of the wild? Does the civilization of man mean the extinction of the beast? Well, it easily might.

Wild Life Back to the Land

But there are two great saving elements in this difficult and dangerous situation. The first is that man stays his hand and opens his heart. He protects; he provides sanctuaries. Recognizing the beauty, the companionship, the economic value of wild life, he forgoes the pleasure of killing for the saner pleasure of keeping alive. The second saving factor is this: Wild creatures are singularly humble in their demands. They will take what we reject. They will occupy what we abandon. They will rejoice to inhabit our waste lands and our wildernesses. There is no place so apparently impossible for the habitation of man but can be made into a home for wild creatures. It looks therefore as if, as civilization advances, man will acquire and keep all the choice localities; and at first by chance, and then deliberately, with mercy premeditated, he will apportion the waste lands to the wild children of the woods and the waters and the air.

For a great number of years I have been interested in the matter in question, and have been engaged from time to time in projects of restocking game preserves. If I can tell a few stories relative to this subject, I shall perhaps be most simply accomplishing my object—which is to show that, whether a man owns ten acres or ten thousand, it is wise and just and economic to quarter a portion of his holdings to the ancient inhabitants of the land, that will be glad enough to use whatever is unsuitable for purposes of man. Strictly, there is no such thing nowadays as waste land. A marsh becomes a mink and a muskrat home; an old rice field becomes a duck preserve; the junglelike growth that follows the felling of big timber becomes a sanctuary for deer and for ruffed grouse; the spouty patch in the cornfield's edge that can never be cultivated will grow cat-tails and witch grass and big briers that will protect the quail when the hunters and the red-tailed hawks are on the scene.

During the hunting season of 1925 I frequently went to a valley in Southern Pennsylvania which well illustrates the principle that whatever man deserts Nature reclaims. In this valley, some eighteen miles long and two miles wide, almost every foot, clear up to where the mountain benches begin, used to be under cultivation. But one after one the hillside farms and the creek-bottom pastures have been deserted. People have moved to the near-by towns. In the whole valley now there are not more than eight or ten homes. And Nature, in her quiet, joyous way, has retaken what, centuries ago, in frontier days, was bitterly wrested from her and from the Indians.

As I roamed the deserted valley and the slopes above it I was curiously interested in the manner in which wild things were taking part in the recapture of their ancient home. Here in a deserted orchard, where a few gnarled apple trees still were bearing, deer had been munching the fallen fruit. In this old upland field where some volunteer buckwheat had sprung up, wild turkeys had been foraging. Beside a pathway leading from a collapsed mountain home to its inevitable spring I flushed two ruffed grouse. In the shellbark trees along the creek—trees that the farm boys used to raid for nuts—gray squirrels were gathering their winter supply of food. In the creek itself, where tame ducks were wont to go vacuum-cleaning, I flushed a score of migrating mallards.

Man comes, it seems, as a destroyer, but no sooner is his power relaxed than the timid legitimate dwellers in the land return to reclaim what they had been obliged to leave. All they seem to want is a bare chance. They cannot occupy and increase in the face of high-power rifles, traps and shotguns; neither could man. But they are swift and valiant to return when the chance of getting killed is even slightly diminished.

My experience in this wild appealing valley, and experiences elsewhere of a similar nature, have led me to believe that there should be no such thing as waste land. Whatever situations man is too proud or lazy to occupy, wild creatures will humbly rejoice in.

Some places, indeed, are the better for game after man's invasion. For example, the holder of a huge tract of yellow pine in the South told me this:

"Formerly," he said, "when all the big timber was standing, we had not a great many deer on the place. I think the woods were too open; practically the only cover was the broom grass. But eight years ago we cut about a thousand acres of pine. On that land a regular jungle grew up—myrtle, bays, huckleberries, gall berries, sparkleberries, and other brush of many kinds, much of it overrun with smilax and jasmine vines. As a result, there was ideal cover and to it the deer thronged. However, I noticed that the wild turkeys kept to the big timber. They do not like thickets, for in such places the wildcat and the fox have the best chance to operate against them. Deer will come to cut-over land, but turkeys will leave it until the second growth is fairly well developed."

It frequently happens that a situation that is attractive to wild life can be made positively irresistible merely by a little intelligent adjustment by the owner of the land.

I shall never forget with what amazement I looked upon a duck preserve near Oakley, South Carolina, some thirty miles up the Cooper River. Adjacent to the river were waste rice fields, long since abandoned, over which the tides of a generation had ebbed and flowed. Despite, however, these periodic inundations the general layout of the fields remained unchanged. There were the remnants of the ancient banks, the integrity of which had been partly maintained by the trees and bushes growing along them; there were the ditches and canals, in many cases widened and deepened by the dredging of the tides; there were the expanses of the fields, now grown to marsh and duck oats instead of to rice.

In a Quiet Pool

Such landscapes have been familiar to me since boyhood, but I was not prepared for the gorgeous spectacle of the wild life that thronged these fields. Mallards, green-winged and blue-winged teal, pintails, widgeons, wood ducks, a few canvasbacks, and black ducks, in thousands, were joyously feasting, preening themselves, tipping up in the warm shallow water, hailing all passing flocks with the glad tidings that the true paradise for wild fowl had at last been discovered. As I walked down a green bank, to the top of which the limpid water almost brimmed, I flushed a vast concourse. The whole field seemed to rise, yet as quickly settled back again. Many of the ducks flew so lazily and contentedly that I noticed that they hardly drew up their feet under them. In these days of myriads of hunters and the last word in firearms I was frankly amazed to see such a sight, and asked the owner of the place, who was with me, to account for the wild-life vision that I was seeing.

The Formula for Wild Ducks

"Three things have done it," he said. "These fields, you see, were worthless to me for planting purposes. But ducks have always come here. I decided first to post it carefully. Then, at a small outlay, I mended the banks and the trunks so that the fields can be made to hold water when once the water has flowed on them. A duck isn't going to light on dry land—not if there's water within reach of his wings. The third thing was the matter of feed. At some clubs rice and corn are fed regularly, but I can't afford to give them the things that keep me alive.

"I went up to Washington and spent two or three days at the Department of Agriculture finding out just what wild food would grow here—things that the ducks like best. I had recommended to me duck oats, water lilies—you know that the ducks eat the little potatolike nodules on the roots—and the American lotus. This last is probably the most successful food I have tried. The bloom is like a big mallow, held high above the water; then a seed-holding disk is formed, in a general way like a sunflower; then the seeds come, like hard black acorns. And the ducks are crazy about them. Of course these seeds are shed into the mud when frost comes, and the ducks dive and forage for them.

"Yes, these old fields were worthless, but in these days there is no such thing as waste land if a man will turn over to wild things those parts of his property which he can't use himself. And if he will encourage the wild life just a little he will have it coming in abundance. There are fields, just below me here on the river, of the very same character as mine, and they have comparatively few ducks visiting them. Reasonable quiet and protection, water, food—get those three conditions in this part of the country and you will have all the ducks you want."

This setting aside of sanctuaries, whether done as a private enterprise in conservation or whether done designedly by a state as a public duty, always has the same effect—the immediate and gratifying increase in

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(Continued from Page 40)

wild life. But the effect is much more far-reaching than might be imagined. I know huge tracts of wild country, in Pennsylvania, in Virginia, in Maryland and in the Carolinas, which ten years ago were practically dead as far as game birds and animals are concerned. Now they are alive again, and the magic of this resurrection has been accomplished solely by the system of public sanctuaries or by the big preserves of private clubs.

Fortunately, game does not appear to distinguish between public and private preserves and sanctuaries; it will come to one as quickly as to another, and will also leave. The deer and the turkeys and the grouse that wander from the protected areas slowly repopulate the desolate hinterlands, and they also afford the humble average hunter with a little sport and with no end of exercise full of exciting promise. I know of a hunting club which, ostensibly organized to kill game, has yet been the greatest game preserver of the region where it exists.

On the Southern coast the club has an ownership of perhaps sixty thousand acres. The place is unfenced; and though it is rigorously protected, no attempt is made to segregate the game within its ample borders. As a result, particularly in the summer when the cover is dense and when the woods are free from hunters, deer and turkeys in great numbers wander far beyond the boundaries of the club lands. The hinterlands, which had been combed of all their game, are once more replenished. The natives, who at first resented the coming of the great club and its exclusive ways, have now learned that a wild turkey for Christmas or for Thanksgiving and a pretty plentiful supply of venison all through the winter are due directly to the club's existence.

Gun Clubs as Game Protectors

A fraternal feeling has come to prevail between the members of the club and their less fortunate neighbors; and it is a feeling which, rightly understood, is a promise of a new day in American sportsmanship. It is the feeling born of the conviction that game protection by one man or one organization is game increase for other men and other organizations. This club did a rather unique thing for the sake of game preservation, and a sensible thing it was too. On a deserted plantation that was bought to be added to the club preserve were some eight or ten negro families who were occupying the old slave quarters in the very heart of the deer country of the plantation. The club bought up some good property in a neighboring negro settlement safely outside the preserve, built there the required number of simple homes and moved the negroes there. They were only too glad to go, for the negro who is not gregarious does not exist.

Some twenty miles west of Gettysburg, on the Lincoln Highway, there is an inn. Within sight of the windows of the inn are the borders of a virgin forest fastness—one of the great game sanctuaries that the state of Pennsylvania has set aside for the use of wild creatures, and indirectly, of course, for the benefit of the hunters of the state. From that beautiful forest one can see trooping, especially in the late afternoon, small herds of whitetail deer, perhaps the most widely distributed of all American big-game animals and, in a way, the most characteristic wild creature of our country. It is heartening, in these days of swift transportation and deadly guns and rifles, while one is at dinner within a stone's throw of the Lincoln Highway, down which heavy traffic roars all the day long, to see genuinely wild creatures timidly stealing out of their coverts to nibble at a farmer's wheat or to browse on the tender green of his choice apple trees. The emotion with which I view such a sight is probably radically different from the farmer's.

A Refuge Line Showing Posters and One Strand of Wire Which Surrounds the State Game Refuge in Mifflin County, Pennsylvania

Nevertheless, the presence of deer in a civilized community represents a definite triumph. Nor are these creatures pets. They are the real thing.

I remember seeing a huge old stag, the hero of many a thrilling escape on the near-by mountains, calmly munching apples within rifle shot of the hotel! Many of these deer—particularly the old bucks—seem to know quite well when the hunting season begins, and at that time they manifest a decided partiality for the sanctuary itself. Game recognizes a protected area; and though there is some straying and straggling, the sanctuary idea is wholly effective. It is not a bad thing for the sanctuary, for the adjoining orchardists and for the herds themselves for some deer to be killed each season.

Some twenty-five miles southwest of that inn is the Orquic Valley Sanctuary, a place in which I have spent much time. It is in much wilder country, though a good road runs through it. I knew it years ago, long before the state set it apart as a preserve. Then it was anybody's land, overrun by hunters, often burned out—a desolate wilderness. Now it is beautiful with heavy timber, with a lush undergrowth, musical with a fine trout stream roaring through its dewy coverts, protected from all marauders.

For several years, by some calculations which I believe to be accurate, I have ascertained that, but for this sanctuary, all the deer and turkeys of that region of the Tuscaroras would have disappeared. They have increased: and the increase, indeed the survival, the sanctuary made possible. On its borders now, every season, hunters have genuine sport; and if what escapes them gets into the preserve they feel that it is just as well. I think that there is a growing sentiment among all hunters that all game should have at least one inviolate place into which it cannot be pursued. A game sanctuary is not only a temporary life preserver, it is a guaranty of the survival of a race.

By all odds the most interesting game sanctuary I know is Bull's Island, one of the barrier group of the Carolina seaboard. Separated from the mainland by many deep salt waterways that wind through a vast sea marsh, it is effectively isolated. Nine miles long, three miles wide at its widest point, heavily wooded, rich in semitropical jungles, and having an abundant supply of fresh water, it is most fortunately appointed by Nature as a home for wild life. I believe that there is more game on this island than there is on any area of similar size in America, perhaps in the world; and its presence there is to be accounted for by methods of intelligent protection and sensible encouragement.

I remember walking one afternoon down through the lustrous thickets of this magic isle, and hardly for a moment was wild life out of sight or sound. I saw five flocks of wild turkeys—there are no foxes on the island—raccoons pacing sedately down the dim pathways aglow with the ruby lights of sunset, flocks of wild ducks speeding toward the reedy flows, and perhaps fifty deer. At one time I had twenty-six in sight, coming out of their daytime coverts to browse on the marsh edges and to roam securely the solitary country of the night. I walked up close to a stag that stood motionless in reeds as tall as his back. His massive neck and his regal head were all of him that showed. As I got too near he crouched slightly, hoping, I think, to be passed by; but then he changed his mind and went bounding off, his great flag erect and jerking from side to side.

Usually, after a day of travel through the wilds a man will have one or two vivid scenes of wild life to recall. On Bull's Island such scenes are bewildering in their number and variety.

Sane Control a Necessity

Yet twenty years ago there were no turkeys on this preserve. There were few deer. The duck ponds were grown shut with choking aquatic plants. But a little ditching and draining deepened the ponds, so that now, on a midwinter's morning, mallards and black ducks pour into the idyllic lagoons that lie shielded by the virgin pine forests. Protection was all that the deer needed. I suppose there is no animal in the world that, considering its size and importance, responds more certainly to man's encouragement than does the whitetail deer. A barren doe is a rarity, and a great many have twin fawns. Experts in permutations and combinations have estimated that a buck and a doe will, through their offspring, in fifty years produce thousands of descendants; and this will happen if the hand of man against them is stayed.

There are so many deer on this island now, and so frequent and fierce are the encounters of the bucks in the mating season, that it is necessary to kill off a certain number of stags every year. The oldest are killed so that the vigor of those in their prime will establish the stamina of the succeeding herds.

The case of the wild turkey is different and it is, I

(Continued on Page 142

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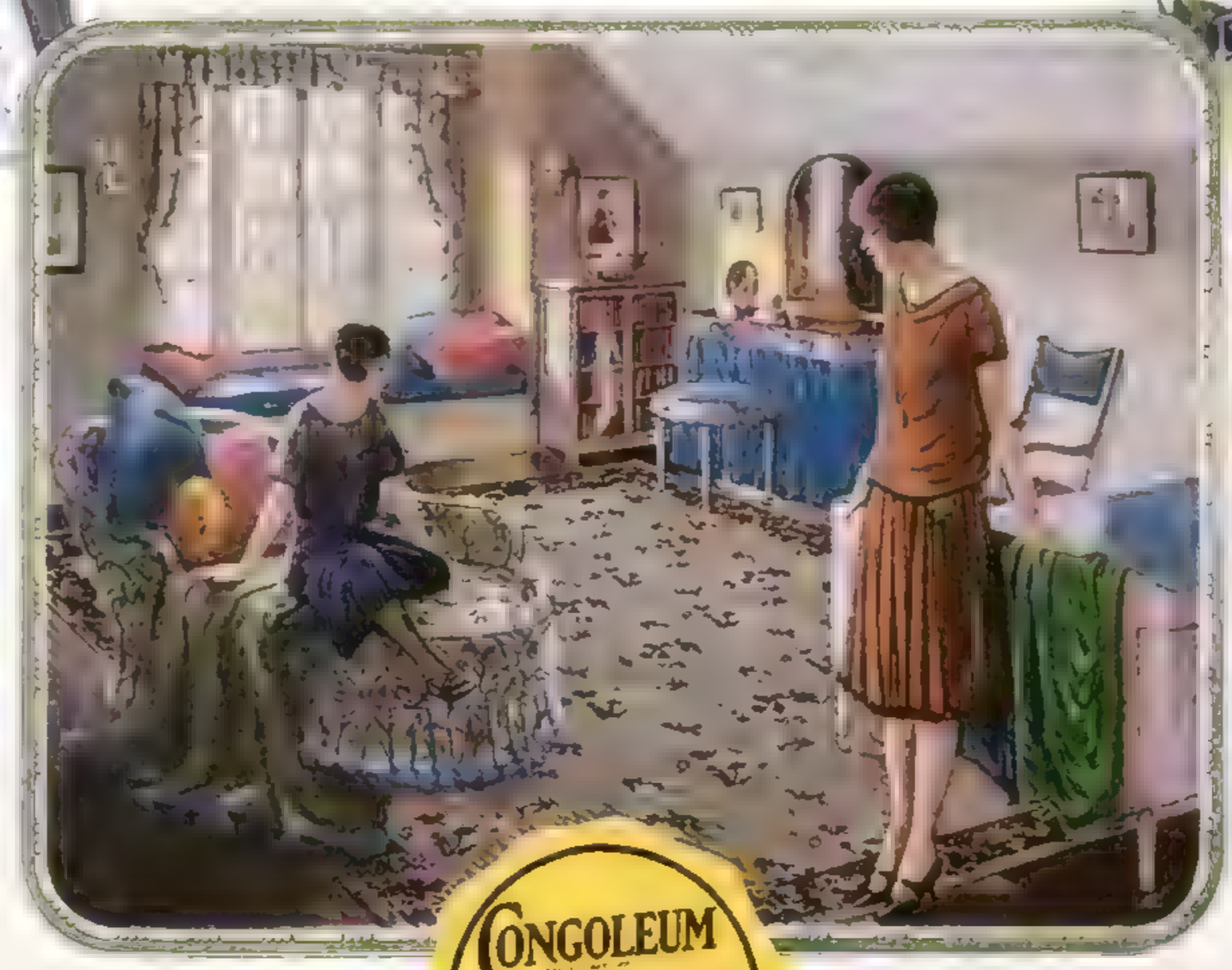

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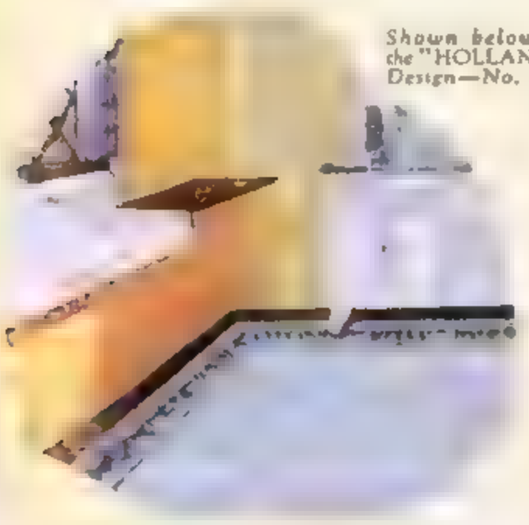

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IMMORTAL LONGINGS

(Continued from Page 28)

"I guess New York's so big it kind of makes us look little," she agreed, not critically, nor yet with humility.

"I don't think it's that," he returned. "But—I suppose a man grows. His perspective changes. Old things don't look so impressive."

"But they haven't changed a bit," she reminded him. "Old things mostly stay the same."

"It's the man that changes," he assented.

"Yes, you've changed a pile," she agreed.

He laughed softly, spoke with faint derision in his tones. "I remember you," he told her—"how skinny and long-legged you were. I was thinking this morning about seeing you climb the fence in front of your house one day when I went by to school. The only thing I really remembered was your leg—how long it was "

She looked at him gravely. "The day Pot wouldn't let you wait for me," she commented.

And he cried, "You remember too?"

"There ain't much happens here. Folks remember pretty near everything that does happen."

"I'd almost forgotten," he confessed. "I'd forgotten almost everything about this town, I'd been so long away. But things keep coming back to me today." He was astonished to discover that his hand was trembling. "I'm really mighty glad I came," he said lamely. "About decided to stay here a week or two, not go fishing at all—rest here." He felt momentarily a great load of weariness upon his shoulders. "I didn't realize how tired I was till I got here."

"Pot says you can't go till your car's fixed," she commented.

"I'd stay, anyway," he declared; and he added, not so much speaking his intent as improvising, "I think I'll get the place in shape, do some work around. I wonder if I can still handle an ax or a grubbing hoe."

"The house needs some shingles," she agreed; and he said quickly, "Well, I can drive a nail. I'll enjoy working with my hands again."

"A thing ain't work," she suggested, "only if you have to do it. If you do it because you want, it's just a kind of play."

He laughed, conceding the point to her. "All right, I'll enjoy playing then." He added, "You can't imagine what fun I had, getting my own breakfast and washing dishes and putting things away. I expect they're just chores to you."

"It's the way things go along," she said; and he felt again that still philosophy in her which refuses to complain against any part of life because all life is good. She smiled a little then, her face transfiguring; he thought with a quick leap of delight that she had humor too. "It's getting on to noon," she said, and stood up, rising smoothly. "I've got to go back and get up something for Pot's dinner or things won't go so good."

She drew Junie to her and bundled the little girl's dress over her damp and protesting head. Overlook laughed at them, and then he said curiously, "You know, you're—surprising to me, your point of view on some things; things I've never thought much about at all."

"I expect you never had time," she reminded him. "But there's time for thinking here."

"Well, I'll make up for some lost time in the next day or two," he promised. And he called to the little girl, "Good-by, Junie."

The child looked toward him; and after a moment's grave scrutiny her small face broke in a broad smile. But instantly, as though frightened by her own temerity, she clung to June's hand, hiding behind the woman's skirts again. And June gathered up the boy baby and dug the sand out of his mouth and set him against her bosom. So with the baby in her arms, the child at her knee, she stood a moment there in the pit of sunlight.

"If there's anything you want me or Pot to do," she said, "you let us know."

"I'll call on you," he agreed. And—"You're very kind," he added, smiling. "And you and I will have to talk over the old times. I remember a lot of things about you."

She looked at him gravely then, but she made no reply; only turned with a nod and was hidden among the alders; and Overlook, from where he stood, saw her presently emerge upon the rising ground toward the house, striding strongly, the baby still upborne in her arms. And the sunlight lay about her like a mantle rare.

XI

THE days stole away as though they went light-footed in order not to waken him; but Overlook perceived their going and perceived their guile. And sometimes when he was alone—he was much alone—he laughed aloud as though he had a jest at the expense of the very sun that rose and set so stealthily. And at first these days had an unreality about them, as though they were indeed passages in a dream from which he would presently rouse to find himself at his desk once more; but after a little this quality passed. There could be no unreality about a day in which he rose before dawn, and cooked, and ate the food he cooked, and cleaned his own dishes; a day in which he sweated over ax and bucksaw; a day in which he trudged up the steep ridge road to the Corner and saw Will Hepperton grubbing in the alder run; a day in which he found June and the babies on the sand bar by the pool; a day when he broiled in the sun upon his own rooftree, extracting rotted shingles and replacing them with new; a day which ended with a body wearied and a mind at ease, ended in a long hour or two above the thick old Bible, and a dreamless and unbroken slumber. These days were reality; but by the same token, New York began to recede. He looked with some wonder at the spectacle of himself milling there in the vortex with so many others, seeing many men and knowing none, striving with every thew of his mind for the sake of a digit in a ledger at the day's end. Not here in the valley, but yonder there, after a time, unreality began to dwell; he had moments in which he was all incredulous of the recent past he had known.

For the remoter past now sought to claim him, catching at his heart with clamorous hands; and he submitted to these mute entreaties, smiling, amused at what went forward.

Overlook surrendered himself to this remoter past; he bought overalls at the store; he grubbed in the meadow, toward the southern end where the wood was creeping in; he cleaned away the brambles and the briers which had choked the ancient burying ground against the flank of the ancient hemlock wood; he cut and stacked some birch for cordwood; he mended a weakened place in the chimney in the attic, replacing old bricks with new. The game pleased him; he played it as an adult plays with children, knowing it for a game of make-believe, but contented with his own pretendings.

He was not lonely; yet he wished sometimes for another to share these days with him. He might have talked to June. She did not avoid him, but neither did she seek his company; and though he saw her daily, it was for little moments at a time. He found himself sometimes faintly at a loss with her; felt in her a wisdom before which he was transparent; discovered in her a serenity and poise which he could in no wise break down. He even tried one day the experiment of reminding her of that ancient kiss which he forbore; hoped to evoke from her either denial or some faint confusion.

But she only nodded, said slowly, "Yes, I remember."

"I thought afterward," he told her smilingly, "that you seemed to be a little disappointed because I didn't kiss you after the others did."

"A man finds things like that to think," she agreed; but there was for a moment a dancing light in her eyes and he suspected her of laughing inwardly. So it was himself instead of June who was discomfited.

He had long hours alone, but there were many tasks to occupy his hands and many thoughts to fill his mind. Thus one day in the attic he discovered in a distant corner an old box, a packing box well filled with dusty magazines and packets of letters and ancient newspapers and books of account with backs blistered by dampness and pocked with mold. He spent one long day delving there, and each letter he read and each book he opened added a brush stroke to the panorama of the past which was achieving form and substance here before his eyes.

He found an account of the moneys expended in connection with the building of this house in which he sat alone; and he chuckled over them, amused at the comparison between the price of lumber then and the price he had paid a day or two before for a bundle of shingles. And later he came upon the book in which his father had kept a record of the life of the farm; a record that included the birth of every calf, the arrival of every litter of pigs, the number of eggs yielded by the hens. Overlook found himself forced to a half-reluctant admiration of his father's abilities. The man had discovered, upon a time, that, at the price of feed, to raise pork was no longer profitable; so he abandoned that activity, resuming it two years later when the price of feed went down. He had lived by the book, systematically, with all his life in order; and Overlook nodded his approval, discovering in his father the roots of his own successes.

"But I went where there was more room to work in, that's all," he commented; "worked on a wider scale, so I've accomplished more."

The phrase checked him for a moment and he considered it; then brushed the thought aside.

At the end of the book, just inside the rear cover, he discovered a dozen entries recounting the major events in the life of the farm in more detail. His own birth set down, and the pangs his mother suffered, so that he felt a constriction at his heart. And his sister's birth and her dying, in empty words that ached with grief, burning as dry eyes burn.

And then his mother's death, and how his grandfather died and was buried in the plot forever shadowed by the gloomy hemlock boughs.

Overlook found some amusement in what followed—a brief and formal recounting of how his Aunt Millie came to live with them; and how unreasonable his father found her, so that in the end their relations became so uncomfortable that she went away again.

"Walter and me will get on alone," his father wrote thereafter. And below, a few disjointed lines: "Walter had a piece to speak at last day of school yesterday." "Walter traded with Pot Riddle for a fish line. He made a good trade." "Walter can work up a cord of wood near as fast as me."

And at first Overlook smiled; and then he discovered behind these phrases the fact that his father, whom he remembered as a grim and rather silent man, had been proud of him, and his heart tightened as he read.

It was this probing among old books and papers that led Overlook unconsciously to the point of writing down, himself, the thoughts that filled his days. He had never kept a diary; to do so had never occurred to him. But just now he needed someone to whom he might talk; words might order the confusion of his mind. So, one night, in the blank pages of this same old book, he wrote:

August 16, 1925: It's only six days since I left New York. But seems longer. I expect Jenks has raised a row and they're looking for me now. Someone's going to turn up here one of these days. Rather amusing to sit tight and wait for them. I'm entitled to a vacation. And the car's a good excuse. I had a man over from Augusta yesterday and he took it apart, more or less, and took the parts away. Said he'd be back in a few days to fix it up again. Car looks foolish, with the rear end jacked up and dissected. Almost embarrasses me to look at it. I suppose when he gets it fixed I'll go along. I've got the roof fixed so it doesn't leak now, and the chimney patched, and I cleaned out some around the sills of the barn today. They're rotting, and I'm going to get Pot to fix them. I get along comfortably. Pot brings things from the store at the Corner, and I do my own cooking. June offered to do washing for me; but I've managed so far.

"I see her frequently and we're getting acquainted. She has a sense of humor that crops out now and then; but the big thing in her life appears to be her devotion to her sister's children. I whittled out a windmill for little June, and she made up with me and we're good friends now. June seems to approve. She seldom disapproves anything, though; she has a curious way of tolerating the world, accepting it, adjusting herself to it. There's a certain permanence about her; you can imagine her going on just the way she is forever. It must have been the existence of such women that led the Egyptians into worshiping the mother principle. Salammbô is full of it, I remember. I expect all the heathen do it more or less. Not so heathen, either; except that the idea has been corrupted by the very human worshipers. But there's nothing corrupt about June. Anything she might do would be rendered clean and wholesome by her simply doing it.

He wrote no more there, drifted into reverie, and presently put the book away. But the second day after, he wrote in the book again.

August 18: I went up the brook today, miles through the woods. Fishing, theoretically. Took a rod and a box of flies along, but I wasn't too proud to take some worms too. Dug them behind the house where the water from the kitchen sink empties. I remember there used to be worms there when I was a boy, and I found plenty now. Over back of the orchard, at the angle of the woods by the river, there's a fine pool with a rip below, and deep water under the bank. I've been swimming there, bathing in the morning, since I located it. Saw some trout there, but they wouldn't touch a worm or a fly. So I went on. The woods are thick, upbrook; it's like a swamp. I had to wade most of the way, and I must have gone miles. Maybe two miles, but it seemed longer. Quiet in there and no sign that anyone had ever gone that way. You could imagine a lot of wild things watching you. Got on my nerves a bit at first, but afterward I enjoyed it. I caught four trout, but I fished very little. The mosquitoes were bad. When I came back June was by the pool at the angle of the woods, drying her hair. She had been bathing.

He would remember always that moment when he came upon her there. It was late afternoon, toward sunset; he had stayed in the wood till the insects, thickening in the cooler hours toward dusk, drove him to retreat; and he came downstream, wading through the shallows, picking his way along the banks when the thicket thinned. For protection against the mosquitoes he had wrapped a great red bandanna handkerchief about his head. It hung from beneath his hat and he tucked it into his collar below, covering all his head except his face. He was very hot and tired, and there were little welts on his hands and on his face where the insects had bitten him. So when from the depths of the wood he looked down a straight reach of the stream like a tunnel beneath the blending boughs and saw where the sunlight struck in to gild the water, he hurried forward with a quick relief, glad to come into the open land again. The bank on his right was high, but the water there was shoal and he kept to that side; thus anything on the bank above his head was somewhat hidden, and by the same token his footsteps in the water were lost in the stream's own plashing song.

Just above the pool he climbed up by footholds in the soft earth to the level of the open ground; and thus climbing, he saw

(Continued on Page 49)

The World's Largest Silk Hosiery Mills

and the service they offer direct to every home

In all the history of American industrial successes there is none more outstanding than Realsilk. You hear people everywhere discussing it. In fact, the Realsilk story seems to have acquired a vivid romantic quality. Realsilk's rise has been so rapid that at times it has seemed almost unbelievable. But still the fact remains that only six years ago Realsilk was a mere idea —today, the World's Leader.

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To say to you pointedly that Realsilk is now the world's largest manufacturer of silk hosiery means nothing at all. But to say that Realsilk has found an entirely new way whereby the finest hosiery and lingerie can be manufactured and delivered to you at lower prices is, indeed, a matter of importance to everyone.

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Sedan $895—Special Sedan $995
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Fine Steel

In the percentage of Costly Chrome Vanadium Steel used, Dodge Brothers Motor Car outranks any other automobile in the World, *regardless of cost*

It is generally conceded that Chrome Vanadium Steel is the toughest and most enduring metal ever created for use in the vital parts of a motor car.

It may not be so well known, however, that Dodge Brothers Motor Car ranks *first in the world* in the use of this costly material.

Dodge Brothers complete power assembly is Chrome Vanadium—motor, connecting rods, crankshaft, transmission, universal joint, drive shaft, differential and rear axle shaft.

Even the front axle is Chrome Vanadium—virtually the entire steering unit—and *every* leaf of the springs.

In fact, wherever *any* manufacturer uses alloy steels, Dodge Brothers use costly Chrome Vanadium. And in numerous instances Dodge Brothers employ it where plain carbon steel, even in the costliest cars, is commonly thought sufficient.

This has been true from the day Dodge Brothers built their first motor car.

It explains why the car was selected by the United States Government in time of war.

It explains why more than 90% of all the cars Dodge Brothers have built in eleven years are still in active service.

It explains why mileage running into six figures is not unusual for this sturdy product; and why the prices it brings at resale are without precedent.

It explains, too, why the words *Long Life*, *Safety* and *Dependability* are habitually associated with the name Dodge Brothers wherever motor cars are serving mankind.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC., DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CARS

Be Sure it *is* a Frigidaire!

THERE are now more than two hundred thousand users of Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration. And these users are telling their friends and neighbors that Frigidaire has brought to their homes and places of business a measure of convenience and economy unequaled by anything they have ever known.

You have heard of Frigidaire—of the constant, dependable and economical service it renders, of the *better* way in which it keeps all foods, of the convenience of the ice it makes and the desserts it freezes.

You are probably thinking *now* of electric refrigeration for your own home. Be sure, when you *do* buy, that you get a genuine Frigidaire. Look for the name itself—you'll find it on every Frigidaire. It identifies the product of General Motors. It is your assurance that you will enjoy the combined advantages which only Frigidaire can give.

There is a wide range of Frigidaires built complete with metal cabinet, finished in white Duco, lined with seamless porcelain enamel. They are priced as low as $245. Frigidaire mechanical units for installation in the standard makes of ice-boxes, as low as $190. All prices f.o.b. Dayton. Any Frigidaire may be purchased on the GMAC deferred payment plan.

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Frigidaire
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

BE SURE IT *IS* A FRIGIDAIRE ~ PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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her sitting a little way off where the sun streamed through her hair. She sat with her back toward the stream, her head bowed forward, her hair falling in a heavy fragrant veil over her face and down upon her crossed knees. It was almost dry and she was brushing it with slow strokes, her arms arching gracefully; and the nape of her neck was white as ivory, and her hair, shot through with the richness of the sunlight, was dull gold like a rick of straw.

After a moment, with a strong twist and jerk of her head she threw it back behind her, thrusting it away from her face with her hands, beginning to brush it again; and she turned her body sidewise so that the drying sun might still strike upon its rich cascade. So turning, she saw Overlook there, his head and shoulders risen above the bank; and his cheeks burned with slow embarrassment, and she laughed a little, lazily, as water chuckles under a round stone; as the brook laughed, tumbling in its play below. And then she saw the spectacle he made, his head shrouded in a handkerchief, his face welted by the bites of insects; and she laughed again, but in a tenderer wise.

He asked curiously, "Why do you laugh?"

"You look kind of funny," she explained, "with that handkerchief and all. And the mosquitoes have bit you all over."

He remembered then and chuckled too. "That's right," he agreed. "I must be a sight. Wait a minute, I'll fix that."

To do so he descended to the stream side again and knelt and bathed his hands and face in the cool water, and dipped his face to drink deeply, and dried himself and ran his fingers through his hair. When, thus cleaned and curried, he climbed the bank again it was to find that she had looped her hair into its customary heavy coil and pinned it fast; and she rose as he appeared and stood to face him; and it seemed to him the western sky behind her had a color that beat with a slow pulse across the world, like a metronome compelling all creation into the rhythm ordained. A thrush, somewhere in the deep wood, teetered on its bough and sang its silvery tune.

"Where are the babies?" he asked. "I never saw you without them before."

"Pot was home," she explained. "But I've their supper to get up for them now."

He saw she meant to be away, and he nodded. "I've mine to get, too," he agreed, and moved beside her as she turned downstream toward the bridge. "Trout," he added. "I took a few."

"They ain't so good this time of year," she commented. "They soften up some." She looked at him sidewise. "You ain't supposed to catch them," she added. "Brook is closed fifteenth of July."

"It is? But—I was going fishing when I came up here."

"In this county," she explained, and then she smiled. "But no one's going to bother."

They went on together through the tall grass by the brook, picking their way between the occasional clumps of birch or poplar seedlings that were beginning the reconquest of this ground. He said no more, found nothing more to say.

But she said, by and by, with a glance at him, "This is out of your way. You can cut through the orchard to the house."

He would have spoken, checked himself. There was no way in which he could tell her that he found it pleasant to walk thus beside her, along the laughing little stream, with the still and lovely valley all around. So they bore on together, and they came thus to the road. She turned toward the bridge, then seemed to feel some further word was needed.

"You doing all right by yourself?" she asked. "Need I should come over and redd up, or anything?"

"I'm very comfortable," he assured her.

She nodded, with head bowed, and went away from him across the bridge; and he watched her go, reluctance in his eyes, and questioning. He tried to analyze his own emotions in this moment. Just now, moving with her, unconsciously shortening his stride to match her own, he had felt them both in time and tune. There is a rule in such matters, a compulsion in rhythm. To move in unison is to tend together. A regiment of soldiers out of step is no more than a mob in uniform; but when their feet strike each upon the selfsame beat, battering the ground, they are no longer individuals, but have become an ordered and effective whole.

To see June now and then and talk with her had been amusing, interesting, a little bewildering; but to walk thus simply beside her for a little way affected Overlook in a fashion far too deep for words.

XII

HE DISCOVERED, as day by day he moved about the farm, so many things that needed doing; his eye, surveying his domain, perceived in it so many possibilities. They stirred in his thoughts, led him into an acuter observation of the estate of Pot Riddle, into a discussion with Pot of the man's affairs. He was, it appeared, equally free from hope and from despair.

"I can git along," Pot explained, "and that's about all. I can manage, long as I've a mind to. There's aplenty of cordwood I can cut and sell in a bad year; and I pick a few apples and I keep enough cows so's I can sell one or two, about every year. Mostly we raise what we eat on the place."

"You've got a first-rate garden," Overlook agreed. "Things seem to grow."

"Grow anything here, and good, too," Pot declared. "That land of mine cants to the south, where the garden is, and things grow fine." He gave facts and figures. "And I never do no work on 'em either."

"You don't sell any produce, do you?" Overlook persisted, and Pot expounded to him the difficulties of marketing vegetables when the railroad is better than twenty miles away. Overlook began thereafter to study these obstacles, found amusement in devising means by which they might be surmounted. And he made something like an inventory of his own farm. There were in it, he knew, better than a hundred acres; but it might be indefinitely extended. The adjoining farms were long deserted; his nearest neighbors were Pot, across the bridge, and Will Jenison, better than a mile to the south, and Joel May—a distant relative of his mother's family—three-quarters of a mile along the old road to the west.

"A man could build up quite a place here," he told Pot, and Pot whittled at an old shingle ruminatively.

"Man over toward Fraternity spent a hundred and twenty-five thousand, they say, building up a ranch there, and then went bust in the end," he commented; and Overlook laughed and felt his blood warm to the challenge. Thus one current of his thoughts during these drifting days.

Physically he was active; he rose early, and it was the rule that from dawn till dark he was continually engaged. He worked without any system, doing the task that appeared before his eyes; he repaired a section of the stone wall toward the brook; he pruned, by guess and in his ignorance, some of the apple trees in the orchard, all gone to suckers now; he catalogued the weak spots in the structure of the barn, delving painfully under the old rubbish of the years, shifting the hay compactly into the mow; and when he knew his needs, ordered lumber to repair the rotted places. He oiled and greased the old farm machinery; and ground a scythe on the stone behind the house and woke his hand to its old cunning again as he swung the blade through the tall grass in the farmyard. There was no particular purpose in his work, no plan behind his movements. It was only that he was contented here, and interested; but through his thoughts there began to float vague schemes and dreams.

He had not considered his approaching return to New York at all—had avoided thought upon the matter. But Pot one day forced it to his attention. Overlook, passing through the woodshed to the pump one morning, stopped to look about the place with an appraising eye. It had, empty of wood, a desolate and lonely look; it had always been, when he was a youngster, well filled with four-foot lengths of birch and beech and maple; or with stove wood fitted for its future use. Now there was only a litter of chips, a few odd sticks so full of knots they had defied splitting. He decided that the shed should be filled again.

He had spent a day or two in the birch growth above the orchard, felling trees and cutting them into eight-foot lengths as they had used to do for hauling on the sledges in the winter. Had worked rather for the satisfaction of swinging an ax again than with any purpose in his mind. But now it seemed good to him to continue this, and he returned to the business. The sound of his ax rang through the valley all day long; and on the second day, since it still persisted, Pot came to seek him out. He came up from the brookside, along the fringe, and Overlook discovered the chunky little man and paused in his work to fill a pipe; and Pot looked about him, and said soberly, "Falling some cordwood, eh?"

"Yes," Overlook agreed; "yes, I thought I would."

"Heard your ax," Pot explained. "And I kind of wondered if it was you, so I come over."

The other smiled. "Me, all right," he assented. And he added then, "I'm glad you came. I want to hire you and your team to come over and haul this stuff up to the shed for me. Spare the time all right, can't you?"

Pot looked about him at the piled logs, then back toward the house again. "Ain't right good hauling now," he commented. "I'd have to bring the hayrack. Cart ain't long enough. Be a pile easier to take up what you want now, and wait till the snow comes and drag the rest up on a sledge."

Overlook laughed. "Easier, I know," he nodded. "But I won't be here when the snow comes, you see."

Pot eyed him. "Then there ain't any sense in putting wood in the shed," he pointed out. And Overlook stood still, eyes clouding, this obvious truth bewildering his mind.

When the snow came, he remembered, he would be back in New York; and the Jap would be handing him his dressing gown, holding it while he slipped his arms into the sleeves; and Harkness would be serving him with that grave perfection which made of each mouthful a rite; and his days would be spent in the antiseptic efficiency of his office—when the snow came.

When the snow came in New York, there would be banks of it along the curbing; piled banks of ugly gray. "There is nothing uglier," he thought, "than dirty snow. You're always remembering how white and clean it ought to be. Like a soiled woman." Ruts to hold and trick the wheels; ice beneath his chains; the chains themselves imparting a grinding vibration to the whole car. Overshoes on his feet against the slush, and the dirty water running across the sidewalks when the sun was high; and a littered mess in the streets like the mess in a sty—when the snow came.

When the snow came here in the valley by the Sheepscot, a man might welcome it. He remembered how it had used to hang in great festoons on the boughs of the hemlock in the wood; how green the boughs were in the sun between these masses of white. He remembered the great drift that always formed where the wind gusted and eddied past the corner of the barn. There was some trick in the currents there; the drift was—if the wind lay northwest—apt to be much the same. It sloped up toward the barn, was hollowed out upon its inward side, so that it assumed the form of a wave upon the beach in the moment before it breaks. He had used to dig tunnels in the concave side of the drift, build for himself a habitation there. How many years ago?

You could see an interlacing network of tiny trails all among the trees in the wood, and across the open lands a single line of tracks where a fox had trotted. Or, intruding in the swamp on snowshoes, come upon the trodden ways of the deer; or perhaps discover where a moose had gone striding through four-foot snow, his belly never brushing its surface at all—when the snow came to the valley by the Sheepscot here.

He would be back in New York when the snow came here; when the vast still hush of winter lay across the valley, and the trees cracked in the night with the splitting frost and the air-tight stove filled the little house with its reassuring warmth. A good bit of knotted oak or beech, tossed into the stove at night, would still be alive in the morning, ready to spring into flame. And the snow sometimes drifted up against the window-panes. Then the heat of the room within would melt the nearer crystals, so that against the pane itself there would appear an air space an inch or so in width between the glass and the snow. And above, on the clear glass, the frost would lay its ordered patterns clear.

His father and his grandfather and his grandfather before him had been here; when the snow came, so that the world could not come near, it might be that they would be here again. Sure no son of theirs need ever be lonely here. But he would be back in New York, alone among millions, when the snow came to the valley where the Sheepscot chuckled in such friendly wise.

A century and more ago his forefathers had heard it chuckle so.

It had occurred to him at times to send away for a new iron pump to set in the well. His father had talked of doing so—had never reached the point. The old pipe was rusted well-nigh through, the water apt to be full of brown particles. Yet he liked the flavor of the iron.

"A new pump would taste of paint," he told himself, "and the old one will do."

It failed him sometimes; but he made small repairs with bits of leather, and he greased it where the plunger grated in its collar, and by and by it assumed new life and pride and served him well, and he was tremendously pleased.

"Any man with twenty dollars or so could buy a new one," he told himself. "But not many could make this old boy do."

A mechanic came and repaired his car. This made him uncomfortable; he felt the presence of the great car in the barn like an accusation, reminding him that he should get back into harness again. He admitted that this was true, but he did not want to go. Yet whenever he went into the barn he saw the car standing there, its headlights watching him like disapproving eyes. The swallows were gone, but before they departed they had speckled the car in a saucy and impudent fashion. It seemed to reprove him for permitting this outrage, and he jeered at it one day.

"Good enough for you!" he pointed out. "Take you down a peg! What right have you to be proud and haughty, when you go all to pieces at a little hill—a hill I've walked up a million times? And you brag about your horse power—pooh!"

He threw a forkful of hay into the front seat to point his derision; he tossed more hay across the hood; he leaned a rake against one of the headlights. The car kept its dignity, disdained to take note of these affronts, reproved him in silence. One day, casually, he pressed the starter and the engine responded with its smooth and even song as though to say, "See? I'm ready! Let me serve!"

He snapped off the ignition almost hurriedly. "You'll be setting fire to the barn next," he said reproachfully. "Now wait till I tell you, stay where I put you, rest while you can, while I'm resting too."

He rested by working from daylight till dark; and his cheeks, which had been plump, grew flat and firm; and his hands, which had been soft, first blistered and then scarred, and then calloused in the palms.

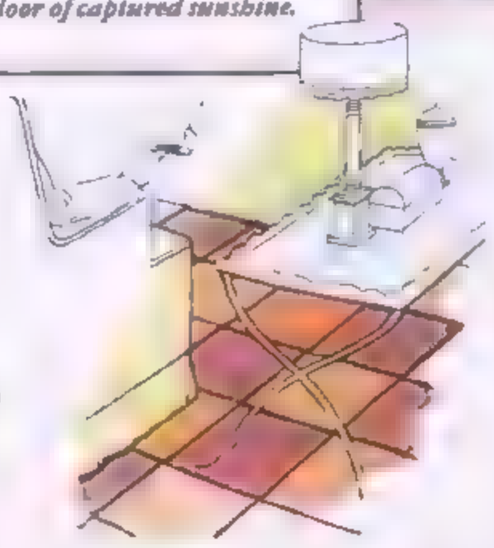
(Continued on Page 51)

Even on dreary days this room sparkles with color. For the floor of Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid Linoleum No. 6018 is a floor of captured sunshine.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Ⓐ

To the husband who asks – *"Won't the old floors do?"*



"WHAT'S the matter with our old floor?" a husband demands. For to him a new floor means expense, much upset, needless grief over cigar ashes and muddy shoes.

"It simply won't do!" is the woman's privileged reply. She sees a brighter, more fashionable room, a promise of easier housework. Can they both be satisfied?

Step for a moment into the bright, sunshiny room you see above. Here is a room piquant with color—sparkling color, exhilarating color, color that would make any tired husband feel refreshed.

This cheery effect didn't just happen. It was carefully planned from the Embossed Handcraft Floor of Armstrong's Linoleum to the shades of glazed chintz. In fact, the floor you see started it all.

Its soft, variegated tones of red supply just the right color background for smart but livable furnishings. Its effect of quarry tile blocks slightly raised above the mortar interliners gives the naturalness and rich texture of old hand-set work. This, by the way, is the newest thing in linoleum—designs that are actually embossed—an exclusive Armstrong development.

But its beauty is only one reason for the linoleum floor in this room. The old floor had always been drafty and cold in winter. Then, too, summer rains, beating in through open windows, had warped and disfigured it, making cleaning a discouraging task. The new floor, however, composed largely of cork, is warm and comfortable. Firmly cemented in place over builders' deadening felt, it has no cracks to admit drafts, to catch dirt. It is watertight. And it's a boon to careless husbands as well as busy housewives, for it isn't easily scuffed and tracked. All it needs to keep it sunny and bright is an occasional waxing and a dry-mopping on cleaning days.

Costs little—laid quickly

The check you write for a new floor of Armstrong's Linoleum will be smaller than you expect. It will be your last, too, as far as floor refinishing costs are concerned. For such a floor never needs scraping or "redoing." It can also be laid quickly—between the time you leave in the morning and when you come home at night. It's easy to buy, too. Look up a good furniture, department, or linoleum store near you that is featuring these newest Armstrong designs.

A word to wives

Hazel Dell Brown of our Bureau of Interior Decoration has written a new book, "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration." This 24-page, illustrated book brings you a simple method for planning color schemes and an offer of Mrs. Brown's personal service. It will be sent anywhere in the United States for 10 cents. Address Armstrong Cork Company, 822 Liberty Street, Linoleum Division, Lancaster, Pa.

Marble Inlaid No. 79

Armstrong's Linoleum

for every floor in the house

PLAIN ~ INLAID ~ JASPÉ ~ PRINTED

Jaspé No. 19

(Continued from Page 49)

He cut a new hole in his belt, and he felt with pride the firmness of his legs and arms.

"I'll show them some speed," he told himself, "when I get back to town."

He wondered, sometimes, how matters went there. The same old whirlpool, he told himself; the same men milling in their circles, circles forever narrowing. "If you go round and round, you'll set inward always," he thought; "come to a rest at last, sink, go down the spout instead of up. Never get anywhere going round and round. Might as well stand still till you see which way to go."

When he closed his eyes he could see the sidewalks crowded like a bargain sale. "If you went anywhere you fought your way," he thought.

But here in the valley he could go where he chose and seldom see another man. If he crossed the bridge he might see June and the babies on the sand bar at the foot of the pool; might encounter Pot, moving with his head bowed as though absorbed in contemplation of the earth he tilled. But no one ever passed the house except Joel May. This man sometimes went to the Corner with his team to buy feed or dry groceries. A large, heavy man of a lumpish sort, with a round bald head beneath his hat, and wisps of hair. He and Overlook had, now and then, some talk. The man, discovering the house was habited, stopped there one day and stayed an hour. He remembered Overlook.

"Yore maw was my cousin," he said. "Guess I'm a kind of an uncle of yours. That car in the barn must've cost you something. Guess you've done pretty good for yourself, going away."

He stopped one afternoon late in August or early in September with some news to tell. "Been anybody here to see you?" he asked Overlook, and Overlook shook his head.

"Not a soul today."

"A man come to the Corner asking about you yes'day," Joel May told him. "Talked to Will Hepperton. Wanted to know how long you'd been here and all."

Overlook asked quickly, "What sort of a man?"

"Asked a lot of questions," said May.

Overlook described Jenks. The other shook his head. "Wan't him," he declared. "This was a bigger man, and kind of fat."

Neither Jenks nor Rand, his own office manager, was fat, and Overlook could imagine no other possibility; there was none other like to seek him out. "I guess he didn't want to see me very bad," he commented, smiling a little, "or he'd have come down. I was here all day."

"He come from Augusta way," Joel volunteered. He had, it appeared, no further information at command.

The intelligence left Overlook in some degree uneasy. He was, he told himself, his own master; yet New York was reaching out for him, seeking to reclaim him, to summon him back again. He made some calculation of time. Jenks must, he decided, have given him up and gone ahead with his fishing. He had expected to stay, Overlook knew, till about the third week in August; and he would call the office, no doubt, on his return to town, to berate Overlook for failing him. Thus alarmed, Rand—Overlook felt that he could guess Rand's move—Rand must have put a detective on the trail to locate his missing employer.

Overlook resented this. "They won't leave a man alone," he thought fretfully, and then perceived the justice in the matter. "But he's right, of course," he reminded himself. "It was up to him to make sure I wasn't killed in a smash up, or something, on my way. Tactful, too, to find out where I was without bothering me. Chances are he'll leave me alone now, let me have my fun."

Nevertheless, he was not reassured. Soon or late, he knew, the summons would come and he would have to go. It was pleasant to imagine staying here; but when the snow came he would soon be sick of it. It was amusing to plan what he might do with the farm: and worth while, too, to teach new methods to this lorn community, dying where it lay; spur new life into the flagging currents of existence here. Amusing to plan, but other matters must engross him—larger matters. He could not spare the time for these small devices here.

He had hours when he refused to think about June at all; refused to consider her place in the puzzle which vaguely formed for his solution. But there were other hours when he thought much of her; and more and more he sought to have glimpses of her, and carried away from these encounters memory of her eyes, of her high head and steady lips and strong and fruitful form. Like a goddess, he told himself, and fumbled in his uncertain mythological lore. Thought of Minerva, but remembered vaguely that Minerva was involved in politics. "A suffragette," he told himself, chuckling. And he thought of Hebe, and liked the name, but doubted the attributes were fitting. Juno he remembered for her jealousy; and June was, he thought, unlikely to give harborage to such a passion. The name of Ceres sprang into his mind, with a vague association of fruitfulness which appealed to him but did not satisfy his groping. Venus he discarded early; Venus was a hussy.

He abandoned the attempt to fit June into any ancient mold; she was herself; something of antiquity in her, and of the future too. And he thought much of her, with neither plan nor purpose in his thoughts; she did not merely engage his mind; she dwelt within it, filled it brimming full.

The incident which changed these mental processes of his and directed them toward a more tangible problem occurred on an afternoon in early September, the second or third of the month. He had gone to the Corner and stopped for a talk with Will Hepperton. It was a rainy day, and Will was in the house; and Overlook sat in the kitchen with him, Mrs. Hepperton busy around and about them, interjecting an occasional word.

And they spoke at last, as they were apt to speak, of June; and Mrs. Hepperton, a woman with a still and acid tongue, said sharply from the pantry, "It's about time her and Pot was marrying, if they're a-going to."

The two men were a moment silent; and then Overlook, controlling his voice, asked pleasantly, "But is she going to?"

Mrs. Hepperton was clattering dishes, did not hear; but Will replied. "That's what Pot tells around," he said.

XIII

A RAINY afternoon, that; one of those days of slashing rain which sometimes come in early September, which the country folk are used to speak of as the line storm, the equinoctial storm, whatever the date may be. It had rained the day before; the wind was easterly, northeasterly, with a gust of fog, torn ragged by the intervening hills, that had been blown in from the sea. It would rain, no doubt, tomorrow. The equinox was still near three weeks away; but Will Hepperton, commenting upon the rain, said "Line storm" this afternoon. And he predicted that the wind would come around southwest in a day or two and the weather would be fine.

"But it's a good, hard-working storm now," Overlook pointed out. "The sort of day to sit and do some thinking."

"Blowing some, outside," Will commented. He meant, Overlook knew, outside the purlieus of the land, out on the open sea. "I was down Vinal Haven way for two years, 'bout ten years ago," he added. "On Hurricane Island for a while. A day like this she blows some there."

Overlook was inattentive; his thoughts were busy with his own concerns; and after a time he left them, stopped at the store for a pound of coffee and a packet of pancake flour, which he wrapped under his oilskins when he started homeward. As he climbed the hill out of the Corner, the rain lay behind him; he had it on his flank when he swung north along the shoulder of the ridge; then its violence abated as he turned down into the dripping shelter of the road through the wood. His boots sucked and slid in the greasy clay and he stumbled over bowlders, and about him and over his head the rain slashed hissingly through the leaves, already wearing the gayer hues of fall. There were even, he saw, leaves on the ground, leaves beneath his feet on the wet road. "If this wind were northwest, we might get snow out of it," he thought, and the drops running down his cheeks were wet upon his lips.

But for the most part he gave small heed to the rain, to his surroundings; his thoughts were all absorbed. He found some amusement in the situation—in the contemplation of himself and Pot in rivalry. Himself and the chunky little man, moving always with his eyes upon the ground. Then smiled and pushed the thought aside. There was no rivalry between him and Pot; June interested him, but he had certainly no desire to marry her. This stay was in his life an interlude, no more; a wakening of ancient memories; an evanescent and rejuvenating contact with the soil from which himself had sprung. But it was, he perceived, a sorrowful business that June, whose eyes were on the stars, should marry Pot, who walked in contemplation of the earth beneath his feet. A fate faintly pitiful.

He reproved himself for this point of view. "It's what she wants," he thought, "what she expects, the end she's manifestly destined for. To bear him children, and rear them, a litter of them, with her sister's children." She was, he remembered, that manner of woman; a woman frankly fashioned for maternity; one of those women fit to be mothers of the race, like a piece of fallow ground that lies smoking in the sun.

"So why should I pity her?" he asked himself, and slid and stumbled past Pot's farm without turning his eyes that way at all. But he found it something of an effort to keep his eyes forward, his feet upon the way; and his pulse tugged at his throat. A piece of fallow and unseeded ground that lies smoking and steaming in the sun.

"Don't be ridiculous," he insisted to himself; to that inner self which, without argument, yet by its very silence and calm confidence seemed to clamor to be heard, seemed to bide its certain time. "Don't be absurd," he argued to this self within himself. "You can't help it; you can't help her. There's nothing you can do for her unless you marry her."

And that not even his charity and kindliness were like to lead him to. He could hardly think of marrying June, taking her back to New York, to meet his friends who dwelt there. She was cast in so different a mold.

He had sometimes gone, on Sunday, to spend the day at the home of his friend Cash, on Long Island. This in the spring or in the fall. Mrs. Cash presided over this home in a fashion he had always admired. She was a charming woman, cultivated, traveled, with a capacity for appreciation which made it possible for her to discriminate between the good and the bad in every form of art; he had, figuratively speaking, sat at her feet. To go with her to a concert, to the opera, to the galleries, was in itself an education. It was also a pleasant experience, because she was not only charming to her companion, she attracted flattering attention everywhere. She was beautifully groomed; her complexion had a finish that was perfection; her hair was never disarranged, unvaryingly ordered, day by day—the same crisp, compact little waves. She and Cash were complementary, ideally happy, their intercourse upon a plane of courtesy and gentleness which Overlook found charming.

They had no children, and they both regretted this; spoke of the fact with a certain wistfulness. She was beautifully slim, like a tall reed which can bend gracefully.

(Continued on Page 53)

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(Continued from Page 51)

Rand's wife had children. She came sometimes to the office to see Rand, and Overlook had observed her there. She was always a little flushed, a little hurried, her eyes full of a faint concern, as though she feared not so much what had happened as what might occur. Her hair was usually vaguely disordered; and her garments sat upon her, instead of clothing her smoothly as the other woman's did. Yet her life, too, was full of large affairs; she was, Rand had told him, president of her woman's club and very active in small charity bazaars. He dismissed her from his thoughts with a shake of his head.

Holmes had a sister whom Overlook had now and then encountered. She had studied art in Paris, now lived on Fourth Street in a studio where there were sometimes gay little suppers, amusing, leaving a man faintly tired next morning. That, Overlook remembered, was a characteristic of most of his social encounters in New York. They left him a little tired in the morning. There were usually cocktails, mixed by some man older than Overlook who yet wore a factitious youth, and the traces of the barber shop were always on him; there was sure to be dancing, and the women with whom one danced either ignored the physical contact with an ostentation that accented it, or they languished against his shoulder, embarrassed him unspeakably. And there was sure to be a great deal of talk, in shrill tones; his head sometimes ached for silence. He could not remember an occasion when he had sat with a woman, neither of them speaking, each content to be still—not in New York. Such an experience was, of course, a commonplace with June. He liked to watch her, careless whether she spoke or not; and she never seemed to feel any duty to talk to him.

He tried to imagine what she would be like in these other surroundings; and he turned his thoughts this way, expecting to be amused. But he was curiously stirred and moved by the possibility. She would have, of course, new dresses to wear; her hands could, he felt sure, be smoothed and softened by a proper care; and she would sit in some great chair like a throne, still and remote, smiling down upon these other little women and these men. Not scornfully, he knew, for there was no scorn in June; but rather with that fine quality which was a part of her, that gift for accepting life because it was life, accepting it and finding it good.

Mrs. Cash, he decided, would undertake her education; she would enjoy the task. She knew how to appreciate the fine things in life; so she must appreciate June.

Under her tutelage June would learn a smoother and more ordered diction, would learn what things to approve and what to reprehend, would learn the little graces of the world.

He thrust the thought aside with a physical gesture. Ridiculous dreaming, nothing more. To transplant June was impossible. He himself, for all his fifteen years among them there, still wore crudities; he knew this; his most intimate acquaintances sometimes told him so—women, that is to say; women who knew that a man receives kindly criticism from a woman as a compliment. But he had gone there as a boy, while June must be thirty or past; and if fifteen years had failed to perfect the smooth veneer he had so painfully sought to acquire, how hopeless must be the task for June.

He perceived these truths sorrowfully.

Now if he ever married it would be some such girl as that secretary who once served him so well; the one who married the bond salesman out of Harvard; the one who knew when to be sober and when to be gay; who wore a fine friendliness and inspired a kindred feeling in those whom she encountered; a girl whose sex appeared only in her gentleness of spirit and her will to please and heal and rest the man for whom she should come to care. Not such a one as June, who was woman superlatively and exclusively; woman and nothing else and nothing more.

He thought of another woman, another girl. She was a dancer, a singer, the star of a comedy with music, which he had helped to finance. He remembered her stage name, but knew her best as Molly. And he remembered how an hour with her used to be a long hour of laughter touched with a certain ardent tone. She used to kiss him with the frank friendliness of a child whenever they encountered; with that carelessness to be expected, he had always told himself, of one who kissed professionally, night by night, there upon the stage. Yet she was woman too; one never forgot that; provocative, challenging, impudent, consoling, gay.

"Or such a one as that," he told himself. "If she would have me I might marry such a one as Molly was."

He felt himself an alien among these women in his thoughts; saw himself in their company, awkward, embarrassed, withdrawn, watching them, receiving their occasional gesture as a dog beneath the table receives the furtive bone, with tapping tail; and found himself abruptly full of a fierce resentment and anger at them all, who held themselves so fine.

Overlook came home through the rain and set his house in order; and he cooked and ate his evening meal and cleaned away thereafter; and for surcease from his thoughts, through the long evening in the little house, where the rain played across the roof and stroked the windows soothingly, he turned to the books upon his father's shelves in the parlor there—turned inevitably to the great Bible in the end, and leafed it idly through. And by and by he came upon words which fitted to the pattern of his thoughts; phrases leaped out to strike his eye. He read them, now and then, aloud: "For the lips of a strange woman drop honey, and her mouth is smoother than oil. . . . Her ways are unstable and thou knowest it not."

And of another woman: "She is clamorous and willful; her feet abide not in her house"

And again: "With her much fair speech she causeth him to yield, with the flattering of her lips she forceth him away." Molly, to the life, he assured himself amusedly.

So he came at last to a phrase that held his eye:

"A worthy woman who can find, for her price is far above rubies. . . . Strength and dignity are her clothing and she laugheth at the time to come."

He read again: "'Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.'" And his throat filled. "June, to the life," he told himself. "'Strength and honour are her clothing.' June, for sure."

He took the words to his bed that night; and he woke with them in the morning, and thought again how sad a thing it was that such a one should marry poor Pot Riddle, and bend and bow here beneath the burdens life might find for her.

"I could take her away," he thought, "teach her what she needs to know, make a beautiful woman out of her."

He was more and more sorry for June all that long day.

He did not see her, for the rain held, and the fields swam in water and the road was a brook on its own account; and when he went down to the Sheepscot he found that stream almost bank full of a roiled and turbulent torrent, boiling and tumbling there. So most of the day he stayed indoors or in the barn and shed, engaged in little ways that left his meditations free.

And more and more he thought how sad a thing it was that June should marry Pot; how finely charitable it would be if he should offer her escape and freedom and the fuller, finer life he knew.

He reached the point of considering ways and means. "She could go to school," he thought. "I needn't marry her till I see how she comes out, how she develops. But she has something that deserves developing; she's worth giving a chance to. Give her a good dressmaker and someone to take her in hand; there's something in her—genius perhaps." It occurred to him that she might conceivably have in her fine throat the gift of song; and his thoughts cast ahead half a dozen years to a resplendent night at the opera, and her triumphing, and himself filled with pride when she brought to him her gratitude.

"Chances are she has a singing voice like a crow," he reminded himself. "Don't be more of a fool than you have to, son."

Yet it was still a pity she should marry Pot; a pity, and a shame too, he decided—an offense, in short; and his indignation waxed at the thought.

"I'll talk to her," he conceded at last grudgingly. "See what she wants to do, let her decide for herself." Then began to muster arguments that would justify this plan of his. "I've known her all my life, owe her a chance, since it means so little to me. And if she prefers to stay here and marry Pot, why, then I can't be blamed."

And the rain still held and the night came down, and he slept at last, still formulating and bolstering this charitable plan.

The sun rose clear and warm, and the wind that was southwesterly played with a caressing hand across the valley; and the drenched earth steamed as the morning mists arose, and seemed to sigh and to suspire beneath the wind and sun.

He did not go to seek her; still sought for fitting phrases. Their ways would cross within the day, or soon; and he could wait till then, and be more sure of what he wished to say.

Their encounter came, as it chanced, toward dusk. He had finished his supper and his later chores; and because it was pleasant to be abroad after the rain, and because the air was very fresh and fine, as though it had been washed all clean, he decided to walk to the Corner. He could not expect to meet her; she would be at this hour within doors. Yet the hope may have been hidden in his mind.

He left the house and strode toward the bridge. The sun had set half an hour before, the valley was a pool of clotting shadow in which at a little distance still objects became like moving forms, and moving forms seemed still. Ahead of him, against the flank of the ridge the dark wood lay; and as he approached the bridge he saw the structure vaguely, shadowed by the old gray birch at its nearer end; did not immediately discover her figure standing there; did not know her till he came almost to the bridge itself.

And when he saw her, and saw her turn to look toward where he came, he checked for a moment and felt his heart rebound and then leap on again. And he went on, and so came to her side.

She said softly, "The trout are rising." So they stood, listening above the pool: and he heard by and by the low, bubbling splash of a big fish sucking an insect down. "Hear," she adjured him; added softly, "They were busy, just before you came."

The wind had died, the air was still, she was very near. So for a little he could not speak at all; and she must have remarked this in him, discovered something of the man's emotion; for she turned to look at him, long, and her eyes were dark and deep and wide against the pale oval of her countenance.

He heard himself speak, in something like a gasping sigh, as a man near dead of thirst cries out for water: "June, June, I want you to marry me!"

Heard his own words and was struck into a terrific consternation, into a vast and bottomless dismay. He who had thought so lucidly; he who had planned so charitably; he who had meant to go so cautiously—he was committed now.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

ISLANDS OF MYSTERY

(Continued from Page 21)

"He was a traitor to his country, or somethin', and they shot him twenty-two times. He's buried there now in an unmarked grave."

"I saw something," admitted Engineer Lilja, "and if it wasn't the ghost of that Dr. Sim Smith that died here of yellow jack in '67, I miss my guess!"

"We all run, anyhow," confessed Layne, our official cook. "All but the skipper, an' even he was goin' kind o' fast. They offered to make up a purse of twenty-five dollars for me if I'd sleep on the mystery grave, but nix on that! Not for mine!"

"You guys make me sick," Engineer Betell remarked. "You an' your ghosts!"

"Well, will you sleep alone on that there grave for twenty-five bucks?" demanded Bowery. "Come through now—show how much you ain't a-scared o' ghosts!"

Betell, however—alleging rheumatic tendencies—pointedly declined. Later I understood why.

As we drew close in to the fortress it loomed up like all eternity, silent, dour, massive, brooding its manifold tragedies, which no man now living can wholly fathom. Though ruinous within, as we shall presently see, its outer form is still much the same as noted in an old description when in its heyday:

> The heavy cornice, or castellated battlement, gives a noble and picturesque feature; and at each bastion the round towers furnish fine stairways of granite and are surmounted by pointed roofs, which, with the traverse magazines on top of the parapet, give more the effect of an ancient castle than any other work in this country.

What an imagination must have been required to plan, what a Herculean effort to build, so vast a structure on that isolated key! Now all is solitude and death there. One lonesome-looking heron, with long trailing legs, flapped away from a weed-grown bastion drenched with sun. A frigate bird volplaned in the speckless azure, vastly far above the beetling turrets. But of other signs of life, near those impassive immensities of masonry, there were none.

We skirted the south side of the fort, with Bird Key—a national bird sanctuary—on our starboard hand. Our swift little arrow of a boat seemed a mere impertinence. Nearer we drew toward the most amazing masses of wreckage I ever have beheld. These were ruins of coal warehouses and conveyors, the steel girders whereof had been twisted up by the 1919 hurricane like so much boiled spaghetti. Nothing could give you a more vivid idea of the resistless fury of a Gulf cyclone than that intricate and Gargantuan destruction—perhaps a million dollars' worth of supposedly storm-proof construction almost in a moment snatched into grotesque entanglements.

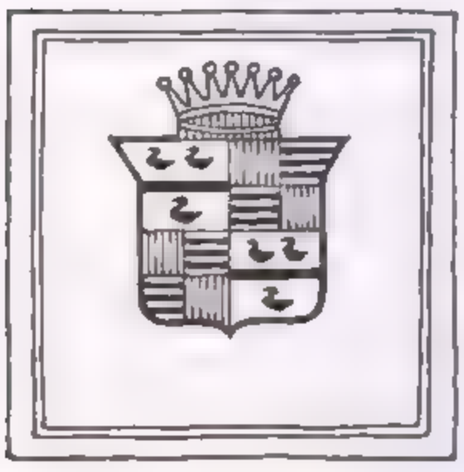
Just beyond these ruins we slowed to a rotting wharf, where lay the head of a gigantic fish.

"This is a great old fishing place out here," said the skipper. "Lots of New York sports would give their eyeteeth to get here. There's kingfish, yellowtails, groupers, grunts and snappers, besides turtles to burn. You take the fore quarters of a loggerhead—and you can't beat 'em for eatin'. An' the eggs, they make the best cake ever. There's amber jacks out here, too, an' barracudas. What a fishin' camp this fort would make, mister! I hear the

(Continued on Page 56)

The Greatest Success in a Quarter Century of Fine Car Creation

There have been many golden periods in Cadillac's quarter century of pre-eminence among the fine cars of the world—but never a time when Cadillac was so unmistakably the Standard of the World as now. How completely Cadillac dominates the high-priced field is conclusively proven by Cadillac's unprecedented gain in the past 12 months—when sales increased 87.5% over the preceding year.



500 Color Combinations

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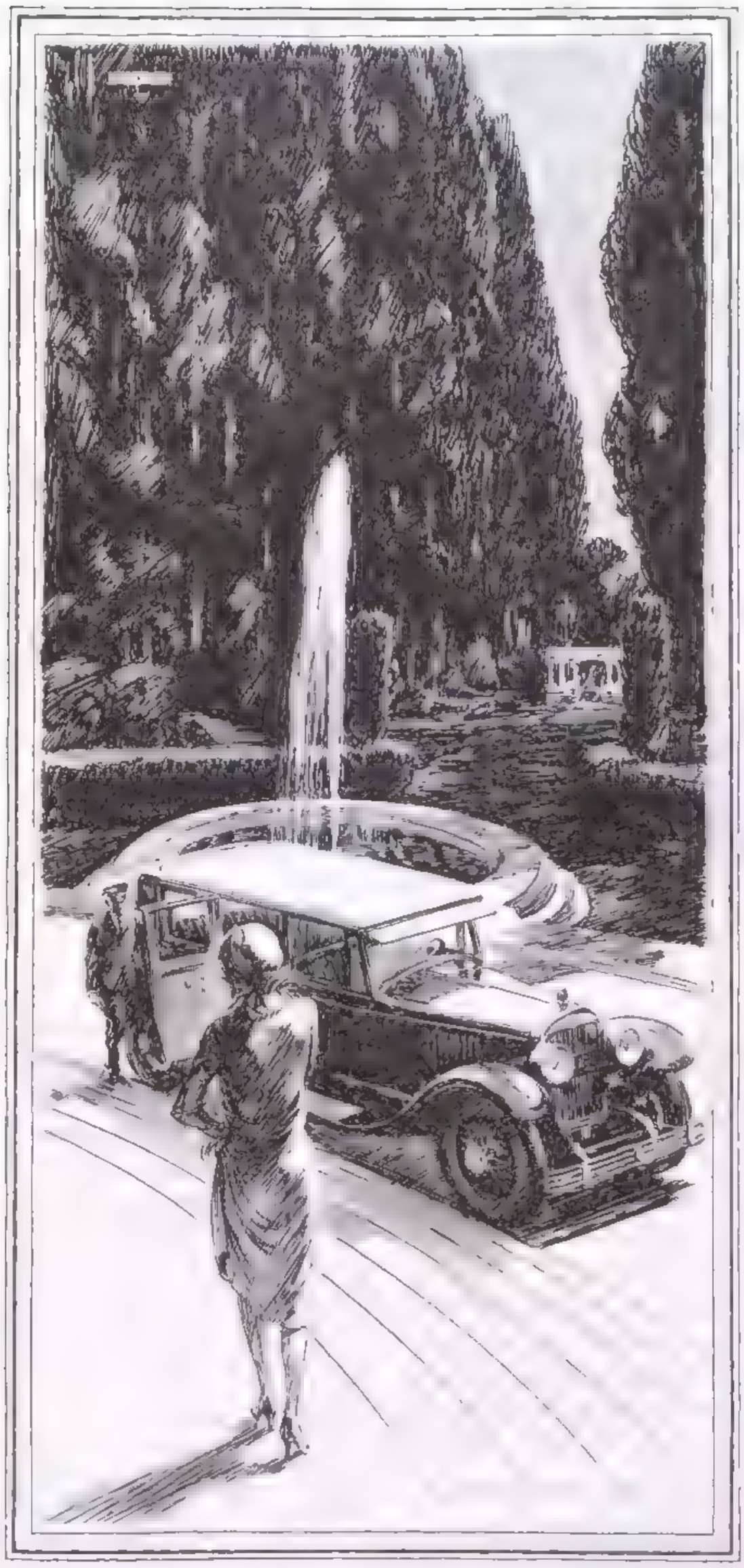

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L L A C

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 53)

Gover'ment's willin' to sell it. All those buildin's and everythin'—it'd make one whale of a camp! This fish head here, it's a barracuda. Shark come along, though, an' snapped off the body before we could land it, yesterday."

We all piled out on the wharf, watching our step lest we crash through the moldered planks far down into bright-curling seas. Sharks that can bite a barracuda in two at one slash make falling into the sea a doubtful pleasure.

I stood on the wharf a while, rather dumfounded by this most astonishing place. A broad, ruinous walk way extended to the huge-gaping sally port, the only entrance to the fort. Once on a time the sally port was defended by a drawbridge and heavy gates, over which were the cells for the most dangerous prisoners. Now the port yawns wide to all comers.

On either side extended a strip of dazzling beach and jungle-grown land. In the old days this land was partly covered by the sutler's store, a mess hall and barracks for the workmen, a carpenters' shop and the engineers' hospital. These buildings have all long since disappeared. The moat, however, still remains almost intact, sparkling in the tropic sun. A medieval-looking thing it is, too; and as far as I know, the only genuine, honest-to-goodness wet moat in the United States.

To right, to left from the sally port stretched astounding walls of the fortress, lofty, impregnably massive, pierced with broken embrasures, and off to northward topped by a deserted iron lighthouse tower. Every detail of that silent picture stood sharply graven by the cutting sunlight. Save for a lone kingfisher in one ragged porthole, no life appeared. The mystery of utter solitude lay heavy on this castle o' dreams.

With due caution over the rotted approaches, we passed the moat, seventy-five feet wide and perhaps ten deep, filled with clear green water which at high tide flows in through two immense iron pipes and at low tide runs out again. The moat, however, is never wholly drained.

"Here's where they used to keep sharks," Lilja remarked. "Man-eaters, so as to kind of discourage prisoners from gettin' out. Bright little idea, wasn't it?"

Florida's First Land Deal

No sharks now remain. Only a swift sting ray darted, vanished. Pondering the bad old times, I reached the sally port, through which showed interior glimpses of palms. The port, of marvelously hewed granite, stood broadly open to all the winds that blew. Inside, guardrooms with menacing *meurtrières*, or rifle slits, flanked the entrance, in casemates on both sides. Our footsteps echoed hollowly on the worn stones. Echoes, in fact, companioned us everywhere in the fort. A very Way of Sighs that sally port seemed. How many thousand soldiers and prisoners had entered there! How many women, too, and children had once crossed these stones! To how many it had been a path with no return! For you must understand that Fort Jefferson, most of its dark-checkered career, served principally as a Federal penitentiary, and that its tolls of death, among prisoners and garrison, were appalling. Yellow fever, ever lurking at Havana and New Orleans, tells the reason why.

Away back in 1819 the King of Spain sold Florida to the United States for a trivial $5,000,000—the first bit of Florida real-estate transaction in our history. After a time the powers that be took cognizance of the Dry Tortugas and decided they should be fortified. Such a natural stronghold and vantage point should not be left for some other nation to seize and occupy. Before any military operations were begun, an old-fashioned lighthouse was the only structure on the islands. There, more than sixty miles from his nearest neighbor, dwelt a solitary keeper in a little house something like a Swiss chalet, with a broad veranda, before which stood two aged coconut palms. This old cottage, by the way, is the scene of Cooper's Jack Tier.

The fortress itself was begun in 1846, under the direction of one Captain Wright, of the United States Engineer Corps. Polk, as you will probably not remember, was President at that time. The plan was to establish a general naval supply station and a fort that should command the Gulf of Mexico, as Malta and Gibraltar dominate the Mediterranean. Key to the Gulf, it was called. I have a sly suspicion that certain wise heads had begun to foresee the uses of such a place, to hold the South in check, when the inevitable conflict should develop. How vital these uses were will be described later on.

Fort Jefferson was built, I understand, with cofferdams; was based on foundations of solid coral; and was pushed forward without regard to cost, which proved staggering. The fort was planned to hold 1500 men and mount guns of huge caliber.

A Dollar a Brick

"Every brick, every plank, every trowel of mortar," says an old report, "had to be transported from the North at incalculable expense."

The fortress was laid out on a gigantic scale, commensurate with its purpose to control Havana, Pensacola, Mobile, Florida Straits and the mouths of the Mississippi—in short, to rule the entire Gulf commerce. It covered nearly four-fifths of Garden Key's twenty-five acres. Eighteen sets of officers' quarters were built, and barracks for six companies of soldiers. These barracks were the finest in the country; and the officers' quarters, three stories high, 400 feet long, with handsomely finished rooms and verandas, could not have been duplicated anywhere. The hospital, chapel and other buildings were put up regardless. All this, in addition to the stupendous encircling walls and bastions.

The situation was imagination-stirring. To that blistering, desolate key, fever-bitten and silent amid tremendous desolations, subject to tidal waves and savage hurricanes, everything had to be transported by sea. Living quarters and provisions had to be supplied for an army of laborers.

Tradition says that immense numbers of slaves were worked, just as in the good old days of the Pharaohs. Hundreds of hard-boiled Irishmen were employed, drawn by high wages and capable of almost any hardship. The horde of toilers sweated and suffered under a broiling sun that cooked their brains. Many came down with scurvy and had to be sent North. For eight months a year the sky was one grand, burnished dome of brazen heat. Infinite clouds of mosquitoes assailed them. Still on and on they toiled.

Old stories tell of gales that blew the grub away to sea as it was being carried from the cookhouse; of sand storms that whitened the air with coral spicules, cutting the skin like sleet. No matter. Black and white, they labored. And up from the Gulf, sheer from the pounding surfs, the mighty citadel arose.

Almost the entire work had to be done by hand. It baffles our machinery-softened imagination; but lacking modern methods, sheer brawn had to do everything. What an epic, now forgotten, of expended sweat and life and treasure! No wonder the Key Westers claim Fort Jefferson cost a dollar a brick! The building of the Pyramids had little on that of this amazing superfortress in the sea.

Withal, mystery enshrouds it. Research yields little information save for an occasional scrap of reference in dusty War Department records. A moldy report of 1854 states:

> The works thus far executed consist of an extensive sea wall, which serves also as the outside wall of the fort ditch and as a breakwater, the highest point of the island being only five feet above water. Large provision was required in this desolate spot, of houses to live and work in, storehouses, cisterns. . . . To complete this fort will require at the same rate about 14 years.

Sanguine hopes, never destined to be realized! In another report we find:

> The work is advancing. . . . The outer, or counterscarp, wall, first executed because necessary to prevent the flooding of the island in gales, has been completed. . . . Estimated cost to date, $969,862.

Wondering that such grandiose plans could have come at last to naught, we advanced into the fortress. Incredible wreckage confronted us. Everywhere we saw massive buildings in starkly appalling ruins—roofs stripped off, walls shattered, empty rooms staring at the cloudless sky, infinite tangles of brick, beams, ironwork, mortar strewn as by an insane Titan full of bootleg.

Fort Jefferson's career as a military establishment is obviously ended. Its days as a Federal penitentiary all are over. First the Army failed to maintain it. Then the Navy, which took it in charge at about the time of the Spanish-American War and spent some $800,000 repairing it, likewise abandoned it. During that war the huge coaling station was built there, and the place was for the last time regularly garrisoned by marines. The cable station once there was discontinued. In 1901 three wireless men were the last survivors of the once heavy garrison. About that time the lighthouse buildings burned and the light was abandoned. The last official use of the fort was during the World War, when it served for a time—as a lead mine! Patrol boats then cruised there from Key West to dig lead from the casemates. After that, down came the flag and exit Fort Jefferson. Now only ruins remain, of everything at all ruinable.

"This wreckage shows you what a Gulf cyclone 'll do," remarked Walker. "When one of 'em strikes, everything's got to go. The one in '73 smashed things up right smart, but it wasn't fly bites beside the 1919 blow. That was certainly a corker!"

A corker it must have been, to judge by its handiwork. It flung up a breastwork of coral two feet high all along the sea wall, and made a ruck of the buildings that reminds one of invaded Belgium or France.

I saw incredible windrows of brick and stone lying everywhere, mingled with slates, old ironware, ashes, excelsior, splintered wood, ripped canvas, broken machinery, cement barrels, tin, smashed-up furniture. How—I wondered—did that disemboweled sofa, lolling in the sun, ever come there? A stove, cracked like an egg, leered at me. Cyclones play odd tricks.

I pondered how the garrison, in 1873, lost a third of its men with yellow jack, and how some of them died in the very height of that year's cyclone. Dramatic time to die! The bodies, by the way, were buried in a pit of quicklime to avoid contagion. The busy little mosquito wasn't recognized in those days.

At the End of the Rainbow

Over much of the débris—fantastic as a cubist nightmare—flowering vines have crept, trying, with Nature's kindly touch, to mask the costly wastage of mankind and tempest. And everywhere—inscriptions! Uncountable thousands of names and addresses stand written, painted, scratched, chiseled on every available surface, together with pictures and cartoons, some of fair ability. You can read the names of yachts that have visited this island of mystery; witticisms, gibes and bitter complaints; pious texts and admonitions about the highly unpleasant consequences of failing to repent.

The inscriptions might, in themselves, make a story. One of them declares:

HERE LIES THE BODY OF
UKULELE SPARKS
WHO DIED FROM THE EFFECTS OF LOOKING FOR TREASURE IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE
VAGABONDIA!

We penetrated some of the officers' quarters, magnificently built of brick, with finely carved granite sills and lintels. These immense buildings, edged with ruinous and weed-grown cement sidewalks, still retain some of their iron balconies. A sense of heavy oppression hung upon us at sight of these splendid structures now wrecked. War had indeed passed here, but not the war of mankind's shot and shell. The war of elements, vastly more redoubtable.

Here once were homes and families, where now only the crane, the pelican, the rat hold sway. Under the shattered floors extend numerous brick waterways, though for what purpose it is hard to guess. The lofty rooms are finished with thick plaster, still—where it yet clings—delicately pink or blue. Great fireplaces, curved stairways and iron-grilled balustrades, arched hallways, huge sliding drawing-room doors, handsome wood carvings filled us with sad amaze.

Up some of the perilous and shaking stairs, cumbered with infinite wreckage, we made cautious way, fearful lest swaying iron girders or tons of brick crash down upon us. We found the upper stories grotesquely bashed about, with everything in jackstraw confusion. Man's hand had been liberally at work there, as well as Nature's fury. Woodwork had been splintered with axes, plaster hacked off, mantels wantonly chopped to bits. Standing in silence amid dust and wreckage, with sunshine ribboned down through gaping apertures, I wondered what maniacal lust of destruction had impelled what vandals to such profitless labor.

Wet Spots in Dry Tortugas

Fort Jefferson has been extensively looted for many years by both American and Cuban fishermen. Schooners unnumbered have here sought wood for fuel or repairs. Out on the parade ground again, we even discovered where some unknown had set up a carpenter's bench for his work. Shavings littered the weedy grass. And in the casemates we found where men had labored to hack lead from the embrasures.

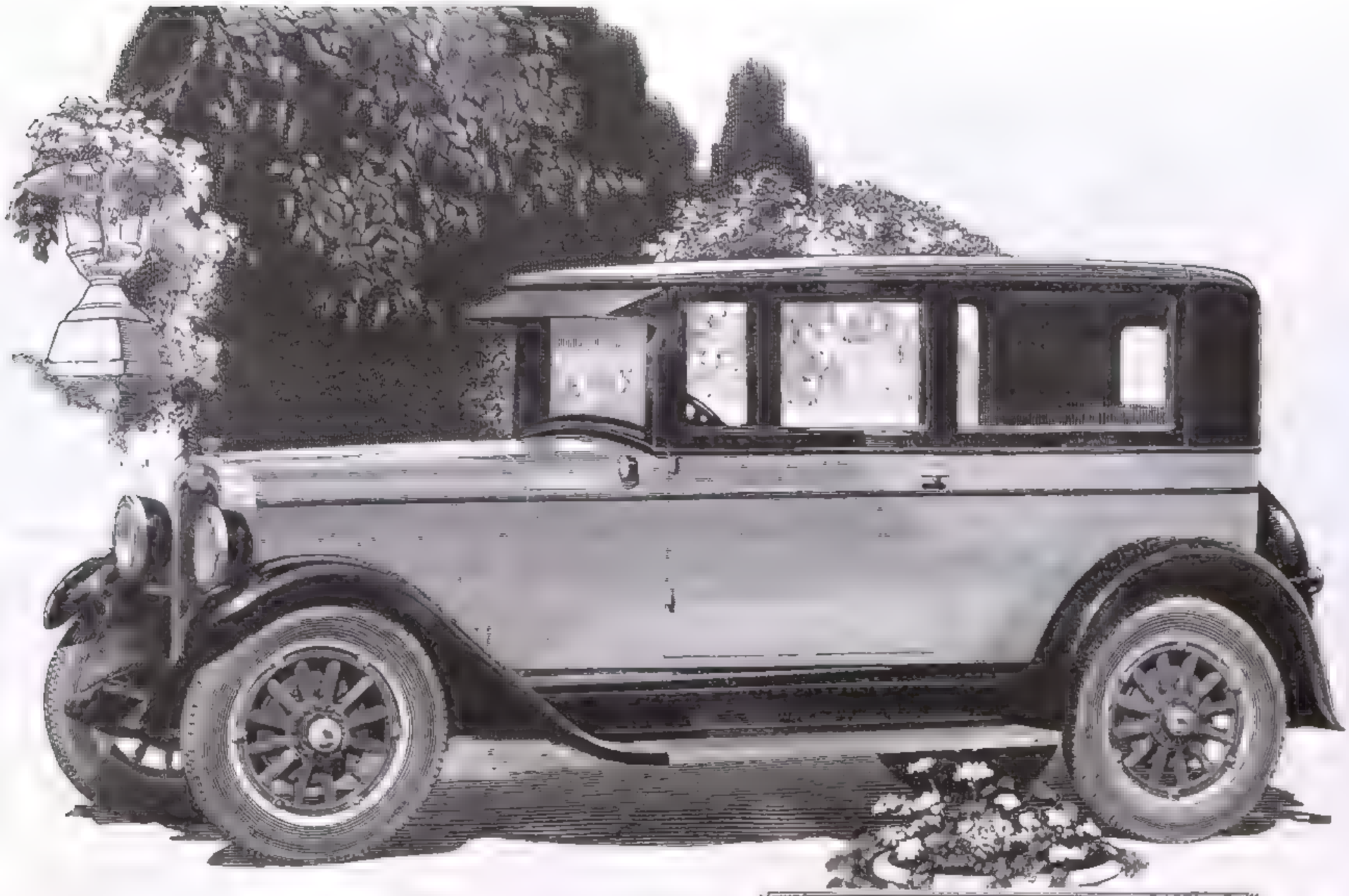
"It's not only the patrol-boat crews that've been at work here," Lilja explained. "A Boston company bought all the lead one time. Thousands of tons estimated to be here. But they couldn't get much out. Seems like the lead is mixed with some kind of hard ground-up rock that makes it like iron. So most of the lead's still here. It's one too many for 'em."

We explored the casemate system, ever more amazed that such stupendous engineering work could have been built on this far coral key. Long vistas stretch away through multitudinous arches. Endless rows of gun ports pierce the massive walls. Each emplacement is beautifully arched and has an iron segment in the floor of square stones for the training of now-vanished guns. Under each lies a seemingly bottomless cistern.

These cisterns form an intriguing feature of Fort Jefferson. You have to watch your step lest you plunge through often vine-covered traps into jet-black and stagnant depths from which—if alone—you could not possibly escape. The whole fortress seems underlaid with water. Beneath all the emplacements and bastions these cisterns lurk, hundreds of them; and you can find them, too, in many places about the parade ground. Fort Jefferson never intended to capitulate from thirst. At one time it also had condensing machinery to use sea water, but the cisterns were always its mainstay. The mind runs riot here, with speculations of horrid crime—the plop! of the victim falling into unsounded depths; the silence of oblivion. Perhaps men really have been thus done away with here. Who knows? So, at least, traditions claim. A sense of mystery pervades this vast and subterranean system.

All the water for Jefferson once seeped down from the parapets far above, through brick and sand filters, into these ominous tanks. Once no finer water could have been found, but now nearly all the cisterns have gone bad.

(Continued on Page 58)



WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL
LAST YEAR-THIS YEAR-NEXT YEAR

Outstanding before—now literally compelling preference

Oakland has done what no one else has succeeded in doing—improved upon Oakland Six quality. The Greater Oakland Six embodies 77 refinements, including . . . *The Rubber-Silenced Chassis*—an epochal and exclusive engineering development freeing the Oakland Six from the disturbing noise and rumbling found in ordinary cars, and permitting passengers to ride in quiet, cushioned comfort . . . *Smart New Bodies by Fisher* in new and strikingly beautiful two-tone Duco colors . *Vital Engine Refinements* resulting in still greater smoothness and greater operating efficiency. These and many other improvements have been added without any increase in Oakland prices. The Oakland Six was an outstanding motor car before—now it ranks entirely alone, literally compelling preference.

Touring $1025; Sedan $1095; Landau Coupe $1125; Sport Roadster $1175; Sport Phaeton $1095; 4-Door Sedan $1195; Landau Sedan $1295. Pontiac Six, companion to the Oakland Six, $825, Sedan or Coupe. All prices at factory. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

The Greater OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 56)

"The ce-ment's dead now," one William Felton later explained. Felton was for several years custodian and sole inhabitant of the fortress—a fine, sociable job! "The water's got brackish from the sea workin' through. The last few good cisterns, them dag-goned Cuban fishermen has went an' took baths in 'em, so you can't drink from none of 'em now. Done it for spite, I reckon. Would Cuban fishermen take a bath for any other reason, mister? They used to crawl"—corral—"their sea turtles in the moat, too, till the Gover'ment stopped 'em. Yes, sir, there's been some awful expense down in that nowhere place. I reckon there's 23,000,000 bricks in the fort, but some says 40,000,000. You can count 'em up for yourself—an' figger it out at a dollar a brick!"

This job is still open—of brick counting. I hadn't time for it. But one thing I did was to note the wonderful quality of workmanship in the bricklaying. The innumerable massive arches and walls are all beautifully pointed. That is, the bricks are not roughly laid, but have the mortar finished in costly and ornamental fashion. There must have been giants in the land those days, to do such work!

Six stupendous corner bastions provide emplacements whence gunfire could rake the moat—bastions never used in war, for never did this mighty fortress, built at so vast expense of life and treasure, engage in regular battle with any worthy foe. A bit of sniping at marauders, this constitutes its military record. Within the bastions lurk curious dark chambers, reached by tortuous passages and all elaborately sheathed with wood. These, I heard, were powder magazines. A rifle ball buried in the sheathing of one such made me wonder who had been shooting there, and why. Another mystery!

Winding stairs lead up through the bastions, stairs littered with bizarre rubbish. One of these stairways brought us to an upper tier of gun ports, massive as the lower; to the abandoned lighthouse and to the parapet forty feet wide. Around this, provided with gun emplacements, chimneys, magazines and bombproof shelters, one can wander at airy heights. Splendid views offer, of dazzling beach and sun-sparkled Gulf miraculously blue, of shining moat and dim far-lying keys. But ever one asks how mere humans built such Cyclopean works here at World's End.

A Crematory for Cannon Balls

Great columbiads still sprawl on these heights that remind one of Babylon's fabled walls. Sixty or more years ago these immense guns, with incredible labor, were hoisted by hand winches and A frames. Some of the guns are of fifteen-inch caliber. A trip to the Dry Tortugas makes us a bit less cocky about our modern engineering prowess. Our old-fogy ancestors were there with bells on too. By way of interest for technicians, I recorded the inscription on one ancient gun: "R M H 10-in W P F 26920 No. 25, 1865." What old vet can interpret this?

After a Lucullan dinner aboard C.G. 293, with game fish of the crew's own catching—you need only drop a hook overboard and haul in beauties—we revisited our enchanted Sleeping Castle. And now the vast central parade ground claimed our attention. Things strange enough are to be seen upon it.

There must be thirteen or fourteen acres in the parade. Once this land was fair and smooth, but now the jungle is reclaiming it. Among coconut palms, cork and gum trees, cactus, prickly pears, Spanish bayonets and huge sea-grape trees, wind paths now overgrown. At one side stands a sloping structure with a long oven underneath.

"Here's where they used to incremanate the stiffs," claimed Bowery. "They'd heave 'em in, fire 'em up and rake the bones down through the grate. No wonder the ghosts walk here!"

Hard reality forces me to say this structure was the hot-shot oven, where cannon balls could be heated a nice cherry red for setting enemy ships afire. Unfortunately, the enemy ships always declined to come in range.

Not far off, the timber falsework still remains within huge arches of a powder magazine, left unfinished for all eternity just where the masons quit there, nobody knows how many years ago. Another, like it, is a fearsome place of cisterns and maze-like passages, colonized by rats—though what rats find to eat on that bone-bare coral key is a mystery in itself. These magazines, and the whole fort, cry aloud for smugglers, bandits, rummers and pirates to enter in and take possession. One of the magazine walls is liberally pitted with bullet holes.

The Fort of Yellow Fever

"Targets?" commented Seaman Ring. "No, sir! This here's the executin' ground, where they stood 'em up and shot 'em. The bullets went plumb through 'em and made them holes, I'll bet a million bucks!"

Layne, our cook, claimed a little white monument we found among the bushes was the headstone of that legendary and treacherous major who was shot twenty-two times; but it may have been only the base of a sundial. Who knows?

Not far away stands a tragic monument, inscribed:

IN MEMORY OF BREVET MAJOR JOSEPH SIM SMITH, ASSISTANT SURGEON, U. S. ARMY, WHO DIED AT THIS FORT OF YELLOW FEVER, SEPT. 8, 1867, IN THE 30TH YEAR OF HIS AGE. COMPANIES L, M, I and K, OF THE FIFTH ARTILLERY.

HENRY PRICE, ONLY SON OF MAJOR SMITH, DIED AT THIS POST OF YELLOW FEVER, SEPT. 18, 1867, AGED 3 YEARS AND 6 MONTHS.

This brought very close to me the greatest tragedy of all at Dry Tortugas—the devastating yellow-fever epidemic that swept the Fort in '67, and that left so terribly illuminating a record of man's ignorance of disease in the crude old days. Doctor Mudd—Fort Jefferson's most famous prisoner—risked his life to save his enemies, and for reward was put in close confinement and loaded with chains.

The mystery grave of the Tortugas lies a little way from Doctor Smith's white marble monument. It is marked by a rude wooden cross whence sun and storm have long since obliterated all inscription. Flowers always adorn it. We found several bunches there, some in earthen pots, dry, but not very old. Some say the grave is a woman's—that of Mrs. William Italy, wife of the former lighthouse keeper. But she died twenty years ago, and her husband, too, has long been dead. She used—some assert—to be kind to the Cuban fishermen, who still remember her. This, however, seems a bit far-fetched. Cuban fishermen are not oversentimental beings, and twenty years is a long time in the Gulf of Mexico. Nevertheless, the flowers are really there. Who still comes so far into that silent, empty sea, to this island of all desolations, there to lay perennial tribute on the grave of this unknown? Yes, here's a mystery, indeed!

Sunset, blood-red through the broken embrasures, and certain inward symptoms, warned us it was suppertime, so back to hospitable C.G. 293 we fared. Fresh kingfish and French frieds, canned peaches and coffee are good after a long day's mystery hunting. Supper over and the old pipe going, I took a solitary hike all round the fortress. Its effect of overwhelming immensity, of majestic and tragic desolation, can be gained no better than by walking, all alone, around the outer moat wall.

This wall is an engineering miracle. Five feet thick, ten or more high, it is built of brick faces filled with cement-and-coral grout. So solid is it that where the ever-hammering surfs have undermined it, sections twenty or thirty feet long have fallen into the sea without breaking. You have to watch your chance between upshooting bursts of spray to advance with moat on one hand, ocean on the other. Be sure your nerves are steady before you start.

Where a sea gate used to admit small boats to the moat, the 1919 cyclone breached the wall; and there the moat is filled with conchs and dazzling coral sand. But most of the moat still remains intact, an ideal swimming pool, crystal clear and warm. The whole fort makes one long to stage a movie there, or start a fishing camp. The casemates, still whole, would house a cityful of folk. What a lark to live there and fish there; and though the place is Dry Tortugas, Havana is just over the way.

From the moat wall you see the real immensity of these dour battlements, built below of yellowish brick; above, of red, with innumerable ornamental arches. The workmanship is a downright marvel, with beveled bricks at every angle. Uncracked, still plumb and true, these gigantic miracles of masonry stretch away, defying all ravages of time or sea.

Surf and fading sunset; a silence that "'angs so 'eavy you are 'arf afraid to speak"; flight of a solitary crane over the bastions; peeping of a star across the parapets; stark staring of the fort's eyeless sockets—all these give you a sense of mystery, of tragic abandonments and stories never to be told.

Later, when night had come, we all revisited the inner fort.

"I see now," said I, "why nobody wanted to earn a princely twenty-five dollars by sleeping on the mystery grave."

"Gosh!" ejaculated Bowery. "A hundred smackers wouldn't get me to take no nape on that there bed o' dried roses. Not on your life an' license, mister!"

The crescent moon that hung above those frowning black walls, the eerie flashing of Loggerhead Light through gun ports, sighing of wind-swayed palms, unsteady flight of bats joined with uncanny creakings and flappings in the ruins to produce an effect not easily described. The white glimmer of gravestones helped, too, in that place where pestilence once had reigned supreme, and where so many a wretch had seen his last of life.

Island Night Entertainment

Wraiths of plague victims, of buccaneers and cutthroats seemed to lurk in every black corner. Each pit and cistern appeared waiting to engulf the incautious ghost-hunting explorer. None of us entered the ruined buildings. The jungly open was quite good enough, thank you; and the lights of C. G. 293 looked mighty good when we regained our cozy little craft.

That night half a gale came on, and three Cuban *goeletas*, or fishing schooners, sought refuge under the fortress walls. This being contrary to law—since Jefferson is a closed port—duty devolved on us to chase them out again. But common humanity dictated that we let them stay till morning.

"For," as the skipper said, "those Cuban schooners are so rotten, any kind o' blow would sink 'em. They never make repairs. Just drive 'em till they go to pieces, with all hands lost, and then it's an act o' God!"

As I was the only man aboard who could speak Spanish, my job was all cut out for me and I became at once official interpreter. I had to turn the fiery sword of expulsion every way, at the gates of that particular Eden.

Wherefore we boarded the schooners, which turned out to be manned almost exclusively by real Spaniards—barefoot, unshaven men with little *béret* caps, fantastically patched rags, trousers often made of meal sacking. In their dim-lit stenchful cabins they received our order to vamose next morning.

Thereafter they heaped many coals of fire by giving us certain marvelous stimulants, Cuban hard tack, turtle steaks, cigars and cigarettes, guava jelly and bunches of bananas, all the while profusely apologizing for the poorness of their gifts.

"*Pero no tenemos nada más, señores!* We have nothing more!"

Then some of them came aboard us in the misty moonlight, bringing a Spanish guitar; and until small hours we listened to *jótas*, *peteneras*, *pasadobles* and other heart-stirring minor melodies. A certain one-eyed ruffian, whiskered like a pard or a pirate—but a master hand at Andalusian love songs—will long remain in memory. I wish some painter had been in our foc'sle that night. Exotic, yes; as far removed from our workaday American life as if 10,000 miles away, yet really at our very gates.

Abandoned Again

Next morning the three schooners had augmented to six, and the bewhiskered fishermen were peacefully hauling their nets for bait on the dazzling white beach near the sally port.

"Reckon they've settled down for a nice long stay," judged the skipper. "What are you goin' to do about it?"

It was clearly up to me, so I visited the beach. The Spaniards proved highly affable. Having presented us with fine fruit and vintages, they seemed to consider their position unassailable. They showed me quantities of immense, black, poisonous sea urchins that they had waded for, barefoot, and removed from the beach.

"If one of these spines gets into your foot, señor," they informed me, "it will make a bad wound. You cannot pull out the spine. No; you must wait till the full of the moon. Then it will come out of itself."

All this was very entertaining but did not bear on matters legal and governmental. Uncle Sam, via me, was not thus to be flouted. Again we visited the schooners and bespoke the several captains. They showed us dangerous leaks and let us peer down at lovely swarming fish in their cool green wells.

Then they loaded us again with good gifts both solid and liquid. We still, however, remained inflexible. *Mañana* wasn't in our vocabulary at all.

As no schooner could make sail without proximately going ashore on the beach, in that onshore blow, it devolved on C. G. 293 to tow them out. So with a vast deal of bilingual and exclamatory labor we passed them our hawser, one by one, and snaked them out of Eden. Amid amicable shouts and wavings, they made off for Loggerhead Key—there to remain till we should be safely out of view. Then back to the fort they would go, rejoicing. They knew it and we knew it; but the law had at all events been duly vindicated and our flaming sword had done its durnedest.

Noon found all the trespassers away and our own mission at an end. As C. G. 293 turned her sharp nose eastward and rang full speed for her two engines, Fort Jefferson began to fade. With a strange melancholy I watched it growing dim through sea hazes. Lifeless, abandoned, it brooded there in the slashing tropic sunshine, sheltering its memories of incalculable labor, pain, cost and tragedy, of plague, imprisonment, despair and death.

A tragic entity it seemed to me, peering after us with blank-staring eyes of empty embrasures. Gradually those faded; the frowning walls softened, sank, grew vague. Back down into blurred, sun-dazzled horizons the grim old citadel descended. It vanished, was no more. Only sunshine and sea remained. They, only, were reality. Dreamlike, the Dry Tortugas had disappeared, Islands of Mystery that never shall be wholly solved.

. . and they called it "joy-riding"

GASOLINE ALLEY was bedlam on a Sunday morning of twenty years ago.

The family was ready, the guests were ready, the lunch was ready—but the horseless carriage wouldn't start.

Father patiently tinkered with the spark coils, the little petcocks were given another priming, the carburetor jiggled some more, the cranking and swearing began anew—until finally, with a belch of oil-laden smoke, the great engine roared!

But the "joy-ride" was only begun. A few short miles of chugging along and the tell-tale "bump-bump-bump" would be heard. Tire irons and hammers would loosen the great casing from its moorings of rust, the inner tube would be stripped out and patched—then all hands took a turn at the pump.

Mother had wandered across fields meanwhile and spread the picnic table—for they were "joy-riding" in their "pleasure car" and nothing must spoil the day!

THEN DAWNED A "NEW DAY" IN MOTORING

Poignant memories alone remain. Happily, those days of mechanical troubles are no more. They are buried with the bustle and the hoop-skirt. They are as ancient as a wayside tavern.

In their stead has come a "New Day" of motoring. Cars are infinitely better but traffic is infinitely worse. To serve its owner satisfactorily, today's car must possess, in addition to proved principles developed out of past experience—a new nimbleness, a new ease of handling and driving, a new economy, greater roominess, comfort and beauty.

The driver of today must have a car that flashes instantly ahead when the traffic tower signals "go"—that comes to quick cushioned rest the instant it says "stop." He must have interior roominess without exterior bulk—ample power and speed with still greater economy—and, above all, complete mastery of any and every emergency.

All the world now recognizes the "New Day." But Paige and Jewett engineers saw the coming of these new conditions and new problems before they were actually upon us. For many years at Paige drawing boards and at Paige lathes engineers have been designing and building a car that would master not only some—*but every single one* of these myriad "New-Day" problems.

PAIGE AND JEWETT—FIRST OF "NEW-DAY" CARS

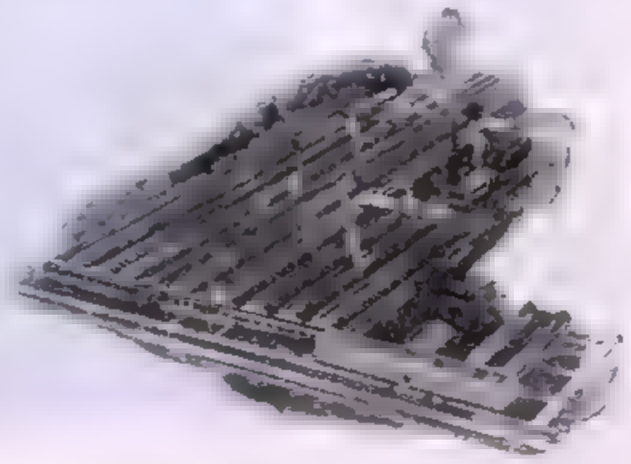
No wonder then that in the latest Paige and Jewett Sixes you find the fullest embodiment of "New-Day" engineering. You find cars that respond eagerly to your lightest touch—Paige-Hydraulic 4-Wheel Brakes that bring you to cushioned rest immediately—flashing acceleration entirely new in automotive annals—strong cars, economical cars, beautiful cars.

Drive a new Paige or Jewett in comparison with any other car—and in ten minutes you'll understand fully what a "New-Day" motor car really is—and you'll never be content until you own one.

One of the Finest Factories in the Industry —Assets of $20,000,000!

Because of the soundness of Paige-Jewett policies and the goodness of Paige-Jewett cars—the position of the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company is one of the strongest in the industry. It occupies a new plant generally regarded as the finest built by any motor car manufacturer. Its assets are more than $20,000,000. Its dealer organization blankets the world—and is still growing.

Perhaps one of the greatest reasons for the enviable position of Paige-Jewett today—is the fact that the self-same men who founded the industry 17 years ago are its directing heads today. In all these years Paige has never known an "off" year—Paige has never been reorganized—never refinanced.



PAIGE & JEWETT SIXES

New-Day Cars for New-Day Needs

(798)

OVERTIME

(Continued from Page 39)

And it was because of this specialization, she explained, that the wife now had just as important a job as her husband, if she cared enough to do her share properly. Her share, it seemed, was the intelligent administration of the home and the social life. Keep house, of course. A decent attention to the home Jean took for granted; but no wife worthy of the name, she pointed out, could stop there. It was equally important that she make friends and build up a circle of acquaintances who would keep life always vivid and interesting for the husband.

"That seems a great deal to do." Mrs. Huntington evidently had overheard. "I don't wonder that some of these young wives crack under the strain."

"It's because they don't take care of themselves," said Jean, rallying promptly.

"Well, you always look splendid, dear. How do you manage it?"

Jean laughed modestly. "I consider it part of my job," she said, "and there's one rule I never break: I take a good nap every morning after I get Don started off to work."

"Now I take back what I said about your being a modern girl." Mr. Huntington's eyes showed that he was pleased with the thought. "No really modern girl ever sees her husband off in the morning. He eats a bar of chocolate on his way to work."

The dance music sounded again, and Don, in spite of the weariness visible in his face, rose at once and stood with his hand on the back of Mrs. Huntington's chair. But she smiled and shook her head.

"I'm too old," she protested. "You and Jean dance this last one together. We'd rather watch you."

Touched suddenly with self-consciousness as they backed away from the table, Don and Jean turned, she put up her arms and, smoothly and gracefully as a bark canoe might glide out into shaded waters, they slipped into the current of the music.

The usual monotony of the dance vanished before the variety of their repertoire, a variety that ranged from eccentric jerky steps in jazz time to a graceful series of flights drawing every blending movement into the main curve of their wake.

"No use arguing," whispered Jean gleefully, "when it comes to dancing we're a pair of wows!"

Scattered diners looked up to watch the young black-haired girl who was so pretty, so graceful, and so openly coquetting her partner. For the steps being a matter of instinct, Jean was free to enjoy a pantomime of flirtation and work of the eyes. Her left hand, bending at the wrist, repulsed Don's shoulder while her head turned aside and her slim body, swaying from the hips, drew away in an unoriginal attitude of coyness which clearly told that she would, by rebuking his ardor, provoke him always to pursue. Some of the older diners smiled as they watched, little smiles that were involuntary and regretful; but Jean merely looked down to see her smart green slipper, lightly touching Don's black pump, swing back and forth in a subdued prancing action, her knee flexing and the instep proudly arched as their toes together tapped the floor; and when they whirled off into a long curve she threw herself back on his arm and smiled up in what seemed to be demure reproach, her head and lips moving as though she were protesting that she was too young to dance so close.

"Wasting your time with me, you big handsome thing," she really said, ogling him outrageously. "Why don't you get a good partner and go into vaudeville?"

"Don't look at me like that," he warned. "You'll throw me out of step."

The saxophones abruptly quieted and Jean led him back to the table.

"You two certainly can dance," said Mr. Huntington in frank admiration. His wife reached out from her chair and took Jean's hand.

"Dear," she said, "I want you to do me a favor. Will you serve on my committee for the bazaar next month?"

Jean's poise vanished. She stood stricken as a shy child being exhibited miserably to callers, and her lips trembled, because this was wonderful and unexpected.

"I'd—I'd love to." Impulsively huddling closer within Mrs. Huntington's large arm, she looked down into the gray eyes—the calm wise eyes that shone with understanding, and, perhaps, with another emotion harder to define. "I'd love to," she whispered again.

III

ALTHOUGH there were only five hours of sleep immediately behind him, Don sat up at one clear call from out in the kitchenette.

Through the window curtains and on past the two apartment houses across the boulevard the morning sun was flashing on a bend in the river.

He got to his feet and stood swaying beside the bed. Long experience had taught that he would be saved if he could once get to the shower; so he reefed and luffed toward the bath, where the icy, breath-taking blast of water drove the sleep from his body and imparted a spring to his step. Charged with this energy, which he had been long extorting from youth under the lash of a cold shower, he hurried into the kitchenette to find Jean standing by the little gas range on which bacon and eggs were gossiping in a pan.

She smiled quickly over her shoulder.

"Hustle, Don," she said, shutting off the gas. "You're going to be late."

"Doesn't matter—only been late once this week." He slipped into his chair and clutched a piece of golden buttered toast. "I'll get the 8:24."

While he was eating she skimmed through the local paper, a sheet that owed its circulation to a detailed treatment of real estate and social maneuvers. Suddenly there came a squeal of delight.

"Look!" She pushed the paper under his eyes.

A young girl with unbobbed black hair smiled out at the subscribers. The caption stated that Mrs. Donald Sherman had last week been chosen a member of the committee for the annual hospital bazaar and was one of the most attractive of the town's younger matrons

"Good for you!" Even at breakfast Don was pleased by things that pleased her. "How'd they get it?"

"Direct from the photographers, I suppose." She rapidly creased the paper along the borders of the picture. "Mrs. Huntington told them to, the old peach! I wish they'd used the one with my hat on."

After a second cup of coffee, Don hurried away for the train that would get him to the office only fifteen or twenty minutes late; and Jean, finishing the dishes, went through the other brief motions which comprised a straightening up of the apartment. Although today, like each day of the past week, would afford no opportunity for her habitual noontime nap, she wasted no regrets over the loss; working with the five other women on the committee was so exciting, and the honor of being at Mrs. Huntington's right hand, visibly winning her approval, was so enviable that Jean had no time these days to feel tired.

She made the bed, pulled on her red felt hat in front of the hall mirror, and by 10:30 was walking up the brick steps of the country club, the first committee member to arrive. Here she sat in a big wicker chair on the sunny porch, and five minutes later saw Mrs. Laird's coupé circling in by the winding driveway.

The others came soon after, Mrs. Huntington appearing last, and they all went out to the wide lawn at the left of the clubhouse, where half a dozen carpenters made a great gay hammering in the sun and where many booths were sprouting from the smooth green sod.

"Jean, did you order those Chinese lanterns—both kinds?" Surrounded by her staff, Mrs. Huntington threw out questions and commands as she moved among the piles of yellow boards that littered the grass.

"Yes." The answer came eagerly. "They were delivered this morning."

Jean had unquestionably become Mrs. Huntington's right-hand man. As the youngest member of the committee, she inherited many of the errands that arose, hurried commissions to telephone for this or trips to the city to buy that; and because she accepted orders as favors, she found herself increasingly busy, the one to whom Mrs. Huntington turned when she wanted quick sure results rather than explanations of why a thing could not be done.

Lunch, always a high spot now in Jean's day, took place at their private round table on the side porch; and when the committee adjourned, each member with a share of things to do, Jean, clutching a written list of articles, scurried off for the 1:56 train to the city. All afternoon she trotted through the stores, selecting with anxious prayers for Mrs. Huntington's approval, experiencing a thrill of vicarious importance each time she presented that great lady's card of identification: and getting off her train in the evening, she stood on tiptoe back against the railing of the platform and eagerly scanned the crowd of returning commuters until she spied Don's familiar figure lagging near the end of the procession. During their walk home through the twilight she hung on to his arm and boasted of her triumphs of the day.

"And she asked me to join her *crèche* committee!" Jean had saved her most important news for the last.

"Fine!" Don estimated the significance of such items

(Continued on Page 62

A Scene in Cherokee Park, Louisville, Kentucky

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Before you start your trip, equip your car with Gabriel Snubbers -- guaranteed to give greater riding comfort over detours and roads rough and rolling. They save money, time and temper by protecting your car and preventing broken springs.

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Watch This Column

REGINALD DENNY in a Super-Production

I am making greater preparations than ever for REGINALD DENNY'S future, and am able to do now what I have always wanted to do—that is to put DENNY in what the industry calls "Specials." A "Special" or "Superpicture" recognizes no limit of time or money—the big idea is to reach complete perfection.

"Take It From Me" is a REGINALD DENNY "Special" and my opinion is that this wholesome young man has done the best work of his career. The story is from the musical comedy success of the same title, by Will B. Johnstone and Will R. Anderson. BLANCHE MEHAFFEY will play the rôle opposite to DENNY, so that from all angles, this should prove one of the most delicious high-class comedies of the year.

It is a William A. Seiter production—which means that I have been fortunate in being able to assign to this first DENNY Special one of the foremost directors of the day. Naturally, since you follow Universal Pictures, you know of the many fine things Mr. Seiter has done.

The Greater Movie-List will do the theatres and the theatre-goers a whole lot of real good. I am anxious for your opinion of all UNIVERSALS you see from now on. If you approve them, I know I have made no mistake.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of Reginald Denny

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 60)

by the voice in which she told them. "What does that mean?"

"You know, it's a day nursery," she explained. "We take turns and work in pairs. All her favorite girls help. The mothers leave babies there—it's down by the winegar woiks or something. Edith Bannerman and I are together and we're to go three afternoons a week."

"What'll you have to do?"

"Why, take care of them, of course," she said. "Give them their bottles, and everything."

As they mounted the steps she looked up in time to catch the amused grin he turned upon her.

"What do you know about babies?"

"Not a thing." She smiled the quick pert smile which she invariably used to carry off a bad situation. "But there's nothing like practice."

When the last supper dish was polished, she untied the apron strings at his back; and sitting in the big chair by the window, they looked out at the river, where a tug and a tall ship filed across the patch of water that was framed by the two apartment houses opposite.

"I could sit right here for a month," he said hopefully, when it had grown dark in the room. She stretched luxuriously, yawned and once more relaxed against him.

"I could too," she admitted, "but we've got to go to Marian's. It's only bridge, though, and we'll come home early."

They found it impossible to leave early, and the next morning Jean announced her intention of resorting to Don's fountain of youth. She emerged from the cold shower in a rosy glow, dressed and stepped around the apartment like a spirited hackney pony as she saw him off to work, and set out, an hour later, for her regular committee conference.

As the opening of the bazaar drew nearer, her days grew busier. The committee occupied all her mornings, the work extending sometimes into the afternoon—if it were not one of the three afternoons on which she and Edith Bannerman together performed their shift at the *crèche* across the railroad tracks, where they took care of strangely unattractive children until the mothers stopped in on their way from the factories to carry their babies home. This service on behalf of sad-eyed mothers and their howling offspring brought its own reward. On two more occasions the local paper mentioned Jean's name, and because her friendship with Mrs. Huntington opened many new doors, no moths at all came to maturity in Don's tuxedo now and none of Jean's evening dresses took on a crease from the shape of the hanger.

She found that the growing pressure of invitations made it steadily harder to refuse one—for fear of offending the hostess, for fear of forfeiting, by their absence, a bid to some future party which, attended, might cause two bids to sprout where none had bloomed before. Because of the unrest in her blood, she could not endure the feeling that, while they were staying at home, there was a party going on within reach to which they had been invited; and this uneasiness lest she miss something transformed their life into a merry-go-round, the growing speed of which made it increasingly difficult for the riders to step off.

"I'm tired, Don," she said as they hung up their hats one spring evening just before the opening date of the bazaar.

"You do look tired." The gray exhaustion in his own face lifted as he anxiously watched her rubbing her temples.

"If it were anybody else," she said, "I'd stay in tonight."

"I could phone them," he offered, but she quickly shook her head.

"Don't be silly." The sharpness in her voice was something new. "There'll be just the four of us, and you know I wouldn't dream of disappointing Mrs. Huntington."

When he came out of the bedroom, fully dressed, he asked, "Can I help you?" Jean gestured irritably as she rose from the sofa on which she had stretched herself.

"There isn't anything you can do"—a sinking note came into her voice—"there isn't anything anybody can do."

He sat by the window, watching the lights across the way until she came to him with dragging steps.

"I feel rotten—perfectly rotten," she said faintly, standing while he fastened the snaps back of one shoulder.

But when Mrs. Huntington greeted them in the living room, Jean seemed to lose her depression, moving and talking in her old zestful way, while Mr. Huntington put out a large hand to Don. They marched in to dinner a few minutes later, and as they ate, Mrs. Huntington discussed the *crèche* and the work of the bazaar committee.

"Jean's the most efficient one of us all, Walter," she said to her husband, and went on to speak of Jean's punctuality at meetings and the fact that she, unlike the other girls, never missed one of her afternoons at the day nursery. Meanwhile Don raised his eyes now and then to look cautiously at his wife, whose face, even in the soft glow of the candles, was strangely white, and who alternated between moments of depressed silence and bursts of irrelevant chatter that became, at last, painfully embarrassing. When her hand for the second time shook so that her knife rattled loudly against the plate, Mrs. Huntington looked up in real alarm.

"Perhaps you've been trying to do too much, dear," she said anxiously. "Do you feel tired?"

"Tired?" Jean asked, and the uneasiness in Don's face turned slowly to horror as he saw the wavering glitter in her eyes and watched her right hand, lying beside her plate, grip the table cover.

"Tired—me tired?" she repeated. Then her words came with a rush. "Oh, no! Why should I be tired? All I do is get up at seven in the morning, and run my legs off all day long, and chase around all night, and never get any sleep, and—ah-h-h ——"

She threw herself back in her chair. By the time Mrs. Huntington and Don reached her, Jean's head was swinging from side to side, the tears running down her cheeks, while her voice rang in the high, horrid laughter of hysteria.

"Walter," said Mrs. Huntington quietly, "get Doctor Barrett."

Laughing and crying, Jean allowed herself to be led toward a big settee. "I don't want a doctor," she wailed. "What I need is sleep. I need sleep—sleep!"

But when Mr. Huntington burst into the room with Doctor Barrett, the height of the spasm had passed, and Jean, encircled by Mrs. Huntington's large arm on the settee, had deposited her shamed head upon a bosom which, whatever its faults from a fashionable point of view, was clearly unequaled for weeping purposes.

"See here, young man"—having asked many questions, the doctor turned to Don with bristling hostility in his manner—"you've got to take better care of this girl. Can't you see that she isn't able to keep up your pace?"

Half an hour later, five people stood on the lighted porch as the Huntingtons' gray limousine halted in front of the steps.

"I'm through." Jean's voice was small and subdued. "I thought I was helping Don, but I wasn't. I know now how he's been feeling for the last six months." With both his hands, Mr. Huntington patted one of hers in the manner of a cook molding meat balls.

"That's fine, my dear," he said heartily. "We've been worried about Don's work for a long time, but now I'm sure everything will be all right again."

"And my two committees," asked Jean—"shall I have to resign from them?" Mrs. Huntington shook her head decidedly.

"Not unless you want to, dear," she said. "I think it's good for you to get out regularly during the day."

A grateful smile struggled through the sorrow on Jean's face. "Then," she whispered, "I don't mind a bit having to give up the dances."

At the bottom of the steps, Mr. Huntington helped the two Shermans into the car. Meanwhile, on the porch, Mrs. Huntington turned to the doctor. "Nothing serious, I hope?" she asked in a guarded voice.

"Not in the least." The doctor stood with satchel in hand. "All she needs is rest. She's simply worn herself out."

"You mean I did," said Mrs. Huntington. "I've been trying for weeks to tire her out during the day so she'd let that poor boy get some sleep at ——"

She turned, as the limousine began to move, and waved a friendly answering farewell to the handkerchief that fluttered like an imprisoned white moth against the window of the car.

EXTRA LEGAL

(Continued from Page 11)

board with its gilded letters, modest in dimensions, was in place, he stepped back to observe the effect:

CALEB HOPE
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Then, turning to the carpenter who had performed the manual labor, he said in his weary voice, "There's my lump of sugar. The question is: Will it attract flies?"

"More like to attract hornets," said the carpenter, gathering up his tools, collecting his dollar and walking away without enlarging upon his somewhat depressing answer.

Caleb went inside, where a certain amount of renovation was under way. There were a new and economical desk, a swivel chair and a bookcase. Into this case he now moved the contents of his heavy trunk, and so displayed such titles as Cooley on Torts and Mechem on Sales and the Compiled Statutes and the State Reports. Having completed this labor, nothing more remained to be done; so he seated himself in his chair, leaned back as comfortably as possible and took up the practice of the law. This consisted in the lighting of a pipe and in the blowing of smoke rings, at which he was exceedingly proficient.

So he sat for perhaps two hours. At the end of that time a car drew up at his door and a gentleman alighted. Caleb's melancholy eyes perceived this with some astonishment, not deeming it possible the call might be upon himself. Nevertheless, the gentleman entered and stood just within the door.

"Mr. Hope?" he asked.

"It is, indeed," said Caleb.

"My name is Rooney," said the gentleman.

"Will you be seated? That chair is new—in fact it has never been occupied."

Caleb studied his visitor, perceived him to be a man of fifty years, excellently tailored, with gray eyes, a face of authority which one was inclined to like at first glance, and a slenderness of waistline which spoke of splendid condition.

"I came," said Mr. Rooney in an affable voice, "to welcome you to Luxor. May I ask what attracted you to our town?"

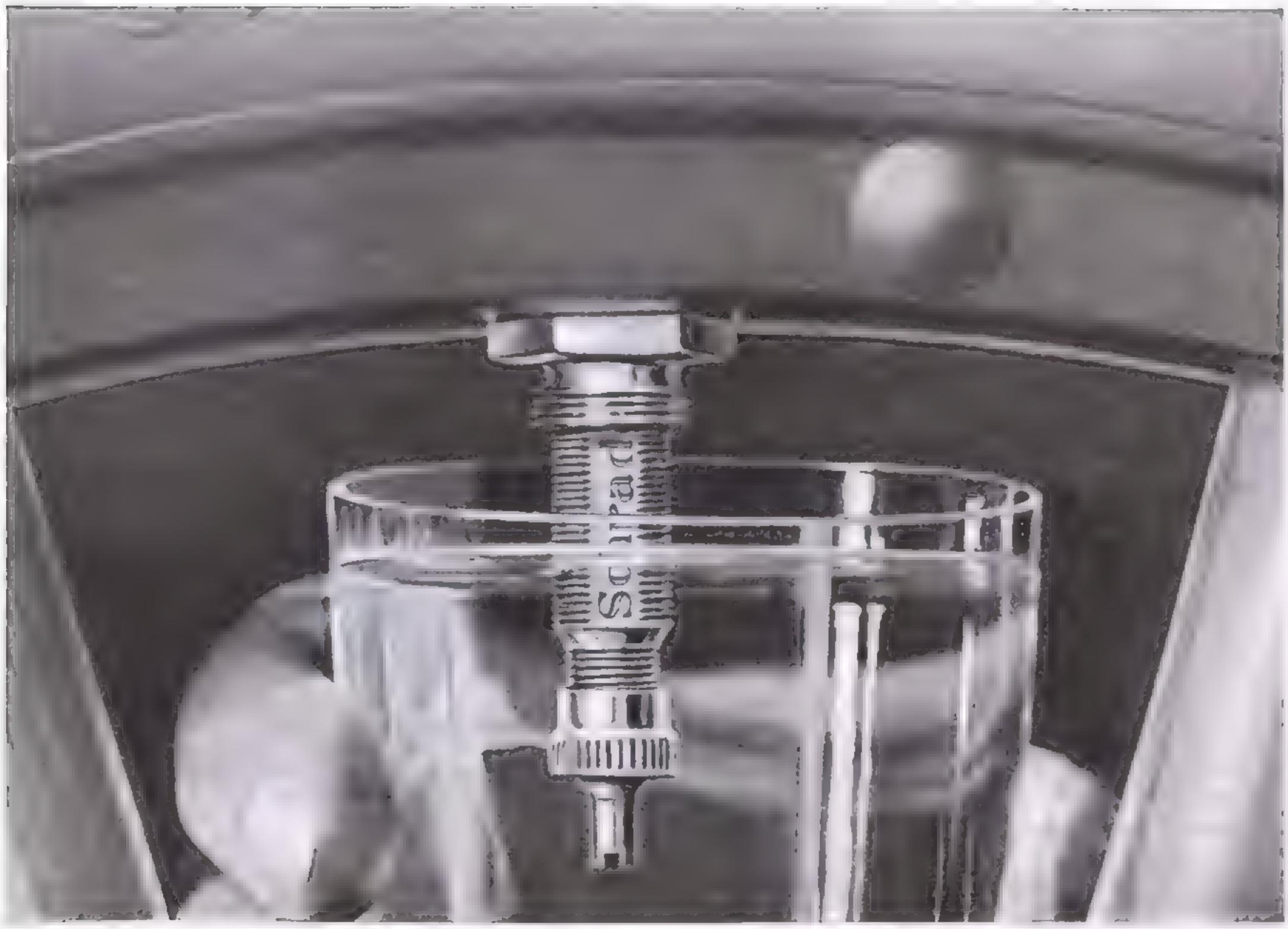
"The statistics," said Caleb, "seemed to indicate there was an opening."

"Ah! . . . There is always an opening for the right sort of man. You know, we have two lawyers at the present time."

"They were a part of the statistics," said Caleb.

Mr. Rooney smiled. "I myself have considerable law business from time to

(Continued on Page 64)



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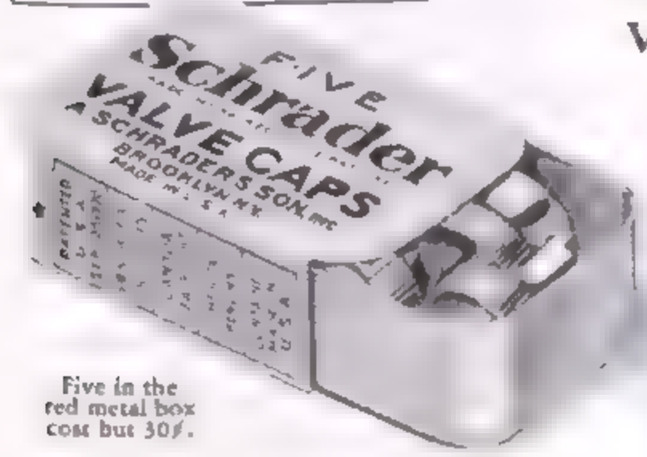

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TIRE VALVES — TIRE GAUGES

(Continued from Page 62)

time. I thought it might encourage you if I dropped in on your first day—to become your first client."

"It is more than I anticipated," said Caleb.

"There is nothing specific—of more importance than the examining of a title. I don't like to be bothered with piecework or little bills rendered from time to time. Would you care to accept an annual retainer?"

"I am complimented," said Caleb.

"Suppose I give you my check for two hundred and fifty dollars—which will give me first call on your services. Work of importance, of course, to be paid for according to your schedule of fees."

"And in return for the retainer?"

"The usual consideration—first call upon your services."

"May I ask," said Caleb, "if the other gentlemen of my profession are under retainer to you?"

"They have found it to their advantage," said Mr. Rooney.

"Ah!" said Caleb. "I believe a large portion of this town is in your employment?"

"A large part."

"With all the lawyers under retainer to you, what happens if someone fancies he has a grievance against you or your company?"

"Oh," said Mr. Rooney with a genial smile, "I have no objection to your taking cases against me—only"—and here he paused a very brief pause—"only to your winning them."

Caleb sighed wearily. "It does sound foolish to decline one's first client," he said.

"Indeed it does," agreed Mr. Rooney.

"But," said Caleb, "I have led a very foolish life, and I prize consistency."

"Eh?"

"And today I feel even more foolish than usual."

Mr. Rooney's eyes were level now and very bright, but his genial expression remained in its place.

"You wouldn't care to take the night to reconsider?" he asked.

"Somehow," said Caleb, "my first judgment always seems to be the worst—so I stick to it."

"Would the size of the retainer affect your attitude?"

"Now there's a strange phase of my foolishness," said Caleb. "I don't seem to care much about money."

"What do you care about?" Mr. Rooney asked with real interest.

"I wish I knew," said Caleb.

"I'm afraid you've made a mistake—coming to Luxor."

"I make so many mistakes," said Caleb wearily.

"May I ask if I was one of the statistics you took into consideration before moving to Luxor?"

"I had heard of you," said Caleb.

"If it's a fair question, who is back of you?"

"Not a soul," said Caleb. "I'm all there is to the army."

"For the last time of asking," said Mr. Rooney, "will any reasonable inducement change your mind?"

"You see," said Caleb in his most melancholy tone, "I've a sort of an idea, and when I get one I'm sort of compelled to try it out."

"Then good afternoon, Mr. Hope. . . . Yes, I fear you made a mistake coming to Luxor."

"Good afternoon," said Caleb.

III

MELVIN PALMER, commonly called Mel by the vicinage, was Marty Rooney's second pair of eyes. Marty had been keeping those eyes on Caleb Hope for the month that had elapsed since the young man's arrival in Luxor, and at the moment Mel was reporting.

"I can't make him out," said Mel. "He don't do anything."

"As how?" asked Mr. Rooney.

"Well, when a young lawyer comes to town he generally joins the Elks and the Masons and the Moose, and gets to pass the collection plate in a church, and stirs himself around conspicuous."

"And Hope has done none of these things?"

"He ain't done anything but set," said Mel. "I guess we don't need to bother about him."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Mr. Rooney.

"And when he talks you can't make head or tail to it. Kind of flighty."

"I liked him," Mr. Rooney said with a quick nod of his head. "I wish he'd come in out of the wet. But if he won't we'll have to let him spoil his Sunday suit in the rain."

"He sets around the railroad station a lot," said Mel.

"That," said Mr. Rooney, "is a harmless pastime. . . . Don't lose sight of him."

It was true that Caleb resorted to none of the time-honored methods of making himself known to Luxor; but this was because he was thinking not of tomorrow or of a year hence but in terms of five and ten, or even of twenty years. He would introduce himself to the town, but in his own way and at the right moment. Meantime he was laying a basis of knowledge, and Mr. Briggs, station agent, was his unwitting instructor. At the end of thirty days Caleb knew the history of every person of any significance in Luxor; he knew past events and future ambitions. He was acquainted with family feuds and marriages and prospective matings. He knew the two political parties were one, except for show purposes, and that Marty Rooney dictated the policies and candidates of both of them. In every election Marty had two candidates in the field, one Democratic, the other Republican, and it mattered little to him which was victorious. The village government was his, the justices of the peace, the prosecuting attorney, the circuit judges, the sheriff. It was a very neat and compact arrangement. Caleb studied it as Fabre studied spiders, nor was it his intention to act for himself until he had all the data in hand.

"You hain't had a case yit," Mr. Briggs said accusingly.

"I've noticed it," said Caleb.

"Why don't you stir around amongst folks and git acquainted? How d'ye expect to git business by jest settin'?"

"Why do rabbits turn white in winter?" asked Caleb.

"Eh? Why, so as they won't be seen agin the snow."

"Well," said Caleb, "I'm pretending I'm a rabbit."

"Ain't you lonesome?"

"Some day I'll probably wish I could be lonesome, so I'm laying in a supply of it to last."

"The's times," said Mr. Briggs, "when I figger you're kind of queer."

"Thank you," said Caleb, as if it had been a compliment.

"If it was me now," said Mr. Briggs, "I'd be shootin' off firecrackers to attract folks' attention."

"Suppose," said Caleb, "I were to shoot off a thousand little firecrackers and scatter them all over. They would scarcely be noticed. But if I were to take all those firecrackers and make them into a bomb and turn it loose at noon in the square, the whole town would hear it and remember it."

"Um!" grunted Mr. Briggs ruminatively. "Wa-al, then why don't you git back Peter Ogden's patents from Marty Rooney. I cal'late that 'ud be a bomb. You'd git heard of as far's the state capital."

Caleb sighed wearily. "I take it the patents were valuable."

"Marty's usin' 'em in his mills, and the story goes he's refused a sight of money for the use of 'em from the Great Atlantic Pulp and Paper Company. Oh, they're valuable, all right—and they was Peter's too. Marty done him out of 'em and never give him a cent."

"If it's not too much trouble," Caleb said, "you might suggest to Mr. Ogden that he drop in to see me."

"D'ye mean you aim to buck Marty Rooney?"

"What I want to advertise to this town," said Caleb, "is that I not only want to buck Mr. Rooney but that, given the opportunity, it can be done with neatness and dispatch."

IV

PETER OGDEN called. He was rather a whiskery person and not given to words, but it was apparent that he hated Marty Rooney with vigor and repressed enthusiasm. He had, it appeared, worked out his invention in Rooney's machine shop with Rooney's permission and encouragement, and upon Rooney's advice had allowed the mill owner to take out the patents in his name.

From the commencement of his experiments Rooney had paid him machinist's wages, which Peter then regarded as an act of generosity. When the machine and process were complete and successful and patents were obtained, Rooney dismissed him abruptly.

"He claimed," said Peter, "that he only hired me as a machinist to work out his idea. It was not his idea, Mr. Hope; it was my idea. It has cheapened and sped up the manufacture of sulphite pulp. A royalty of a few cents a ton would have given me a handsome living—and the Great Atlantic people want it."

"Did you sign any papers?" Caleb next asked.

"I suppose so. I don't remember. When he discharged me he gave me five hundred dollars. Called it a bonus."

"And you signed something then, of course."

"Come to think of it, I guess I did. I needed that money badly, Mr. Hope."

"This was how long ago?"

"Two years."

"And you've never done anything?"

"I've never had the money to hire lawyers, and when I talked to these in town about taking it on a contingent basis they just laughed at me; said I had no case."

"At least," said Caleb, "they gave you sound advice."

"You mean I have no case?"

"Not a shadow," said Caleb.

Peter Ogden got up slowly. "Well, I'm sorry I troubled you," he said.

"You've talked a great deal about this matter?"

"It has been on my mind—the injustice of it," said Peter.

"Everybody in town seems to know about it."

"I guess so."

"People seem to feel Mr. Rooney used you hardly."

"I can't spend sympathy at the grocery store," said Peter. He took up his hat and started for the door.

"Are you going away?" Caleb asked.

"You say I've no case."

"Not in the courts," said Caleb; "but there's the great court of public opinion, you know. You've a case there."

"Its writ doesn't run to Marty Rooney."

"No"—Caleb sighed as though he were weary—"it's true. But, Mr. Ogden, there are other ways to kill a cat besides choking it to death with mice. . . . I think I'll take your case."

"But you say I have none."

"The law's against you."

"Then what's the use?"

"Well," said Caleb, "I'm one of those attorneys who can take my law or leave it alone."

"What can you do?"

"Start suit against Marty—and look foolish." Peter Ogden waited, for he felt there was more to come. "It will be nice," said Caleb, "if Mr. Rooney thinks we are foolish. The more foolish he thinks I am, the better for all concerned. Yes, we'll start suit, and Mr. Rooney will laugh, and everything will be all right."

"But we'll be beaten, you say."

"Thrown out of court by the scruff of the neck," said Caleb in his most melancholy voice. "But we'll make all the motions. Yes, we'll make some unnecessary motions. We'll keep Marty's eye on the court while we burgle his pantry."

"I don't follow you," said Peter Ogden.

"It's a misfortune I suffer from; it's chronic. Mr. Ogden, will you do exactly as I tell you?"

Peter bent forward and looked long into Caleb's eyes.

"I don't mind telling you," said Caleb, "that I'm using you to fry a fish of my own."

"What fish?" asked Peter. And then—"I haven't any money."

"You wouldn't have," said Caleb. "I don't seem to attract moneyed clients. I'll take my pay in fried fish—if we lose. If we win I'll render a bill."

"I think," said Peter, "I'll ride with you. I don't understand you, and I don't know where you're going; but I've climbed into the wagon."

"Some day," said Caleb, "I'll remind you of that."

V

MR. ROONEY neglected no weapons in the warfare which he waged against the world. If he regarded his niece as a sword blade, that is not to be charged against her, and he knew that a lovely young woman may sometimes be of much greater importance to a young man than any financial consideration.

He even guessed that beauty might dazzle the eyes so that they would not be able to scrutinize the ethics of a situation too closely.

Therefore nobody was surprised, not even Caleb Hope, when Marty's car drew up to the sidewalk one afternoon and Mr. Rooney called to the young lawyer, who was passing.

"Mr. Hope," he said, "this is my niece, Seena. She's having some young folks up at the house Friday night, and I've suggested she ask you to come and get acquainted."

"I should be glad to have you," said Miss Rooney, somewhat distantly, for Caleb had not been so meticulous about his toilet as her standards demanded.

"Must be pretty dull for you," said Marty. "I've noticed you've not got acquainted rapidly."

Caleb did not smile; he scrutinized Seena Rooney mildly and then asked in his melancholy voice, "Have you abolished Melchior yet?"

She flushed and frowned.

"Eh?" said Marty. "What's this? Abolished who?"

"Melchior," said Caleb, "is a mule. He failed to understand the situation."

"If you're going to catch that train ——" Seena said coldly to her uncle.

"Be sure to come up Friday," Marty said as the car commenced to move away.

(Continued on Page 67)

The how-did-it-happen conference

one of the needless and costly blights of modern business

HERE is one of those office post-mortems in which several agitated men are trying to fix the blame for a mistake. The mistake cost money—so did the post-mortem.

The way to prevent these how-did-it-happen conferences is to put down on paper what is to be done, how it's to be done, when it's to be done, and who is to do it. Then the thing gets done, and usually it's done right the first time.

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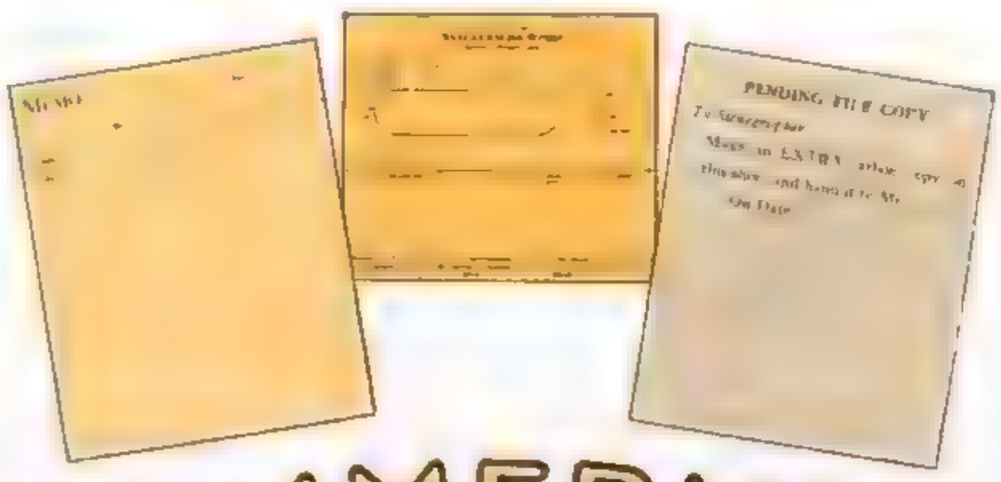

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REO

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Statistical proof of the extent to which Reo engineers have been successful in the quest for that ideal combination is found in the following figures:

According to life-tables compiled by Professor Griffin, of the University of Michigan, there should have been in use on January 1st, 1926, a total of 81,173 Reo pleasure cars—if the average life of the Reo car were identical with the average life of all cars.

There were, in fact, 117,126 Reo pleasure cars in registered use in the United States alone on that date—or 44.3% more than would have been the case if the life-span of the Reo had been nearly equal to the average.

No other make of American-built car shows so high a percentage above the average.

Proving again that

"NOT ONE AMERICAN CAR LASTS
AS LONG AS REO—NOT ONE"

REO · MOTOR CAR COMPANY · *Lansing, Michigan*

(Continued from Page 64)

"Friday?" said Caleb thoughtfully. "I'm afraid I can't come Friday. Thank you."

Seena's face was still flushed as they drove up the hill, and her lips were compressed. "That young man," she said, "was making fun of me or he was criticizing me. And he'll wait a long time before I ask him again."

Marty's eyes twinkled. "It looks," he said, "as if there are two folks in town you can't bully—Melchior and this young fellow."

"I wonder just what he meant," said Seena presently.

But Caleb Hope knew exactly what he meant. As he walked toward his office he was thinking, "Mind your eye, young man. She's loaded. And Marty pointed her right at my head. If she can't name the game, she won't play." And then, as he crossed the threshold—"But you can look at her without flinching."

He completed drafting the bill of complaint in the case of Peter Ogden against Martin Rooney, in which he embodied a number of points and demands which he rather fancied would be regarded as absurd. He asked for an injunction restraining Rooney from using Ogden's device, an accounting, and other remedies in equity which there was no remote chance of the court's granting to his client, and then he drove over to the county seat and filed his action. He returned to Luxor and hunted out Peter Ogden.

"Mr. Ogden," he said, "you've undertaken a grave responsibility. You're my whole legal practice. That's a lot for one man to have on his shoulders."

"More will come," said Mr. Ogden consolingly.

"If it's not an embarrassing question, how much money have you—cash?"

"I've got a thousand dollars in a savings account. It was left me."

"Well, we'll give it a chance to leave you," said Caleb. "Now I've got a trifle over four thousand. I guess five will do it."

"Do what?"

"One thing a legal practice has to learn is to trust its lawyer—blindly. No matter what happens, all you'll lose is money."

"But can't I know what you aim to do with my money?"

"If you think anybody's going to question you, and you've got to answer, tell them I'm planning to speculate. . . . Um—either you're my practice or you aren't. You're a pretty good practice as such things go, and I hate to lose you."

Peter Ogden peered for a moment at the melancholy face of the young man, and then he thumped the desk.

"By heck," he said explosively, "you get it!"

"I've just started a foolish lawsuit for you." Peter nodded. "Marty Rooney'll laugh. I'd laugh myself, only I never formed the habit. My humor is purely technical, like mathematics or a recipe for fruit cake. I know the ingredients that go into a joke and I put 'em in. I'm going out and put some in now."

He did. For weeks he continued to put them in—to the vast amusement of Marty Rooney, who at last reached a conclusion about Caleb. In the beginning he had been uncertain; then, for a day, he had suspected Caleb might contain dangerous possibilities; but now he knew the young lawyer to be a fatuous incompetent. Why, Caleb seemed to be spending his whole time hunting for witnesses for his client! And such witnesses! And such questions as he asked them!

These interviews came back to Marty quickly and he chuckled. "I guess we saved money," he said to Melvin Palmer, "when Hope turned down our retainer. He's a washout."

"Looks so," said Mr. Palmer. "He ain't nothin'. He's jest a knot hole in nothin'."

But Caleb did not spend so much time interrogating possible witnesses as the facts seemed to show. There were whole days when he interrogated nobody, when in fact he was absent from Luxor. But so inconsequential had he become that nobody noticed his goings or his comings. As a matter of fact, he was speculating with his four thousand dollars and with Peter Ogden's one thousand. On the surface, he seemed to be speculating as foolishly as he practiced law, for he was trying to buy an electric-light company!

Now five thousand dollars is a small sum to buy even a minute electric-lighting plant, even if it were a water-power plant with a dinky dam. It was pretty average insane when it became apparent that the lowest figure he could buy the enterprise for was thirty-five thousand dollars. Peter Ogden's hair would have turned. It would have fallen out had he learned that Caleb actually bought the Cairo electric-lighting system and charter for that sum and paid down five thousand spot cash, with promise to pay the rest in two equal installments in thirty and sixty days.

For that five thousand was all the capital Caleb controlled; he could not borrow more, he had no backing—and that was all there was to it.

The transaction made him even more melancholy than usual, which was what it should have done.

Twice in this space of time he had met Seena Rooney. The first time she bowed to him very distantly. The second, as his hand went to his hat, her eyes swept over and past him in the cut direct. Apparently her dislike of him had been strengthened, as, in point of fact, it had been. Seena was the sort who might tolerate for purposes of battle a man whose manners she did not approve, but she could only despise one with a fatuous intelligence. And Marty had described in his humorous, forceful way the sort of intellect Caleb possessed.

"If," Caleb said to himself, "I were as good-looking as that, I'd live up to it."

It was a week later that Caleb was called into court. Marty's attorneys had made a preliminary motion which, if there is anything in law at all, was destined to throw Caleb and his case out into the dusty road. So Caleb, with his client, drove over to the county seat. The motion was called and Caleb arose.

"Your Honor," he said, "I arise out of turn. It seems to me that in all litigation an effort should be made to settle the question in issue out of court."

"Some issues never should be brought into court," said the judge brusquely. He owed his elevation to the bench to the favor of Marty Rooney.

"Therefore," said Caleb, "I would like to request that the parties to this action be given twenty minutes together in your chambers to see if a settlement cannot be reached."

The judge glanced at Marty, who nodded. "Very well; through that door."

The party filed out of the court room and into the chambers of the judge, where, somewhat to his embarrassment, Caleb saw sitting Seena Rooney.

"You have met my niece," said Marty affably. "She drove over with me, and the judge allowed her to sit here comfortably while we wrangled. You don't object to her presence?"

Caleb turned his tall, spare, drooping figure and gazed at her briefly with weary eyes. "No," he said, "I don't object—not seriously."

"Very well, suppose we proceed," said Marty's counsel. "What is your proposition?"

"It's in my bill of complaint," said Caleb. "We're reasonable. All we ask is a transfer of the patents to my client, an agreement to pay a royalty of so much a ton for the use of his device and process in future. We will waive all past damages with the exception of the sum of five thousand dollars to be paid in cash. . . . I guess that's about what we're willing to do."

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. "No use going further," he said to Marty.

"Let's go a little further," Caleb said. "Let's go for quite a walk. . . . Are you gentlemen interested in geography?"

"Not today," said Marty.

"But this is local geography. While we're here together I'd like to have a matter cleared up by you men who know the country."

The man, thought Marty, was even more of an incompetent than he had thought.

"What matter?" he asked with the sort of patience one displays toward a defective child.

"It's about the Raisin River," said Caleb. "Now suppose a man owned the electric-light plant here at Milltown and had options on the plants at Jonesboro and Jasonville and Panhandle. . . . See, on this map. And suppose those plants depended on water power. And suppose again that the plan of this man was to build up a power system on the Raisin River—which he might dispose of at a great profit to the Interstate Power Company."

Marty was leaning forward, interested now in the question of geography.

"How did you know all this?" he asked.

"I'm just supposing," said Caleb wearily. "But I'm supposing that such a system, and particularly the Interstate, would be interested in a great storage reservoir to hold water through the dry summer months."

"Yes?" said Marty.

"Well, what would such a man do in case he couldn't get the electric-light plant and its charter at Cairo?"

"Eh?"

"Cairo is where the East and West Branches flow into Raisin Pond. The Cairo dam is at the lower end of the pond and raises the level of the water about two feet. The pond is a mile long. . . . But the situation is such, is it not, that a dam across that valley some hundreds of feet long and thirty feet high would form in that saucer a storage lake seven miles long and sufficient for a vast power enterprise. Am I right?"

"What," asked Marty, "has this to do with the Ogden suit?"

"Well," said Caleb, "I've discovered that if you can't catch a rabbit by putting salt on its tail, you can get him sometimes with a butterfly net. It's not the usual method, but, with patience, it'll work."

"Just what are you getting at?"

"At this, Mr. Rooney: You own or control or desire to own the light and power of this valley. But none of it is worth a tinker's darn without Cairo. That's the key. You've a chance to pick up something pretty big if you can open the lock, haven't you?"

"You seem to know," said Marty.

"Yes, indeed. Now I'm a lawyer and I've got a client. He's the only one I've got, so I want to do well by him. That will attract other clients, won't it?"

"It would seem so."

"But my client has no standing in court."

"You admit that?" demanded Marty's counsel.

"Gladly," said Caleb. "But at the same time I think I've assumed what the brokers call a trading position. Yes, I think so. You see, my client and I own the Cairo plant, lock, stock and barrel. We own the charter, and it was a charter given when legislatures were a bit more free with such things than they are today. In short, Mr. Rooney, I've got the key to your lock."

"And then what?"

"Why," said Caleb, "I'm willing to do a little trading. But it's got to be done quickly. I'll swap you the Cairo thing for a stipulation to enter a decree in favor of my client, granting him all the relief he asks."

"Nonsense!" said Marty's counsel.

Marty's face was not jovial now, nor was it alarmed or angry. It was singularly self-controlled, and his very bright gray eyes were studying Caleb.

"You own Cairo?" he asked.

"Yes, and can run it profitably until the cows come home. It's a sure investment for my client and myself. But we'll part with it—if you decide within fifteen minutes. After that time the offer is withdrawn."

"Um ——" said Marty.

"You will notice, perhaps," said Caleb, "that there is no effort to dicker. You've got to have that plant, Mr. Rooney, and I could hold you up for a sweet sum. I'm not interested in sweet sums. I'm a lawyer, serving his client. My job is to get for him what he wants. Beyond that I have no interest. I'm shooting straight with you." Again Marty grunted. "My client could not hope to get relief in a legal manner, so it was necessary to become a bit extra-legal. . . . Three minutes are gone."

"And your terms?"

"The relief asked in the bill of complaint, with a check now for five thousand in lieu of all damages to date."

Marty turned for an instant and looked at his niece. She was staring at Caleb with puckered eyes.

"Young man," he said, "would a retainer of five thousand a year interest you?"

"It would interest me," said Caleb, "but not seduce me."

"I know," said Marty, "when I'm licked. Got the papers here?"

"All in order."

"Trot 'em out," said Marty. He signed a check and tossed it to Caleb. "I might raise that retainer to ten thousand," he said.

"Somehow," Caleb answered, "money doesn't interest me much. Oh, I'll make some—enough."

"What are you interested in, if I may ask?"

"Politics," said Caleb.

Marty lifted his shoulders. "And you've made a start," he said without venom. "When the news of this gets out—as of course you will see to it it does ——"

"That will be necessary," said Caleb sadly.

"When it gets out—that you've licked me—well, you'll be on the way. . . . Still, I'm a politician myself. Don't you think it would be better if we swung in together instead of going to war?"

"I'm afraid," said Caleb, "there isn't a band wagon big enough to hold both of us."

"Then," said Marty regretfully, "I'll have to eliminate you. I can't have you around underfoot tripping me up. . . . But I can use you."

"The trouble is," said Caleb, "you can't. I'm useless to anybody but myself. I guess that's all. We'll file this stipulation. Thank you, gentlemen."

He bowed, bowed to Seena in turn, who did not cut him.

Indeed, her eyes were eloquent with something like respect, mingled with disliking. But they followed him as he left the room with Peter Ogden.

"Now," said Marty, "there's one young man I underestimated. He's young and he's nobody—yet. We've got to see he never is. The first business in hand from now on, laying everything else aside, is to abolish him."

"Do you really need bother about him?" asked the counsel.

"Friend," said Marty, "when the news of this day's job gets out in the county, that young man will be a power—and that's why he did it. He laid low until he got just the chance he wanted, and then he whanged away with both barrels." He smiled at Seena. "I guess we'll have to revise our notions of him."

"I don't like him," said Seena.

"He hasn't asked you to—yet," said Marty significantly.

VI

BEFORE dinnertime the news of the event was discussed on every corner and in every home in Luxor. A man had appeared with brains enough and finesse enough and courage enough to give a licking to Marty Rooney, and if Peter Ogden were not wrong, honest enough to tie to.

Next morning four clients waited outside Caleb's office for his arrival. Overnight Caleb Hope had become the most discussed character in Luxor—which had been his intention from the beginning.

"Sensitive skin and stubborn beard"

So it HAS to be

MENNEN

* * *

Here's the first Contest Prize Winning Letter

Mr. H. R. Bowen, 6720 Leland Way, Hollywood, California, wins the traveling bag for the first Mennen bag contest. Here's his letter:

Dear Jim Henry: I found Mennen Shaving Cream as I found my favorite tobacco—by Elimination.

Do you remember how you searched and searched for THE tobacco for your favorite pipe? How you eliminated and eliminated until you found the brand which soothed and pleased the tongue?

Having a combination of a sensitive skin and a stubborn beard I had to seek a Super Cream. A Cream which would soften my beard and yet not irritate my skin. I tried and eliminated various creams until I found Mennen. The One Cream to satisfy all requirements. After five years of companionship, we are pals.

"Mennen-ly" yours,
(Signed) H. R. Bowen

You fellows who smoke pipes know what it is to hit upon just the *right* tobacco. And the first time you lather up and shave with Mennen Shaving Cream, you'll get as great a kick as from your first pipeful of some rich, mellow, old blend of tobacco.

The secret's in *Dermutation*—the unique Mennen process of beard softening. It gives a quicker, better shave and leaves your face cleaner, smoother and better conditioned than anything you ever tried. The 100% *right* feeling that Mr. Bowen was hunting for and found.

The best things in life come by elimination, anyway. By elimination you find the right job, the place to live, even the right wife. Try every other way to shave—then you'll come to Mennen for keeps. The big tube costs only 50c.

Then get set on Mennen Skin Balm for after shaving. It's tingly, cool, refreshing—and tones up the skin. Comes in 50c tube. Better than liquids. And Mennen Talcum for Men for the final well-groomed touch. Matches your skin—doesn't show. Antiseptic. Protecting against the weather. 25c for a large tin.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

P. S.—Mr. Mennen wants me to give his personal thanks to everyone who competed in the contest. There was a fine lot of answers—a high average of exceptionally good ones and at least a dozen which pretty nearly tied for the prize.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
Newark, New Jersey

The Mennen Company, Limited
Montreal, Quebec

HONOR

(Continued from Page 17)

in search of a weapon and cried, "I will kill him! I'm no good anyway! I will kill him!"

The congressman, with his dark wavy hair and mustache, flowing tie and negligent clothes, had been at a loss—or, like myself, thought Oscar was off his head from fever. My Uncle Clay said our representative at Washington was always posing and acting a part. I knew he had especially requested the newspaper to print his name invariably in full—Wolfe Tone Fitzgerald; never a mere W. T. I noticed that he was pale today. But Oscar's reference to Edith Hilton's visit enlightened him. His eyes seemed to question Ben Wistrom.

Then, with a sort of eagerness, he said, "Why not?"

"That boy?" Ben Wistrom demanded indignantly.

"No! Of course not! Of course not!" Fitzgerald replied hastily, and turned to Oscar with an air of authority, putting a hand on his shoulder. "You've no right! That would do her no good. It's not your affair, son."

That view of the matter appeared to dash Oscar and left him staring. Ben Wistrom put in forcefully, "Of course it's not your affair! You're making a fool of yourself! Understand, you're not going out of this room!"

Oscar stared at his captors; then silently went over to the old lounge, throwing himself upon it face down. I thought Congressman Fitzgerald was rather confused before Ben Wistrom.

"Keep an eye on him," he said aside, with his air of authority; but when he went out of the room it struck me somehow that he was crestfallen.

And that left me all at sea, my wits seven ways for Sunday. Ben Wistrom looked at Oscar's back, then tiptoed to the desk that Oscar used and took a newspaper from it. His thick finger pointed to an article on the front page. Holding the paper out to me, he nodded toward the inner room. I took the sheet from him and tiptoed in there to read it. In only a moment I saw that this blood was partly on my Uncle Clay's head.

His weekly newspaper, The Herder, was afflicted in a way that our doctors called slow consumption—every three months a few less subscribers and a few less advertisements. You could count its ribs. For one thing, the town had gone beyond it. Only five years before this a band of real outlaws had been cleared out of their stronghold up on the Niobrara River in good dime-novel fashion; but McCullom, with its brick buildings, paved streets, electric lights and nine thousand inhabitants, considered itself a long way from frontier. Among other improvements we had, of late, a daily newspaper. It was only four pages, but enough to do the business for my uncle's languishing Herder.

That winter a man named George White had drifted into town—from nobody knew exactly where—and persuaded Uncle Clay to engage him for soliciting advertisements and drumming up subscriptions. I was taking an interest in apparel then, being two years past the period when I washed the back of my neck without being told. I thought George White the best dressed man in town. At any rate his apparel advertised him as a dandy as far away as you could see him. I wondered how he managed it on a salary of eighteen dollars a week. He had regular features and pansy eyes. Women often turned to look at him in the street. He knew that well enough. It was, in fact, the capital on which he seemed chiefly to depend for getting himself through life. His impudence was incredible.

I soon took to disliking him, because he had a vile tongue about women; but was careful to keep the dislike to myself, for it seemed a rather effeminate trait and I was ambitious to be considered a hard-boiled citizen. Somebody had started a weekly journal in Lincoln—one of those blackguardly, blackmailing, so-called society papers that are always springing up out of social muck. It affected the smart, cynical air usual to such publications. It affected also an interest in literature, offering small prizes for the best verses submitted to it.

I was interested in the sheet because Oscar sent verse to it. Twice his contributions had been printed—without a prize or any other acknowledgment. Then he scraped up seventy-five cents for three months' subscription to make sure of not missing his poems if any more were printed. He always looked the paper over eagerly when it reached him on Monday.

Soon after George White's arrival in town this journal began printing a weekly letter from McCullom. I shouldn't have thought of White, but he boasted of his authorship. No doubt there was a method in it that I did not understand. Being known as a contributor to the Lincoln publication gave him an opportunity now and then to do a little business for himself in the blackmailing line. My Uncle Clay, since his wife's death, had sort of lost touch with the hustling, boisterous, combating world in which he lived. It is quite likely that he never saw the society paper or suspected that he was harboring its correspondent.

One day George White was standing by a tall window in the editorial room, looking down into Jefferson Street, in a pink starched shirt, with a lemon-colored tie that had a big imitation pearl stick pin in it, paper shields over his cuffs to keep them clean. He made a vile remark about a woman. I glanced out of the window and saw it was Edith Hilton he meant, and tingled to punch his head, but would have been ashamed to own it. After that it became evident he held a rankling grudge against her, having tried his charms on her and been snubbed. Odd, but he really resented a snub from a woman as much as though it amounted to some outrageous invasion of his natural rights.

The paper that Ben Wistrom handed me was that week's issue of the society journal. White's letter from McCullom was on the front page. It gave no proper names, Fitzgerald appearing as "our leading statesman," and Colonel Hilton as a "gas magnate and political boss," but everybody in McCullom would know who was meant. With some cheap literary plush and tinsel, Fitzgerald's lodgings were given an air of Babylonian luxury and made the scene of Babylonian revels. Thence, it said, the furious gas magnate had dragged his daughter sometime after midnight Wednesday. The impression was left that there had been a struggle which had called up a crowd of curious witnesses and that when the daughter was pulled out on the street by her father she was only partly dressed.

Blood surged to my head and my eyes popped as I read. Vileness could scarcely go further. But the crowning touch was at the end, which said that the young lady prided herself on unconventional conduct and might be seen strolling by moonlight

(Continued on Page 70)

We Were Quite Close to the Frontier and Quite Romantic About Women

The New Lighter Six, Chrysler "60"

At Last Affording Chrysler Supreme Quality in
The Field of The Lower-Priced Six

It is enough to know that the new lighter six, Chrysler "60" *is* a Chrysler. That fact alone bespeaks leadership in its field—the field of the lower-priced six.

The motoring public expects leadership of Chrysler—and every Chrysler leads its field. The famous Chrysler "70", the super-fine Chrysler Imperial "80", have demonstrated this. In fact, Chrysler leadership is conclusively proved daily by the experience of scores of thousands of satisfied Chrysler owners the world over.

In the new lighter six, Chrysler "60" you have, unit for unit, the same standards of quality comprehended in the Chrysler "70" and Imperial "80"—in features, in materials, in craftsmanship, in rigid inspection and test, in characteristics of dependability and long life.

Sixty miles, and more, per hour; unprecedented get-away; gas economy of 22 miles and more per gallon; the striking beauty of Chrysler dynamic symmetry; astonishing riding ease and roadability; the safety of Chrysler four-wheel hydraulic brakes; oil-filter and air-cleaner; full pressure lubrication; seven-bearing crankshaft; impulse neutralizer; road levelizers front and rear; roomy, luxurious bodies.

Never before has the motoring public been offered such supreme quality and value—in the field of the lower-priced Six—as is combined in the new lighter six, Chrysler "60".

Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to demonstrate this to you.

See the new lighter six, Chrysler "60". Drive it, convince yourself that nowhere will you find a Six in the lower price field that can begin to compare with this newest Chrysler achievement.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
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CHRYSLER "60"—*Touring Car* $1[illegible] *Roadster* $1[illegible] *Coupe*, $1185 *Coach*, $1195, *Sedan*, $1295

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CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"—*Phaeton*, $2485, *Roadster* (wire wheels standard equipment, wood wheels optional) $2495 *Coupe* two-passenger $2895 *Coupe four-passenger* $2895, *Sedan*, five passenger $2895 *Sedan*, seven passenger, $3195, *Cabriolet* $3495, *Sedan-limousine*, $3595.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

CHRYSLER "60"

(Continued from Page 68)

with her father's negro coachman. I felt that I myself ought to kill White.

But no doubt he believed that what he had written was substantially true. He had the decayed sort of mind that naturally believed the worst possible of everybody, especially of a woman—and most especially of a woman who had incurably injured him by wounding his conceit. Now and then I have met a man or a woman far gone in inner decay, but never anybody quite so thoroughly decomposed as George White. Through some of his saloon-haunting friends, he must have got a highly colored account of what had happened on the sidewalk that Wednesday night. A rotten imagination, rancor against Edith Hilton and monstrous impudence did the rest. Then, as much as now, the press regarded itself as the special guardian of liberty and, in pursuit of that sacred office, quite absolved from ordinary human decencies. No doubt White had some miry notion of a right to print anything that he happened to believe. At any rate it was printed.

I stayed in the office with an eye to Oscar—who lay like a log—while Ben Wistrom went out to luncheon. Then I got something to eat myself and turned to The Herder office. I knew Uncle Clay did not take the society paper, and I doubted that he had ever seen it. But he ought to know about this and throw out the beast George White. So I went up Jefferson Street and climbed the narrow stairs to the newspaper office, like those that led to Ben Wistrom's.

From the head of the stairs I could look into the messy editorial and business office, the door being open. Nobody was at Uncle Clay's desk in the corner, but at the other desk sat George White in his shirt sleeves, paper shields on his cuffs, going over some accounts. He glanced up as I looked in at the door, but said nothing—only a faint twitch of his lips that was like a sneer. He seemed subdued—maybe rather startled by his letter, now that he had seen it in cold type, and uneasy. He usually spent little time in the office. I hadn't thought of finding him there.

I turned away quickly, not wishing to be in the same room with him, and went down the hall. There were back stairs to the alley as well as front stairs to the street, and part way down the hall a door opened into the inky, smelly composing and press room that occupied all that floor except the smaller editorial and business office in front. There were no linotype machines in those days. Two printers were setting type and the apprentice was doing something at the press. I thought White would go out pretty soon and Uncle Clay would come in, so I loitered in the composing room without speaking to anyone.

The door to the editorial office stood open, and I was on that side of the composing room, idly reading some advertising copy; but from where I stood White was not visible. Then Colonel Hilton abruptly appeared on the other side of the open door, closing it. He wore a grizzled mustache and imperial and an inevitable broad-brimmed cloth hat, in Kentucky colonel style. In the glimpse at the door I saw that he looked gloomy and scowling. That apparition left me gaping, then the roar of a pistol shot in the other room paralyzed me. I looked stupidly around and saw the startled printers, composing sticks in hand, slide from their stools. It was only a matter of seconds until they got their legs in motion toward the closed door.

I got in motion, too, opening the door ahead of them. As I looked in, Colonel Hilton was stalking from the editorial office into the hall, eyes straight ahead, that gloomy scowl on his face. George White was crumpled in the chair behind the desk, half sliding out of it, a speck of blood showing on his shirt bosom in the center of a blackened ring. As I hurried to White, half stunned, I was aware, through the window, of people down below looking up and others running across the street.

I could do nothing about White except gape at him, the red on his shirt front spreading slowly. A policeman came briskly into the room, frowned at me and motioned me aside; so I went over by Uncle Clay's desk. The two printers and the boy had stepped in from the composing room and stood by that door. Now the street below was choked with people—shoppers, shopkeepers, clerks, dropping their business and running to see. But nobody came upstairs. I cannot say how long it was until pursy Doctor Barnum—who partly concealed his baldness by letting his hair grow long on one side and combing it over the bare dome—hurried in and took White's wrist between his fingers. The policeman, following muttered directions, helped him lay the body out on the floor and open the shirt. But my memory gives the scene as almost completely silent, the crowd down below staring up.

It was while the doctor and policeman were busy over the body that the whole tragedy veered and centered upon myself. I had seen Colonel Hilton at the door to the composing room and stalking from the editorial office into the hall. No doubt he had gone along the hall, down the back stairs and into the alley. Therefore it seemed probable that I was the only witness who could positively connect him with the shooting. I had known at once that White was dead. The blackened ring with a bit of red in it was over his heart. It was murder, and I might be the only witness.

That came to me with a shock. For a harrowing moment I expected the policeman to straighten up and begin questioning me. Certainly I didn't want to accuse Edith Hilton's father. But policeman and doctor, without paying the slightest attention to me or to the two printers and the boy, bent over the body. I started for the door, not exactly tiptoeing, and expecting to be halted. Nobody spoke, however, and I stepped into the hall—understanding then why nobody else had intruded, for another policeman stood at the foot of the stairs holding the crowd back. In the hall I moved more rapidly and in a moment was running down the back stairs. No one interfered with me, and I made for home.

I had nothing that could be called a plan or purpose, but obeyed an instinct to hide. The exigent thing just then was not that a man had been murdered but that I was the witness. It was my own trouble that absorbed me. Suppose, as appeared probable, no one else had seen Colonel Hilton at or very near the scene of the murder. Then it would all hang on my testimony. In my mental turmoil it did all hang on my testimony—and there was Edith Hilton!

I went up Niobrara Street to shut myself in the drab, empty house. Of course I couldn't escape; they could readily find me. But I had a confused notion of shutting myself up in order to decide what I should do when they did find me. Turning in through the picket gate, I caught a glimpse of Edith cantering away up the alley on her dappled horse. There were not only country roads but big tracts of unfenced, unbroken, treeless prairie to ride across. Over them we chased jack rabbits with dogs and horses. Edith often took long rides alone, being, I think, the only horsewoman in town. There were no telephones then. Evidently she hadn't heard. That glimpse of her made it more poignant.

It seemed clear enough that I couldn't hang her father. Thinking it over, alone in the house, I came to the immensely comforting conclusion that nobody really knew I had seen Colonel Hilton in the editorial room. Nobody could contradict me if I swore I hadn't seen him there. I could say that somebody, I didn't know who, shut the door between the editorial and composing rooms; then I heard a shot and stepped into the editorial room, and it was empty, save for George White. No, I hadn't seen anyone else.

Of course it would be perjury, and that was a fearsome word. Somebody would cross-examine me perhaps sarcastic, nettle-tongued Walter Hurd, the prosecuting attorney for that county. Could he catch me? Did anyone else know that I had seen Colonel Hilton in the editorial room? It was a harrowing business, pondering that over and over in agitation. But with Edith Hilton's image in my mind, a downright lie, stoutly adhered to, seemed clearly what was required of me. I made up my shaken mind to it—expecting any moment to hear a rap on the door.

It was a distressingly long time—ages, really—in coming. Then it wasn't a rap; but my Uncle Clay opened the door and waddled in, a paper bag in his pudgy hand. He was short, broad and fat, with untidy hair and untidy clothes. There being no woman in the house since my aunt's death, and The Herder being in so unprosperous a state, we lived in a scrappy manner—a midday meal at a cheap restaurant downtown and an improvised supper at home. We were not undernourished, but supper ran mostly to canned salmon, bread and butter, crackers and cheese, and the sort of provender that two males could get on the kitchen table with least trouble. But we almost always made a pot of tea in order to have something warm.

Maybe Uncle Clay, coming home earlier than usual, was surprised to find me shut up in the house. Very likely I was pale. He looked at me sharply, dropping his straw hat on a chair, for we no longer bothered to hang things up.

"White's been shot," he announced, without emotion.

"Yes; I heard of it," said I, sort of feeling the ground quake under my feet. I didn't want to talk to Uncle Clay about it.

It seemed to me he was extremely deliberate in taking off his coat, rolling up his shirt sleeves, unfastening the little bow tie that was half undone already, and taking off the wilted collar, preparatory to going into the kitchen and washing himself at the sink. During these deliberate preparations he threw a sharp glance at me from time to time.

"Hear who did it?" he asked in a casual tone.

"No," said I, "I didn't hear."

"I'll get the supper," said Uncle Clay, and waddled into the kitchen.

I felt quite miserable, and slipped out of the front door and round the house to the back yard in order to escape further conversation. The life of a perjurer, it seemed, could not be a very happy one. I sat down on the broken-backed bench behind the kitchen.

Then there came Edith Hilton cantering down the alley to their stable in full view of me and looking over at me. She was in the stable only an instant, then swiftly crossed the alley and our back yard, and bent over me, pale as a ghost, with big shining eyes.

"Do you know who shot that man, Billy?" she demanded, scant of breath as though she had been running.

There was no calculation about it. I had to tell her, just as when you press a spring the lid flies open.

"It was your father," I said.

To my surprise, that seemed to relieve her. She straightened up and repeated, "Father! Well, that's better. But are you sure?"

"I'm sure," said I, giving her my secret.

But she evidently didn't look upon it as a secret. Her bosom still labored; and she regarded me in an odd sort of way, as though she were making fun of me. We had been pals in a way; that is, that was the relationship which she had fixed between us. But with that odd mocking way of looking at me, I felt her to be a grown-up woman.

"I just heard of it," she commented. It struck me there was bitterness as well as agitation in her tone. "Kind Mrs. Ketcham hailed me on the way home, anxious to tell me and be the first to see me squirm on the gridiron." She sat down beside me, mentally glancing back, and dropped her voice a note: "I was horribly afraid it might have been Oscar—or Wolfe Tone Fitzgerald."

Our congressman had returned from Washington that spring. Presently I began noticing him and Edith Hilton together every now and then, and to hear of their being together. With his wavy hair and romantic air and political reputation, he would naturally be attractive to many women. I had heard stories of his gallantry and was helplessly jealous of him, although I was never in the least jealous of Oscar Hjelm.

"It would have been frightful if it had been Oscar," Edith went on after a moment. "He couldn't have stood it." Then she took me into a grown-up feminine confidence by saying, "You can see how grand it would have been for me if it had been Fitzgerald. To the end of my life I would have been the lady for whose reputation a congressman was obliged to shoot a man; only murder could keep her respectable."

She was wrought up, and abruptly turned on me:

"You men, Billy! You're all conceited brutes, every one of you!" The assault startled me, and yet rather flattered me, counting me in with the ruthless men. She went on:

"What that dirty dog wrote about me would have been forgotten in a month. Now it will never be forgotten—never! It's always that way. You never care a rap about the woman, really. Your own conceit has been hurt. You can't endure having other men grin at you about your female. You've got to make a great splurge and kill somebody to get back your self-esteem." She gave a challenging nod.

"That's the way these things always happen. I can take care of my own respectability, thank you. I could have got over that nasty thing in a nasty newspaper if I had been let alone. But my father had to play his part—outraged parent protecting his daughter's good name by getting it in a dirty story on the front page of every newspaper in the country! You men! He's all right now; he's protected his female; other men will clap him on the back. But it will drive me out of town!" She seemed to hate even me, kind of. "You'll be like that, Billy, when you grow up—never able to think of anybody but yourself."

Perhaps I could have thought of an answer; only I remembered with shame how I hadn't been able to think of anything except my own dilemma about testifying against her father. But at any rate there was something she hadn't thought of; so I said, "Your father may have to answer for it."

She took that suggestion with a coolness that surprised me, replying, "I'm sure there is no danger. The other men will sympathize with him. They understand how a man is obliged to make a fool of himself when one of his females is insulted. He'll get off easily."

With that—callously, as it seemed to me—she dismissed the matter, and mused a moment before saying, "Well, thank God it wasn't Oscar."

"He was all cut up about it," I hinted.

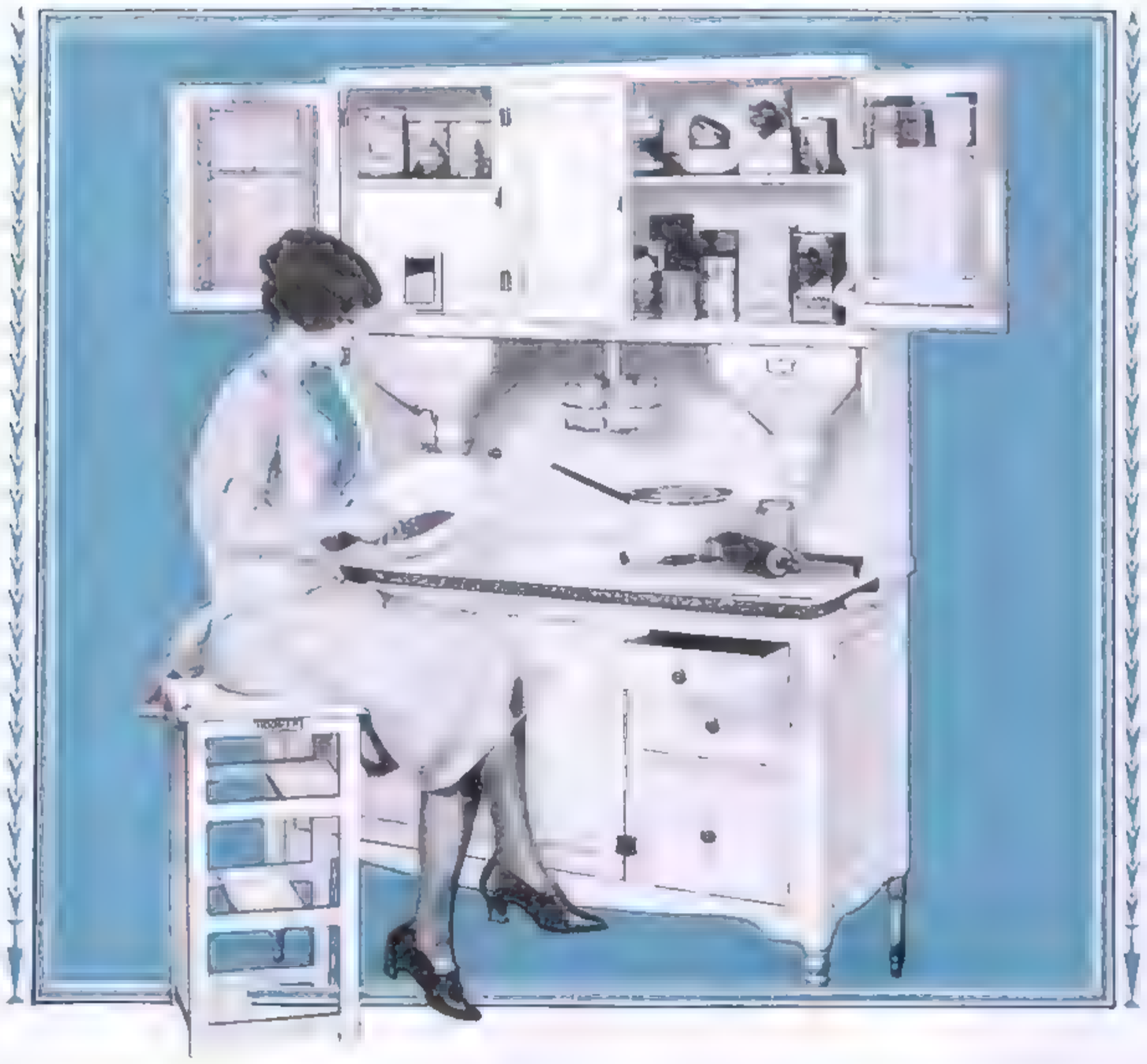
"His head is full of romance," she said. "I suppose a poet's head ought to be. But he hasn't found himself—wrong age. When Mrs. Ketcham told me somebody had shot that man, I got a big jolt—someway thinking of Oscar. It may be, Billy, that he is worth all the rest of us put together. . . . Then I got a jolt for myself thinking of Wolfe Tone Fitzgerald. He's on the stage all the while. He acts in his sleep. He might have felt called upon to play the part. . . . So it's not so bad as I feared." Abruptly she put her arm around me. "When you're grown up keep enough courage to think of somebody else now and then."

A moment later she was gone, and I had a feeling that in some mysterious manner a good deal of gaudy scenery had been swept out with a broom. Still, obviously, nothing had really been changed. I still had to testify. A little later I heard Uncle Clay booming, "Supper's ready."

The canned salmon, buns and tea were on the bare little kitchen table and Uncle Clay was feeding himself. He didn't say anything at first, nor did I. But presently he broke the silence by a quite random

Continued on Page 75

A real working center—



At a little more than half the former cost of this size cabinet

CAN you imagine what your living room would be like if you had your furniture carpenter-built or what it would cost if it were all hand-made? Yet how many women are worrying along with inadequate "built-in" furniture in their kitchens!

Of course you can have shelves and cupboards built in. But shelves and cupboards can never provide what domestic science authorities say every modern kitchen must have. *A real working center!*

There's only one way to get a genuine working center in your kitchen. That is to get one which experts have planned, designed and built—a *Hoosier!*

In a Hoosier Cabinet you get a perfect scientific arrangement of working and storage space and dozens of accessories assembled for quick use. The conveniences you get in a Hoosier mean a saving of at least 1500 steps a day.

Think of it! 1500 steps a day saved! 10% to 15% of the time you spend in getting three meals, free for reading, sewing, playing!

Does your built-in cupboard give you these advantages?

They're all in a Hoosier!

1. *Roomy flour bin above, with sifter attached, keeps flour high and dry, safe from dirt, weevils and mustiness*
2. *Handy sugar bin—easy to clean and fill*
3. *Mouse-, ant- and roach-proof construction*
4. *Spacious, uncluttered work table with genuine porcelain top. Front open or closed as preferred*
5. *Easy to clean—no dirt-gathering crevices and corners*
6. *No warping, cracking or sticking*
7. *No compartments too high to reach—you don't have to climb up on a chair or ladder*

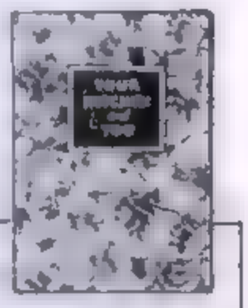
Thousands of women who have found the difference between a real working center and a cupboard are having Hoosier Cabinets and Units installed as a permanent part of their kitchen equipment. If you are building a new home, be sure to ask your architect or builder about Hoosier.

Imagine the beautiful new model shown above, in your kitchen! Unequalled roominess in this—a working table four feet wide and a 55 lb. flour bin capacity! It is a handsome piece of furniture, too, finished in soft, satiny grey enamel with decoration in blue.

And this real working center costs less than your makeshift built-in cupboard! You can now have it for little more than half the former cost of this size cabinet. The usual Hoosier easy paying plan on it, too. Be sure to see this model at the Hoosier store in your city.

FREE—this interesting book on kitchen planning

We shall be glad to send this book of information on kitchen planning, furnishing and decoration to every woman who wants to improve her kitchen. It is free—mail the coupon today.



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Yet even in these recent days of national tire conservation this policy is strictly abreast with the times

It includes, you may recall, the building of the best possible value into the Goodyear product.

It includes also the providing of facilities so that the user can get all of that inbuilt value out.

How well the first part of Goodyear policy is exemplified in the present Goodyear SUPERTWIST Balloon Tire, the whole world knows

How well the second part is supported by the far-flung Goodyear dealer organization is known best to those whom it has served

If tire-costs bother you, we suggest you give the Goodyear dealer near you an opportunity to apply his helpful service.

Out of his knowledge of tires, their care and upkeep, he can save you money and mileage

It has always been Goodyear's idea to sell fewer tires to more customers, rather than more tires to a few

Seemingly it is a sound and popular idea, for "more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."

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Good tires deserve good tubes
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New ' ' ' *Exclusive* ' ' ' *Doubly-Efficient!*

"POSITIVE AGITATION"

It pays
to know the difference between The HOOVER and a vacuum cleaner
as accomplished in the new Hoover is beating—the time-tested requirement of thorough rug-cleaning—reduced to an exact scientific process. Such beating, instead of being concentrated in a few violent strokes as with the carpet-beater or broom, is modified by The Hoover into a series of swiftly repeated air-cushioned taps. This is achieved by means of a totally new appliance—the exclusive and patented Hoover Agitator illustrated here. Suction lifts the rug from the floor and floats it on a cushion of air while the Agitator gently flutters out all the embedded grit as the strong suction draws all the dirt into the dust-tight bag
This is the difference

FIRST the spray of leaves, then the besom, then the broom, then the vacuum cleaner. So has the hardest phase of woman's household work been carried steadily onward into higher and easier spheres.

Now still another development appears—startling, *revolutionary* — the cleaning principle called "Positive Agitation."

Perfected in the *new* Hoover, it lifts home cleaning to yet new levels of ease and certainty—registering perhaps a greater advance than anything that has gone before.

If you have not seen the new Hoover you have a treat in store. It is unlike anything else. New, original, spectacular, it surpasses even the standard-design Hoover in such important particulars as these:

1 For the first time, it makes possible "Positive Agitation" of floor coverings.

2 By actual test, in the ordinary cleaning time, it beats out and sweeps up from carpeting an average of 131% more dirt.

3 It is an even greater rug-saver; the oftener a carpet is cleaned with a Hoover the longer that carpet will wear.

4 It is virtually service-proof, every part, including the new motor, requiring no oiling.

5 It increases the efficiency of its remarkable dusting tools because of its 50% stronger suction.

6 Its exclusive dust- and germ-proof bag is now washable.

7 Its form and finish are of startling beauty; and every new feature insures greater operating ease.

Authorized Hoover Dealers are exhibiting the new Hoover now. And remarkable as it is, they are delivering it for only $6.25 down, with the balance in easy monthly payments.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO • The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners • The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The *New* HOOVER

It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

(Continued from Page 70)

observation, articulating with his mouth half full and looking absently at the wall:

"Sometimes there's lots of comfort in a lie. Kind of like a cave in the mountains with a stone rolled over the hole. There you are, solid rock all around you; nobody can get at you; nobody can see you; safe and snug—inside the lie, I mean. Lots of comfort in that sometimes, when a man's scared stiff. I know how it is myself."

Of course my heart was pumping and I must have turned red; but I couldn't think of anything to say. And after a moment—during which he took another mouthful and partly masticated it—Uncle Clay ruminated aloud again:

"We're funny monkeys. When I was a little shaver I used to sleep upstairs in a small room off the bedroom my father and mother slept in. Of course I had to go to bed long before the old folks. Pretty far away up there, and dark after I blew out the candle. There was a big old walnut clothes press in my father and mother's room. Used to be robbers and Indians and murderers hiding in that old clothes press. I could pretty near hear 'em open the door stealthily in the dark and creep out to cut my throat and scalp me. . . . Very trying times up there in the dark. But by and by, somehow, I found how to fool 'em. You see, if I pulled the blanket over my head, it was just like one of those magic thing-um-bobs in the fairy stories that make you invisible. They might feel all around the bed and stick knives through the covers, but they couldn't possibly touch me, because with the blanket over my head I was charmed. In that way I escaped with my life and went to sleep comfortably. I can remember it now. . . . But we're always just the same kind of funny monkeys, scaring ourselves stiff over something that's never going to happen, then pulling the bedclothes over our heads to charm it away. I've worried my head off, Billy, over no end of things that wouldn't ever have touched me anyway. But I never gave a real thought to the ton of brick that finally fell on me." He glanced round the disgracefully untidy kitchen, and I understood that he meant the death of my Aunt Lucinda.

Thereupon I blurted, "I saw Colonel Hilton shoot White—or the same as saw him."

He took the disclosure very coolly, merely remarking, "Yes; Tom told me so." Tom was one of the printers in the composing room, and had probably been looking at the editorial room door when Colonel Hilton shut it fairly in my face. With unusual mildness, Uncle Clay added, "Generally a big plate-glass window in the cave, Billy. Anyhow, it's a blamed sight harder to get out of than it is to get into, and a poor place to live. I know."

I was overwhelmed at the moment. Presently, and still very mildly, Uncle Clay told me:

"Nothing to worry about. They had the inquest an hour after White was shot—with no undue publicity about it. They'd maneuvered me out of the office on an errand, to leave Hilton a clear field, and had a couple of policemen on hand ready to take charge of affairs. Only two witnesses at the inquest, Doc Burnum and a policeman. Verdict was that White came to his death by a gunshot wound at the hands of some person unknown. And that will be the end of it." He considered a moment and added, "Far as Hilton was concerned, it was about as dangerous as shooting a setting hen."

That perfunctory coroner's verdict, based on the testimony of the doctor and policeman, was the end of the matter as far as the official record went. We were quite close to the frontier and quite romantic about women. The overruling opinion was that a father whose daughter had been grossly traduced was not only justified in shooting the traducer but rather bound, in honor, to do it. Nobody cared a rap about the blackguardly stranger George White; and at least in the case of a man of Colonel Hilton's influence the forms of law were easily made to accommodate themselves to the ruling sentiment.

I soon learned that half an hour after the assassination Wolfe Tone Fitzgerald had declared to a roomful, loudly, with dramatic emphasis and a fierce frown, that if Colonel Hilton hadn't killed the dog, he would have killed him. It was Ben Wistrom who told me. We both recalled how Fitzgerald had said "Why not?" when he found that Oscar was bent on shooting White. I perceived that the statesman had been in a painful dilemma, feeling that his chivalrous reputation rather required him to shoot White, yet dreading like the deuce to do it. For one thing, in Washington they would not look upon such an act so leniently as we did in Western Nebraska at that time. If rattle-headed Oscar did it, that would let him out. Ben Wistrom spoke contemptuously of our congressman.

I don't know what he thought about Oscar. But I couldn't, in time, help remembering that Oscar hadn't struggled very hard with me in the hall. I came to wonder whether he, too, did not have a divided mind, feeling that a romantic code required murder of him, but in his heart hating it. He must have been much too agitated to reason about it; but I wonder if he wasn't secretly relieved when we stopped him.

A wretch had been killed. With all due allowance for his worthlessness, that was tragedy. But perhaps for everybody else concerned there was falsity, theatricals, absurdity.

That summer Edith Hilton disappeared into the East whence she had come. I never saw her again. But after many years I did see Oscar Hjelm, bald and dim and dusty—and married—employed by a prosperous law firm for office drudgery. Oh, no, he said, with faint surprise, he hadn't tried to write verse or anything else for a long, long time. He smiled indulgently over the recollection of Edith Hilton—a ghost long since laid. Maybe he would never have been a poet. Or maybe the falsity and absurdity ate in and upset his unstable balance. I don't pretend to know. But I know that for many years I have never heard a man talk about his honor without wanting to kick him. If you'll take notice, the men who do talk about their honor are usually the kind you want to kick anyhow.

THE MONEY THIEF

(Continued from Page 13)

"O'Brien didn't say. All he gave was a general description of the kind of man he was."

Hassan's stiffness began to melt. "What did this crook look like in a general way?" he asked after a moment.

"He wasn't a big man like you. He was about five-feet-six or seven and smooth-shaven. The deputy didn't describe him careful at all. The police said he was a Chicago crook."

"Is that so? And what did this O'Brien man say he stole?"

"Just a little change not worth talking about. Fifty thousand in bills."

"Are you sure he said bills?"

"Oh, certain! What else would a crook steal but bills?"

"He might have stolen jewelry," replied the other; and as he spoke he glanced sharply at the grocer's face.

"Fifty thousand in jewelry would load down a truck, even if it was watches. This man's on foot. What would he be doing with six suitcases full of watches?"

"Fifty thousand in diamonds wouldn't weigh so much," came the reply, a little sullenly.

The grocer had not forgotten the deputy sheriff's finding of the glass diamond in the road, but compared with the presence of the criminal it had seemed unimportant. The reference snapped it back sharply into mind.

"Talking about diamonds," he began, "the deputy found a kind of diamond yesterday out here in the desert."

"What do you mean, a kind of diamond?" asked Hassan quickly.

"The diamond he found was that prize-package diamond of yours that you threw away."

Hassan turned purple for rage; but he remembered himself in time to dissemble usefully, even between his sputterings.

"That glass diamond? He couldn't have found that diamond I drew, because I still have it. What good would it do me to throw it away? See for yourself."

Thrusting his slender fingers into his watch pocket, he drew forth a stone so nearly like the one Donovan had exhibited that an untrained observer could not have told them apart.

"It's the same kind," said the grocer. "What he found was just another."

But the statement, reasonable as it seemed, did not prove pleasing to the honey man. "His might be a good diamond at that," he replied. "That crook might have lost a diamond he stole. How do I know? Where did this deputy sheriff find it?"

"In the road past the post office."

"Did he just say he found it, or did somebody see him?"

"I saw him pick it up," said the grocer. "So did the postmaster of this town. He found it all right."

"It proves who was through here. That crook. He lost it out of his pocket the night before."

"Not if it's glass like yours; for he wouldn't bother with a glass diamond. If it's a good diamond the crook may have lost it. Anyhow, what do you care?"

"Not a thing in the world," again replied Hassan, plainly worried. "All I want to know is what that deputy was doing in the road past the post office."

"I think he wanted to try out the desert."

"One more thing—where did he go from here?"

"He left at daylight, headed for Foley's," said the grocer.

"Did he ask about the roads to my place?"

"I don't know as he did. I don't know as anybody told him the exact road to your place, even without his asking."

"I wish you hadn't dragged me into it."

"Facts are facts," replied the grocer a little tartly. "You're on the trail to Seeby's mine. This crook won't bother you any, because you're too far away, but it's true. I'm nearer, and I'm not losing any sleep over it, and I've got a car in the pot too. If I'm not, why should you? Let's get back to this honey of yours. Granulated white sage is what I want. Wild buckwheat won't do. What have you?"

"Six hundred pounds of granulated white sage," replied Hassan; "at the price of the last."

"I'll take it."

It was as Hassan was counting his money that Marshal Bollinger burst into the store, excitedly waving a telegram, followed by the postmaster and the hotel man. The telegram had been filed at Catclaw, twenty-five miles up the railroad, within fifteen minutes, according to itself. In reality it had been filed six hours earlier, under an arrangement with the operator.

"What do you make of this?" he asked, when he had his breath.

"Have they caught the money thief?"

"Have they caught him? Say! Listen!"

The telegram, addressed to himself, was signed by a name new to him and to all. Donovan, who sent it, had resumed his own name. It read as follows:

> Man answering description of money thief turned southwest into desert here driving Slocumb. No car to pursue.
>
> DONOVAN, Deputy Sheriff.

"My car is a Slocumb!" groaned the grocer.

"O'Brien was held up by that crook," said the hotel man, "and left out on the desert!"

"Or else ——" began Hassan, in high spirits.

"Or else—what?"

"Or else he's the thief himself."

"You seem to feel relieved that he's headed toward your place."

Hassan, completely at ease, shrugged his shoulders. "That's the last place in this desert he would be headed for, knowing that you would look there for him first."

"I can't believe he's the thief himself," said the marshal.

"Find out!" cried the grocer. "Wire the sheriff! I'll pay for the wire."

"Do so," said the postmaster.

"It's the only thing," said the hotel man. "I remember now that he paid for his room showing a big roll of bills."

A telegram was devised asking the question all wished to see answered; and if it failed to mention the fact that a Slocumb was at large in the desert, headed southwest, the reason was that nothing could just then be done about it.

In due course the answer was received:

> This office knows nothing of a deputy sheriff named P. O'Brien. HOTCOMB, Sheriff.

III

HE HEARD them before he saw them; heard them in the air above the brush-bound saddle in the ridge at his left. At first he thought it was the wind he heard; but today for some reason the wind was not blowing. The sound developed into a low-pitched musical note not unlike that from a tuning fork, that grew oddly louder without cause. Then he caught the gray blur of them against the clear blue of the sky.

"A swarm of bees," he decided instantly, holding them steadily in sight.

He did not take his eye from them until they began to settle upon the slender top of a Fremont cottonwood in the ravine. Then he slowly began making his way along the hillside toward them.

"If they're wild bees," he thought, "they don't act it. I have to make sure."

Upon arriving before the tree he saw that his guess that they were tame bees had been correct. Some of the members of the swarm, exhausted from their flight, were crawling upon the ground. He picked up one or two of these to examine them. As he at once saw, each had the characteristic leather color of the purest Italian strain. When swarming, honey bees gorge themselves with honey before setting forth, and as a consequence are unable to sting.

"Somebody has lost some valuable Italian bees," he thought. "Pretty bad beekeeping I'd call it. No sense to it at all; just carelessness or ignorance. A good beekeeper can always keep his bees from swarming."

He looked at his watch; the afternoon was waning and he had not yet found Hassan's canyon. His instant inference had been that these were Hassan's bees. If so, he had only to trace back their line of flight to find Hassan's entire establishment. As bees fly in straight lines, and seldom to any great distance when swarming, he felt that he had already succeeded.

"Fresh granulated honey!" he thought scornfully. "I knew when that man began talking honey flow to me that Hassan's honey never saw this year's flowers. I don't believe Hassan has gathered any honey this year. That honey came with the place. I don't believe he knows a bee from a butterfly. Letting a fine swarm like this fly off!"

Taking his bearings carefully, Donovan began to work back through the brush toward the saddle. He had water and food

with him, with reserve supplies in his car; but the car stood parked in the wash at the mouth of the canyon. He was already very tired from his search. The brush continued to tear at his clothing; the heat continued to beat down upon his scratched hands and ruddy face; but after a while he reached the crest of the ridge at its lowest point.

"Hassan's place can't be far," he thought. "How I ever missed it I can't see. I looked up every canyon there was. But I did miss it."

Again he took his bearings carefully, then as carefully extended them to the next ridge; again the brush tore at his hands and his clothing, and the heat at his neck and face. But working downhill is easier than working up. Always he was able to find a passage. After a while he came out into a tiny opening, and a moment later found what once had been a trail. He swung around a ledge into sight of the bee yard when about halfway down the slope, and simultaneously caught sight of the house just across the wash from it.

He did not waste time in finding out whether Hassan were about the place, but accepted the grocer's statement that this was his day in town. During what remained of daylight he busied himself with facts. By sunset he knew why he had not been able to put his finger on the spot from the desert. Hassan entered his canyon not from the desert but by trail from behind.

He occupied himself so until he heard footsteps approaching down the trail; then very quietly he stole into the place of concealment he had selected for himself and awaited that which should happen.

The sheriff's office had taken its time about replying to the inquiry about O'Brien, so that Hassan, who felt that he ought to know the truth, was not able to set out for home until late in the day. By that time pursuit of the thief looked so hopeless that the marshal was persuaded to remain in town.

"I'm not afraid," Hassan assured him. "He won't bother me, now he has a car. He's headed for Shell's Pass."

"I think myself he'll double back and cut through into Nevada," said the grocer sadly.

"The car makes all the difference," the others agreed.

Hassan started out along the road by which he had arrived, past the post office, past the spot at which Donovan had dropped his diamond, past the point at which Donovan had turned back. When he came to the railroad he stopped to look for trains. Again he hated the steering wheel, the dust on his shapely hands, the gray, empty road, the flat, shimmering, stovelike hotness surrounding him that was the desert. The level rays of the sun blinded him. The hot air stifled him. He was sick to the bone of the desert and all its creatures.

He drove on into the west. Then of a sudden the sun set, darkness fell, the heat withered, and the cold night wind leaped into his face. The wind was still blowing out of the west, cold and full-bodied, indefinitely later, when he turned from the desert floor into the mountains.

He had been driving since dark without lights, like a rum runner, but he knew the road, and his footing did not lie utterly black before him, since he had the light of the waxing moon from overhead. But the road up the stubby canyon was too rough to be taken so. He gave himself his headlights until he reached the top; then, permitting the road to continue as it would, turned off into a brushy flat to his hidden garage.

"It looks like the grocer was right about Nevada," he thought. "Not a track or sign of the Kid anywhere Nevada suits me fine unless they get to nosing around here for him, as they won't, I don't think."

Unless, that was to say, that deputy sheriff at Catclaw were to gain possession of a car, or unless other officers in the neighborhood of San Roque hill were to begin combing down the trails. How could he know they would not? Perhaps they had already found his well and his bee yard.

The idea overtook him between the stopping of his car and the opening of the door. He had already turned out his lights. Now he began moving without noise. When he climbed out of the car he eased back the door handle so as to avoid the click of the latch. His feet met the ground as lightly as those of a cat. He did not try to house the car, but let it stand as it was. It could not be seen from the road.

Yet, as he knew, the moon revealed him clearly. What he should do if some officer commanded him to halt, speaking from the ambush of a black shadow, he did not know. A man has to take chances.

But the command was not given. No one awaited him in the shadows. After a moment he himself sought the shelter of a black shadow from which to watch and listen.

As he crouched there listening, he began to doubt his good sense in fearing the presence of officers. He had seen nothing of them, and heard nothing. His mind told him that they could not know of the existence of his place, let alone how to reach it. He therefore began edging toward the concealed end of his trail, and when he had found it, edging down it toward the floor of his own stubby canyon. This he reached without noise. A few feet farther the trail again ended blindly in the sandy bed of the wash that passed his house.

Yet, although he knew he now had nothing to fear, he continued to feel increasingly uneasy. He therefore walked with the care of a man stalking a quarry, scarcely breathing, his movements concealed by the brush bordering the sand. Once, when he pressed against a dust-laden sprig of willow, he almost sneezed, but he caught himself sharply and did not. A little later he felt a sun-charred stick beneath his careful right foot in time to keep from snapping it.

He crept forward until he came to the structure, little more than a shack, in which he lived. As it faced down canyon, its one door could not be seen, nor could its one window; but the rough end wall could be seen, and the wall toward the wash, and the roof in silhouette against the sky. The covered well could be seen, the beehives beyond, the moonlit brush-bound hills, the overhanging mountain.

He looked again at the house. Something about it, he did not know what, thrust back against him with a force that was almost physical. He had a feeling that someone was watching him, but whether from within through the peephole that commanded the approach or from the shadows outside he could not tell. He only knew that he felt the alien presence keenly.

"That's sure a funny feeling to have," he thought; "and me not seeing one thing I can put my finger on."

The feeling which was so funny, as he phrased it, affected him until he drew his pistol.

He listened intently, holding his breath, for a sound somewhere, however slight, that would indicate the position of the strange presence. Half an hour earlier the wind would have kept him from hearing, but it had died down. So deep seemed the silence, the grating of a shoe on a pebble must have filled the canyon. But not so much as the blind landing of a disturbed grasshopper was audible anywhere.

"A funny feeling," he repeated.

The compulsion pressed upon him to seek the refuge of the house. Inside he had assistance. Inside he would be standing within his own castle. He fought back the compulsion, but it persisted; and the feeling persisted of the nearness of the alien presence.

"It might be some deputy looking for that fifty grand," he thought. "But who it is is me myself. This desert's getting on my nerves. Anyhow I might as well go in."

He looked about him once more, once more listened; then, still crouching low because of his funny feeling, he whipped across the moonlit stretch of sand into the shadow of the house.

There remained only to steal along this shadow, which somehow seemed less dense than the shadows cast by the brush, as far as to the corner, and then to turn the corner and unlock his door. Desert doors are already locked when they are standing wide, but he liked the feel of the key.

He reached the corner, turned it without leaving the shadow, felt for his key. But he did not unlock his door. Before he could drag forth the key, or so much as find it, he made the important discovery that not only was his door already unlocked, but that it was standing open.

He stood for a moment motionless while he gathered up his scattered intentions into one bundle.

"I'm crazy," he thought, thrusting back his pistol into his pocket. "That's the Kid is come. He didn't circle east into Nevada after all."

For he remembered that he had equipped his door with a good lock, and that the man, as he believed, who had masqueraded as P. O'Brien, deputy sheriff, and who had been forced at Catclaw to turn west into the desert, knew where he kept the second key.

"Hello, Kid," he remarked casually. "Are you asleep?"

Advancing boldly to the table, he felt for the matches. His confidence that the man who had opened the door was a friend, and that he either lay inside asleep or was in the neighborhood, had no especial basis; but then the fear that had preceded it had had none.

"Asleep," he thought; "but he'll have to be woke up sometime. At that he oughtn't to kick in with the door open like this—not this kind of weather." Aloud he said, "Let's have a little light."

Striking his match, he laid his hand upon the lamp to light it. He was not thinking of the lamp, not thinking of the figurative weather particularly. His fear had fallen away from him wholly, like a discarded garment. Whether for good reason or poor he had accepted the possible presence of the other man, the man in flight, as fact. Then suddenly he found himself standing breathless and shaken, shocked into alertness, the match extinguished, the lamp unlighted, that fact in deepest doubt.

"I'll bite," he wished to say, but did not. "What's the great idea?"

Instead he stood in his tracks and made no sound.

Yet all that had happened was, he had found the lamp chimney still hot. The lamp had been lighted within two minutes.

IV

I THINK that Hassan might have kept his head had he not just then remembered that the fugitive money thief, as he believed, had found a diamond in the road past the post office. Or he might have kept it had he lifted a cold lamp chimney instead of a hot one, or had he found the lamp frankly lighted. There was no logical connection, but he instantly connected that diamond with certain diamonds of his own.

"Come out of there, Kid!" he wished to say; or better still, "I caught you at it! Put 'em down!" Yet still he did not, without quite knowing why he did not.

The house contained one room, one door, one window. The door, standing wide, admitted a faint stain of starlight upon the floor; but the window had been left with its shutter closed and remained ink-black. Except for the one vague area of phosphorescence, the room was indistinguishably dark.

He stood motionless, scarcely breathing, for a moment; then his hand stole noiselessly to his pocket for his pistol. When he heard no sound from the darkness he began stealing, pistol in hand, along the wall, to make a circuit of the room.

"If I could get him against the door I'd have him," he thought.

He moved forward so, exploring the wall and corners and bringing the central part of the room progressively against the upper door. The search required courage as well as alertness and caution. But the room seemed to contain no other occupant. Upon reaching the door he closed and bolted it. Then he returned to the table and lighted the lamp.

What he saw caused him to gnash his teeth with rage. Everything in the room that was movable had been moved. His clothing lay huddled in a corner, its pockets turned inside out. His cupboard had been searched, his boxes, his bureau, the bedding on his bed. Even the sheet-iron stove had been forced to show what lay concealed in its ashes.

"The double-crossing son of a gun!" he said aloud, without using quite those words.

He ran his eye over the damage; but because he was thinking of the search, and perhaps of its object, always remembering the diamond, he failed to notice that his olla with its cooled water had been removed bodily from the scene, or that his food supplies had been raided.

Yet, with an odd inconsistency, he thought at once of his well. If he could keep control of his water supply he would have a leverage! The well lay in full moonlight; he could not see it from door or window, but he had arranged a covered peephole in the side wall. Blowing out his light, he crossed the room to look it over.

But he could not tell whether or not it had been used recently. Its cover remained in place. The sand surrounding it seemed dry. He might learn by visiting it, but under the circumstances that did not seem wise. The double-crossing fugitive might have him at a disadvantage.

"If he has already filled his canteen I can't stop him from leaving, but if he hasn't ——" If the man hadn't, if he had preferred trying to find Hassan's hidden treasure, believing that he could visit the well later, Hassan could bring him to his knees. And he would do it too! He would make him crawl.

In any event he must be prepared. Closing the peephole, he again lighted the lamp, then took down his 30–30 rifle and looked it over. The intruder seemed not to have disturbed it, but Hassan softly emptied the magazine and the firing chamber to examine the shells. He also reached down his cartridge belt; it contained surplus ammunition for both rifle and pistol. The belt he likewise examined, then strapped it round him.

A disturbing thought overtook him as he fingered his firearms. Apparently the cartridges were as he had left them. But what if they were not? What if his old friend had removed the powder from them, or had substituted others? He twisted out a bullet from a rifle cartridge selected at random. The shell seemed not to have been tampered with.

Meanwhile he had returned once or twice to his peephole overlooking the well. It remained as he had seen it last, white and cool in the moonlight.

The moon swung westward on its silver cord. Soon it would pass behind the mountain, leaving the well in darkness. When it did he would merely use the lamp for light. The distance was not great. He had already used the lamp so on occasion. Toward morning he thought he might work his way up the mountain among the rocks, in order to command the canyon the better.

It was as he returned from the peephole to relight the lamp that he caught sight of the diamond spilled upon the floor. There was no mistaking its colorful splendor. There was no mistaking the fact also that Hassan had not dropped it.

The sight was like spark touched to gunpowder. In that moment he lost most of his contact with the realities and became in effect a man insane.

"Hey, you!" he shouted. "You can't get away with it!" And he added a string of abusive epithets that left him with frothing lips. "You double-crossing thief, come out where I can see you! Come out, you stool pigeon! Dirt! Filth! Come out into the light, face to face!"

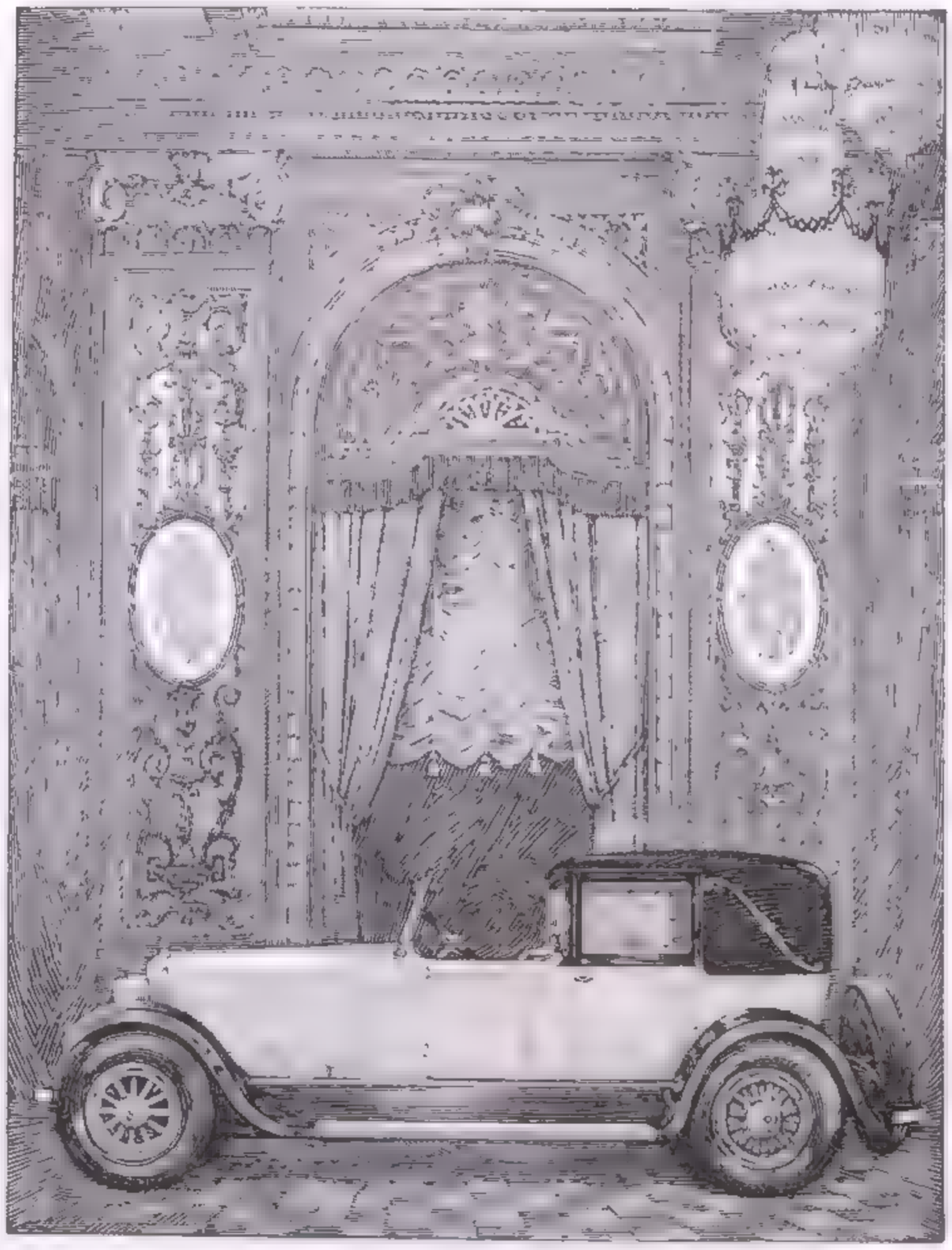
Then, clumping to the door, he unbolted it and threw it wide, so that the lamplight streamed out upon the sand in front past his black figure.

(Continued on Page 78)

The PERMANENT STUDEBAKER SALON

Rose Room, Hotel Plaza

NEW YORK



The Studebaker Sport-Cabriolet—Price $5525 at New York
(Body by LE BARON)

WHEN in New York you are invited to visit the Permanent Studebaker Salon in the Rose Room of the Hotel Plaza. Here, mounted on the dependable Studebaker chassis, may be seen the finest and most recent creations of America's foremost body builders. You will find these custom-built Studebaker motor cars, priced at $5250 to $5800, particularly interesting in their forecast of the future trend of smart design.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA • SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

Continued from Page 76

"Come out, you double-crosser! Come out, you contents of a pool! Come out and fight me, you cowardly dog!"

His exact words again are not given. When he had hurled this challenge into the night he stood for a moment in silence, as if listening. And, as if in response to the silence, a sound came from the brush on the hillside above; a sound as of a movement that may have been caused by a rock thrown by someone from a distance.

Instantly Hassan whipped up his rifle and fired; and he followed the shot by four others. Then, stepping forward, though not out of the light, he waved his rifle at the hillside and began repeating his insults.

He stopped these actions as suddenly as he had begun them, impelled by some caprice, and began even more feverishly upon other unrelated ones. Setting down his rifle, he dashed out in front of the door to a point fifteen or twenty feet distant and began clawing at the sand with his bare hands. The soil here, an expansion of the bed of the wash, lay trampled and loose. He was lighted by the moon and also by the light from the lamp inside the house.

That which he sought lay buried at a little depth, but in the briefest time, such was his energy, he arrived at the top of it. A moment later he had wrested it from the sand. It proved to be an ordinary glass jar with a screwed-on metal top.

Hassan cleared its sleek sides of sand, shook it, held it against the light; then, squatting in his tracks, he opened the jar, removing from it a huddle of folded papers that might have contained prescription powders, except that they were too fat and too heavy. One of these he unfolded. Even in the dim light the gleam of its contents answered all his questions.

When he had seen that the contents of his jar remained intact he snatched up the huddle of parcels in his slender fingers and shook the sheaf at the hillside. Then he carefully stowed away every paper in his inside pocket.

"Come and get them, you double-crossing thief!" he called exultantly. "Come and get them!"

He turned to stalk back to his door, still muttering defiance. Perhaps the noise of his voice dulled his hearing for other sounds, or it may have been the shuffling of his feet in the sand.

The sound in the brush above did not recur; but had he been standing very still and listening intently he would have heard a light step from the direction of a shadow close at hand. He might even have heard the clink of metal upon metal, such as is made by a chain.

He regained his senses ten seconds later, in the midst of a pompous stride. Panic descended upon him like a material hand. He would have leaped for cover, had there been cover. A moment later, as his ideas clarified, he probably would have made a dash for the house, though not directly for the door. But it was too late. Even as his startled glance swept to right and to left he felt the thrust of a pistol against his back and heard the sharp command that went with it:

"Put up your hands, Hassan! I've got you dead."

Donovan made Hassan drive; but he handcuffed him to the second man for safety.

He felt the more willing to do this since most of his own pockets were stuffed with bills, and the remaining ones contained more diamonds than he liked to carry. The car he had commandeered from the driver.

The sky in the east grew faintly lighter; then, as the stain of dawn stole upward, colors began to appear. These at first were the delicate colors of shell pearl, but as the moments passed they deepened into lemon hues streaked with scarlet, and these into ruby laid upon amber and topaz and golden sapphire.

Then suddenly the flaming sun opened the morning, and the colors became melted together into white light.

"I hate this desert," said Hassan. "No more desert for me."

"It gets pretty hot," replied the other prisoner.

"When you boys have your breakfast you can sleep until train time," Donovan promised.

They arrived in town as the grocer was opening his store. By general agreement everybody gathered in the hotel dining room.

For a moment the situation was misunderstood.

"Hello, Mr. O'Brien! What have we here?" asked the hotel man.

"Breakfast for myself and two prisoners," said Donovan, ignoring both words and tone.

"Two prisoners—how's that?"

"I took them," said Donovan.

"By what authority?"

"That's what I ask, by what authority?" Hassan began. "This crook here ——"

"Drop it," snapped Donovan.

"Still the deputy sheriff, I see." The hotel man seemed amused. "That's funny too. The sheriff said you wasn't."

"You men know me ——" persisted Hassan.

"Sure," the grocer replied. "We've known you for a long time—ever since you bought your bee business."

"There's some mistake here," said the postmaster. "Where's that telegram from the sheriff?"

"He probably told you he knew of no deputy sheriff named O'Brien. If you had asked him, now, about a deputy sheriff named Donovan you would have had other word."

"Are you the Donovan who wired me from Catclaw?" asked the marshal.

"I'm that Donovan."

"But Honey Hassan—what's he arrested for?"

Donovan replied by emptying his pockets of paper parcels. These he opened, one by one, until he had their contents in view on the table. "This is what he stole," he said. "Diamonds."

"How much might they be worth?" asked the postmaster, after a moment of awed silence.

"He stole under a quarter of a pound of choice stones—you see them before you on the table. They're worth nearly two hundred thousand dollars."

"He's had them all the while?"

"All the while since he stole them."

"Then that was a real diamond that fell out of his pocket," said the grocer. "He lied when he called it glass."

"Yes."

"One more question. You didn't break down my car, did you, Mr. Donovan?"

"No. I'll send for it."

"That diamond we saw you find," began the postmaster. "Was that a real diamond that Hassan lost?"

"It was a real diamond, but I lost it myself on purpose. I wanted the thief to hear about it. I wanted to worry him—get his goat, if you understand slang."

"You got it," muttered Hassan sullenly.

"But what brought you to this town in the first place?"

Donovan's eyes twinkled. "I came here to fish. We found an empty envelope on San Roque hill that night with the address torn off. It bore this postmark." He began wrapping up the diamonds. "Let's talk about the road to Foley's."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

We looked for the Pres'dent. He never came!
"Doctor Coupal'll take care of him, all the same,"
Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Washington's palace—
Christopher Voter went down with Alice.
He must feel safe with them there at night.
"Oh, he's got Mr. Butler and Mr. White,"
Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Washington's palace—
Christopher Voter went down with Alice.
And isn't he ever afraid of the dark?
"Of course not, silly, with Mr. Clark,"
Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Washington's palace—
Christopher Voter went down with Alice.
The Old Guard's gone. Have you heard the news?
"They call this new bunch the Bay State Blues,"
Says Alice

They're changing guard at Washington's palace -
Christopher Voter went down with Alice.
Both Old and New Guards look terrible grim.
"Thank God it's not me they're guarding, but him,"
Says Alice. —*Katharine Dayton.*

Anthology on the Modern Gypsy

INTRODUCTION

THE long road, the strong road,
The road that leads away;
Ahead of us, tomorrow,
And behind us, yesterday;
The nighttime, the right time,
With eventide and dawn,
The long road, the strong road,
And so we travel on.

The highway, the byway,
No matter where the trend;
Today is nearly over,
And tomorrows never end;
The long way, the wrong way,
What matter can it be?
The highroad is my road,
And life upon it free.

SOLILOQUY

A cup o' coffee taken
With an egg, or maybe two,
A little snack o' bacon
And you calls your breakfast through;
The flivver's in the offing,
And it's time for us to start.
The engine's quit its coughing;
Hear its steady beating heart.
The children take their places
When they hear the joyful sound,
With rapture on their faces,
For we're California bound.

Oh,
There's children in the back seat,
A half a dozen strong;
The bedding's in the back seat,
We've taken it along;
The parrot's in the back seat,
A-swearing as we go;
The poodle's in the back seat,
We couldn't leave him—so,
The back seat, the back seat,
There's always room for more;
And when we fill the back seat,
We pile it on the floor.

Oh,
There's groceries in the front seat,
Enough to last the day;
There's dishes in the front seat
We couldn't stow away;
And mother's on the front seat
With Ephraim and me.
We utilize the front seat,
As anyone may see;
The front seat, the front seat,
It's handy, I'll declare,
For when it's on the front seat,
We always find it there.

And,
There's boxes on the side boards,
As full as they can stick;
Our tent is on the side boards,
With clothing and a tick;
We've stewpans on the side boards,
A boiler and a rope;
A washtub on the side boards,
Some trinkets and some soap;
A sawhorse on the side boards,
Some lumber and some lath;
A washbowl on the side boards
If we should need a bath.

Oh,
We beg a little money
As we amble on our way,
Just a little bit of money
Everywhere and every day;
Just a little bit of money
Here and there and in between,
For you've got to have the money
If you get the gasoline;
And a little bit of clothing,
And some victuals now and then,
Just some odds and ends and trinkets,
And we're on our way again.

CONCLUSION

Lines to the Back Seat

Pinched little faces with wondering eyes,
Fate has dealt harshly indeed.
Yours to be places of baleful surprise,
Yours to atone for the breed;
Yours but to follow nor murmur complaint,
Trailing the road that is long;
Free as the swallow but cursed by a taint,
Trailing the road that is wrong.

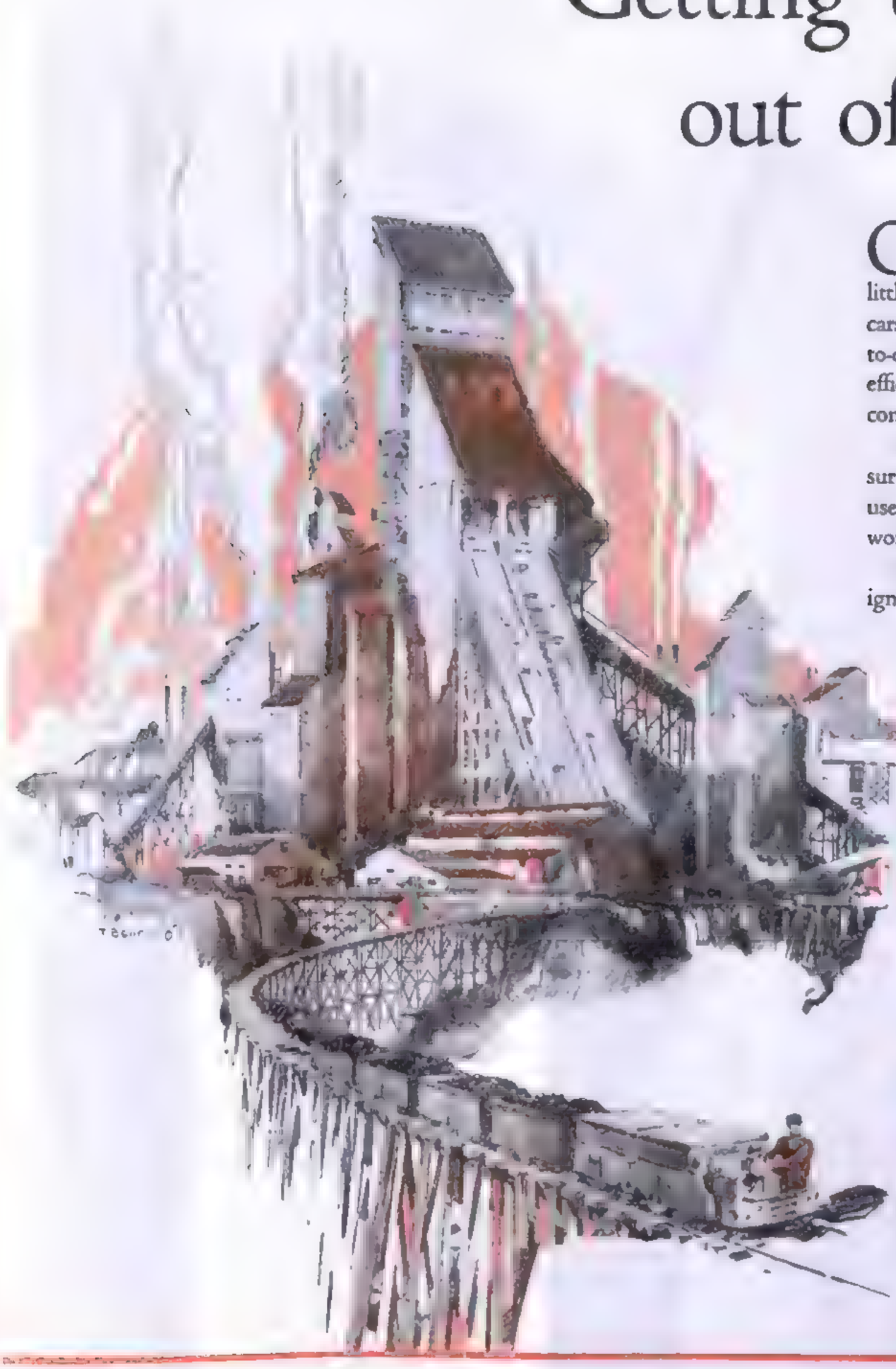
RETROSPECTION

The highway, the byway,
No matter where the trend;
Today is nearly over,
And tomorrows never end;
The long way, the wrong way;
What matter can there be?
The highroad is my road,
And life upon it free.

—Griff Crawford.

THE BLUES

Getting the coal out of the ground



ONE of the most important uses of Exide-Ironclad Batteries is propelling the tireless little locomotives that haul trains of heavily loaded cars through the underground passages of up-to-date mines. In coal and metal mines these efficient electric locomotives increase production, conserve labor, and cut costs.

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For your RADIO Exide Radio Batteries give uniform current through a long period of discharge. There is an Exide of the right size for every set and a type for every tube. The Exide Radio Power Unit contains an "A" battery and a rectifier which keeps it charged from your house current. At radio dealers' and Exide dealers'.

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1842—First to vulcanize rubber on commercial scale.
1891—First to patent and manufacture Clincher Tires.
1895—First to manufacture automobile tires.
1900—First to manufacture Straight Side Tires.
1903—First to produce and manufacture Cord Tires for automobiles.
1909-10—First to develop and produce Pneumatic Truck Tires.
1909—First American Rubber Manufacturers to plant and develop rubber plantations.
1916—First tire manufacturer to design and establish their own Cotton Mills for the production of Cord for Cord Tire Construction.
1923—Invention of Latex-treated Web-Cord. First to use pure Latex and eliminate cross-threads in building tires.
1922—Invention of Sprayed Rubber—the first acid-free and smoke-free rubber.
1922—Invention of Flat-Band Method insuring equal tension and stress on each cord in the finished tire.
1925—The first Pneumatic cord tire specifically designed for Bus Service.

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Questions and Answers about "What Makes a Good Tire?"

Question—Does any one single feature make a good tire?

Answer—No.

Question—Then what does make a good tire?

Answer—The perfection of *all* the different operations that are necessary in producing the finished product *from tree to tire.*

Question—As for example?

Answer—The success of the United States Royal Cord Balloon in delivering true balloon cushioning and comfort and yet giving long-lasting service is largely due to these *six* important factors: *Plantations, Sprayed Rubber, Latex-treated Web Cord, Flat Band Method, Tests, True Low-Pressure Tread.*

Plantations

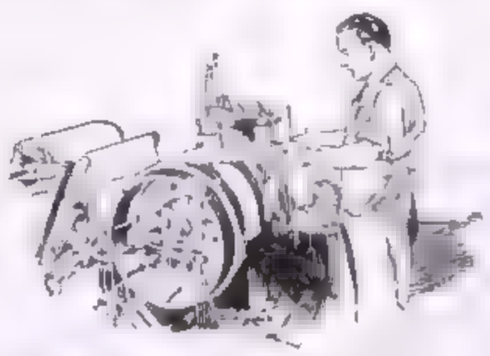
The United States Rubber Company owns and operates scientific Rubber Plantations in Sumatra and Malaya. Has 7,000,000 rubber trees, all yielding Latex now, from which this Company produces its Sprayed Rubber and its Latex-treated Web Cord.

Sprayed Rubber

Of the greatest importance, because of its fine quality, and its freedom from acid and smoke. Briefly, the Latex is sprayed into a chamber containing hot, dry air, which dries out the liquid from the Latex, leaving the pure, solid rubber. This does away with the old methods of smoke-drying and acid coagulation.

Latex-treated Web Cord

Also an invention of the United States Rubber technicians. The Cords are laid parallel *without* tie-threads, and soaked in virgin rubber Latex, which forms an elastic web through and through and between the cords. Important because it gives the cord structure maximum *strength* and maximum *flexibility.*



Flat-Band Method of Building Tires

Do not miss the importance of this revolutionary improvement in tire-building. The way it works is highly technical. But the result is that each cord in a United States Royal Cord is made to lie in exactly the right position, under precisely the right tension, and to take its due share of the work.

Searching Tests from the Tree to the Tire

United States Tire tests begin with the raw materials—and these tests never stop. Many tests are made during the process of manufacture and finished tires undergo various factory tests such as the "Tread Wear Test" illustrated. Even after the Tires are sold and in use, their performance on the road is being checked by factory-trained experts stationed all over the country.

True Low-Pressure Tread

Designed by this Company, and it enables you to run your tires at the *true low-pressure* for your make of car. Genuine comfort. Long service life. Better traction, easier starting, greater stability. Super non-skid protection.

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

ROYAL CORD
BALLOON

LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE DIPLOMAT TO HIS PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 9)

in everybody's mind, here and abroad: What's going to happen to all this, if something happens to you? Now that is not very nice to be asking a fellow that is supposed to be in delicate health. It's kinder like asking a sick person, "Have you made any arrangements about who shall preside at your funeral?" I thought well he has been so very accomidating up to now, that I just as well do something to displease him and see how he is when riled up. But he stuck out his chest and let me feel of his arm, and he said, "Mussolini feel pretty good yet."

You know, I have, and of course you have heard about this terrible stomach trouble he is supposed to have. And then, I have, on just as good authority, heard it denied. We often speak of a man's stomach in regard to his amount of nerve. Well, if that's any sign of a stomach I would like to trade him mine for his, and there has never been nothing the matter with mine outside of nerve. If it's a bad stomach that is doing all this in Italy, why, what the world needs right now is more bad stomachs. Even just a little billiousness would help France.

I then asked him who would carry on the work when he was no more. I wasent, as you see, exactly in there to show any particular tact or diplomacy. I was after some news and I dident care what blunders I commited to get it. He then told me, "I have this all going so good now that it could be run by anyone, or by several different men. It has shown that it will work and is the best thing, so why should anyone want to change it. It's not the man, it's the work that will carry on." Now lots of others told me the same thing. Lots of people think that he has someone he is grooming to replace him, but the ones in the know over there say no, that he is trying to perfect the system, not the man. Mr. Cortezzi, the head of the American Associated Press and has been with them for 35 years in Rome, and a close personal friend of Mussolini, told me that this was just exactly what he was doing, when I told him what Mussolini had said. Everybody is so enthusiastic about his system that I don't see how it could collapse overnight.

Then I hit on what I knew was one of his two pet subjects just now; the first was about what we would call Merchant Marine. I knew that Italy had been going ahead very fast with building not only Cargo Steamers, but real passenger steamers that were getting a tremendous lot of the real high-class American travel. He seemed pleased to think a Nut like me knew about that, and he went on to name the big Boats that they had built recently. He named them and the tonnage, and told of the Roma, now in course of construction, which will be their largest boat.

They are now second to England in Shipbuilding, which dident make an American feel any too proud to hear. I have been told by well-informed men that he thinks that one of their only futures is on the sea, by having tremendous shipping; as he figures they can carry cheaper than anybody. Then I asked him about his No Strike plan. That is his latest and greatest hobby. He has organized the whole thing not only into an agreement but into a Trust; he has formed it into a Corporation Labor, Capital, and the Government and he has had a law put through where it is against the law to strike, or against the law for the Owners to cause a Lock Out. It is punishable the same as a crime is, if either side dissobey. Everything has got to be submitted to this body. In a few words, they are a Supreme Court, and when they hand down their decision it is final, unless it be put up to Mussolini, as he is Minister of that too.

He said, "A strike is just like a fight out here on the Public square that is crowded with people, and two men start shooting at each other. Everybody gets hit more than the men shooting at each other." Not a bad short paragraph on strikes. That is one thing about Mussolini, even in his speeches there is nothing of the long-winded about him. He gets up, hits 'em in the eye with what he wants to say, and leaves 'em groggy from shouting.

Everybody in Italy seems to think this new No Strike thing he has put in is the greatest single thing he has put over, and that it will eventually be copied by other Countries.

It certainly is working and everybody, both Capital and the labor people, is cuckoo about it. I told him I had been in England during their strike, and he said, "No Strike in Italy."

I told him the Prince of Wales and I had talked about him. He seemed pleased—that is, pleased that the Prince had spoke of him; as for me speaking of him, I don't suppose that caused him any undue gratification—the funny part about that was that he started in right away telling me about his horse and riding that morning. He went over to his desk—mind you, we have been standing up and gabbing away all this time—he touched a button and he ordered the boy to bring in something.

I thought it was maby some old Italian vintage; I says, maybe we will get a swig of the Duce's private stock, but the Boy handed him some Photographs. He told us they had just been taken that morning, as he was riding at his Private place. They were right new and still wet. You see, I got the workings of his mind. He wanted to prove to me that where the Prince of Wales was supposed to fall off, he stayed on.

Otherwise there was no occasion of him thinking of horses or riding; but just me mentioning the Prince brought it to his mind. He sit right down to his desk and started in autographing one to me. Not only that, but put my name on it—after asking what it was—"Signor Rogers, Compliments, Mussolini," and then the date, as he was proud that the picture had been taken that very morning; so he put the place and date. It was of a Horse—and him accompanying him—making a jump; not a high jump particularily, but a good jump for Six Ministers to make at once.

I then told him that I certainly appreciated it, but that it was so far away that it dident show his face up. He set right down and picked out another one, a close-up of him and the Horse. He autographed it, but dident put my name on it, as he dident want to ask what it was again. So you see he has pride even in his Horsemanship, and he kinder wanted to show England up too I think. Well, I was mighty proud to get them and especially as I hadent asked for them. I could have come out and sold them for enough to pay for my trip to Italy—including all that you wasent supposed to pay for.

Well, he commenced to act like I was just about through, and I thanked him and told him there was only one other question that I wanted to ask him: That I knew lots of Italians over home, and that when I got back I wanted to have some message for them—what could I tell them?

Well, he laughed and put his hands on both my shoulders and said in English, "You tell 'em Mussolini, R-e-g-u-l-a-r G-u-y. Is that right Englais." He said, "Mussolini no Napoleon, want fight, always look mad: Mussolini, laugh, gay, like good time same as everybody else, maby more so" and he winked. "You tell that about Mussolini." Those are the very words he said to me to tell you. He walked over halfway across this long room and shook hands like a trained Rotarian, and I went out of there a very much agreeably surprised man.

I had felt as much at home with him as I would with Dinty Moore on 46th St. I was as much surprised, Mr. President, as I was the first time I ever run onto you, when Nick took me in there, and you laughed, and pulled a few yourself, and we had a good visit, and I come out thinking you wasent as sober as you make yourself look. It's a wonderful thing to meet people and see about how they all are about the same when you can get their minds off their Lifes work.

I rushed back up to the American Embassy to tell Mr. Fletcher how nice he had been to me, for I knew he was interested in how it come out, and he had been so nice in arranging it. He was going out then to meet Mussolini at a Luncheon that Vulpy—thats the fellow that went over home and settled the Italian debt. Well, Vulpy—it may not be spelled like that but it sounds like that—was giving the luncheon for Ben Strong. You know Ben from New York. He is in our employ there as head of the Federal Reserve Bank, and Seamon, you know, from the Treasury Department—one of Andy's Boys. But back to Mussolini.

Now you want to know just how he struck me. Well, you got to be in Italy to really understand the fellow. The trouble with America is we can't ever seem to see somebody else only through our eyes; we don't take into consideration their angle or viewpoint. Now to us he looks like he was the Tyrant and the Dictator, and that he was always posing like Napoleon, and that he was going to get his Country into war any minute. Now thats our angle on him.

Now you, Mr. President, with your one last year's suit, your speech on Economy while stepping off the Mayflower, your little quiet yet just as effective way of getting what you want done; well that and you would be just as funny to Italy as he is to us. He gets up in Public and tells Austria and Germany what to do. You have Kellogg send Mexico a note telling them what time to quit work that day. He comes into the House of Deputies over there and tells them the measures that shall be put through.

You have five or six Senators for breakfast and the same thing happens.

You see, everyone of us in the world have our audience to play to; we study them and we try and do it so it will appeal to what we think is the great majority. Now Italy likes everything put on like a Drama; they like a show, they like to have their patriotism appealed to and spoke about. They are going good and they are proud of it.

Mussolini says a lot of things publicly that sound boasting, but they are only meant for Home consumption. Why does a congressman get up and talk for an hour over home with nobody listening to him but the Stenographer? Because it's meant for the people back home. It would sound crazy to the rest of America, but he knows the folks back home will eat it up. You yourself, Mr. President, know that you have to pull a lot of Apple Sauce on various occasions that your own sense of humor makes you laugh at privately. I read one over here the other day you had delivered on Decoration day about Universal Peace, and that wars were a terrible thing, and that you would lend your support to do anything to abolish them. Now that is good stuff, but take it apart, like the Italians would. They live over here among all these other people; they know there is going to be more wars, they know that it would be wonderful not to have any more, and they would lend their support, but they also know that their support is not going to do much good when they have something that some neighbor a little stronger wants.

So we all have our particular little line of Apple Sauce for each occasion. So lets be honest with ourselves, and not take ourselves too serious, and never condemn the other fellow for doing what we are doing every day, only in a different way. If this fellow Mussolini has developed this point of how to put it over to a higher Degree than any other man in modern Generations, why let's give the Kid credit.

You see, we judge all you fellows by results, you Public men. You have delivered, and if Andrews don't make you sign too many papers you can stay in there as long as everybody is prosperous and doing well, because you made good. That's the way they judge this Bird over here. If he died tomorrow Italy would always be indebted to him for practically four years of peace and prosperity. Not a bad record to die on at that; but this Guy keeps on getting better all the time. He is the only idealist that ever could make it work.

Some over home say a Dictator is no good; yet every successful line of business is run by a Dictator.

This Fellow has been to Italy just what Henry Ford has been to all those old Ash cans and empty bottles and old pig iron; he molded them into a working machine by his own mind and Dictatorship. Your Political Parties; how many men run them? Say, Penrose told everybody in your Party how to set their watch every day. You think the Democrats as a party will pick out the next Presidential Candidate; say, it will be one man that will name the Candidate. So everything is really done by Dictatorship, if you just sum it down. Dictator form of Government is the greatest form of Government there is, if you have the right Dictator. Well these folks have certainly got him.

Now as to what will happen when he is no more, why of course no one can tell. But as I said before, he is trying to so perfect the thing that it will go along without him, the same as our founders made our Constitution almost Fool Proof. Of course there will be guys pop up and try to improve on Mussolini's ideas after he has gone, the same as we have 'em every day trying to monkey with ours, or add more things to it or something. But if it's good and the people living under it see the benefits of it every day, the same as we see the benefits of ours every day, why I think the general principals of his government will carry on without him. Then you don't want to forget that that Castor oil will live on after he has gone, and that, applied at various times with proper discretion, is bound to do some good from every angle. You never saw a man where as many people and as many classes of people were for him as they are this fellow. Of course he has opposition, but it is of such a small percentage that it wouldent have a chance to get anywhere even if they would let it pop its head up.

Now just a little bit about the man. He is just 42 years old now, his Father was a Blacksmith and as a Kid he was his assistant. His father was always a Socialist and Mussolini grew up a Socialist. Lots of people think that he is not an educated man, but he is; why I never read of a man that had studied and taught and read as much as he has. His Mother was a school teacher herself and he first went to school to her. He afterwards taught French at several places in Switzerland; he speaks also German and Russian.

He has been an editor of various Socialist papers for years. He was thrown out of the Socialist Party because he was for Italy going into the war on the side of the Allies; he fought through war till wounded by shrapnel in about 40 places. He has been in every Jail in Switzerland when he was a Socialist, also in Austria and put out of there when released. The only way he could get in again was to have Italy declare war and go in with the Army. In Italy he has been in most of their less exclusive Jails. In fact that is how those Socialists lived, just from one jail to another—oh, yes, and he can play the Violin too. So he is a kind of a modern Nero; in case Rome has a fire he is all set to do some violining. I don't know how good he can play—in fact, we don't know how good Nero played—but I guess he can play good enough for a fire. I hope he don't play Valencia during the fire to add to their woe.

(Continued on Page 84)

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

The model portrayed above is the Advanced Six 4-Door Coupé, priced at $1990 f. o. b. factory. It is built on the 127-inch wheelbase.

A Car of Exclusive Smartness

25% Greater Power and 23% Faster Acceleration

The exquisite charm of the Advanced Six 4-Door Coupé is highly accentuated by its brilliant performance qualities in the way of ultra smoothness, quietness and responsiveness.

With the great "Enclosed Car" motor—a Nash engineering achievement—you now have at your command a full 25% more power.

And the intensified liveliness with which the car responds to the accelerator is vividly evidenced in the 23% greater swiftness with which you glide from standstill to top speed.

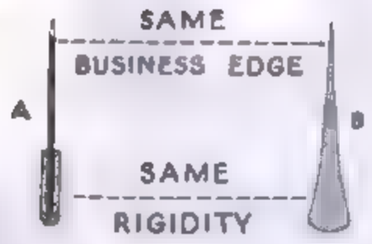
The custom-built atmosphere which invests this beautiful motor car is sustained thruout the interior with hardware richly silver-finished in Old Empire design, a superb vanity case and smoking set, and genuine Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet upholstery.

Provided within the price is a large, finely made, built-in steel trunk at the rear, an air cleaner, an oil purifier, a gasoline filter, 4-wheel brakes of special Nash design, genuine full balloon tires, and 5 disc wheels.

(1521)

The Price Range of the 16 Different Nash Models Extends from $865 to $2090, f. o. b. Factory

The same business edge as an old fashioned razor



THE chief difference between the Ever-Ready Blade and the hollow-ground straight razor is that *Ever-Ready has the keenest edge in the world.* Both have the same bevel edge—the same rigid backbone. But Ever-Ready is ground to a microscopic edge by scientific methods that cannot be used in straight razor manufacture.

Examine the Ever-Ready. Compare its sturdiness, its thickness, to the wafer type of safety razor blade. You'll see why Ever-Ready gives a smoother shave, a cleaner shave and more shaves. It cannot flex and scrape. It *has* to give an even stroke that doesn't miss a hair.

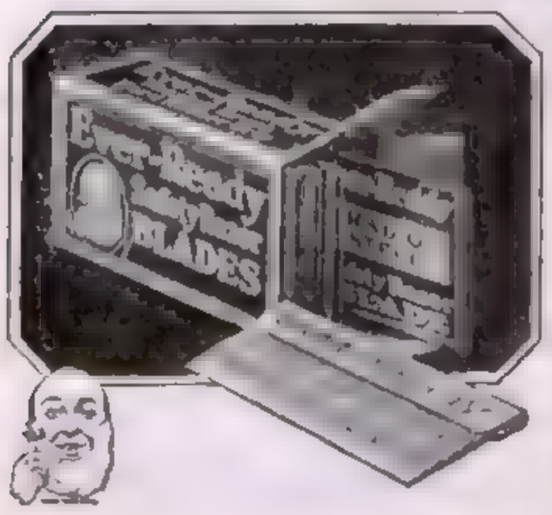
Men Brag
About Ever-Ready Razors

because they're the finest razors that ever smoothed a face. Remember if your old Ever-Ready Razor isn't giving you the world's best shaves, our service department will replace it free. Send it to

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ever-Ready Razors and Blades are sold everywhere

Ever-Ready Blades



(Continued from Page 82)

He is quite a Fencer; that is that game they have with Swords, and they also are supposed to fight Duels, which are started by one man slapping the other in the face with his glove, which is folded up in his hand. That is the worst you ever get hurt in those duels, unless you happen to fall on your own sword. Well he does that every day, getting ready to try and puncture somebody's middle.

He has a wife and three children—the oldest is a daughter of 15, a son and another daughter. He likes to get in a big high-powered car and drive it himself, and go fast. So in addition to being Minister of Interior, Exterior, Minister of Earth, Minister of Sky, Minister of Labor, Minister of Capital—I don't think he is Postmaster General; the Mails are too slow for that—well, now on account of this Automobiling he is also Minister of Traffic Cops. When the Cabinet holds a meeting he sits in 6 Chairs and crowds the other fellow pretty near out of the room. He is a tough Guy when he wants to be. He will fight you or kiss you, just whichever you choose.

He has put everybody in Italy to work and he worked harder than any of them doing it; and anybody that has ever been to Italy before knows that anyone that can put them to work, even if he never did anything else, should follow Cæsar into the hall of fame. That is one thing that will kinder react against him with these Italians over home there that generally come back to Italy to loaf. I am going to tell you Birds right now, you ain't going to loaf on this Guy. Everybody is doing something. France works too. When they see an American they work on him. I never saw a single beggar on the street. I was in the Gallery of the Chamber of Deputies when he come in to make a report on their Foreign Policy and various other odds and ends. He spoke of the Locarno Pact and said, "The architecture of the Locarno Pact is very simple. It is just the case of two Nations, France and Germany, agreeing not to attack each other. But because these two don't believe each other after they sign, there are two others to guarantee the pledge; and that is England and Italy. Regarding the value of the pact, it must rest on the spirit of the pact, and I think we all know that the spirit of Locarno has suffered certain drawbacks lately. The treaty between Russia and Germany since has clouded the issue. The spirit of Peace is a wonderful thing, but let's not put our head under the sand." Now these are the exact words, as I had the translator of the Embassy make me a exact copy in English.

"Emigration—I am not an enthusiast on the subject of emigration. It is a sad and painful thing to endure when you emigrate millions of your most courageous—the strongest, the most audacious. We have an institute now to finance Italian labor abroad, and it has given good account of itself by colonization in the Argentine and, to be more precise, in the southern Zone of the Rio Grande.

"We have been accused of being imperialistic. I am comforted by the study of books, which are the common inheritance of culture, that every human being has some imperialistic tendencies. Every living being who wants to live must develop a certain will or power; otherwise they will vegetate and will be the prey of stronger people. One hears certain beautiful phrases: 'International solidarity'; 'brotherhood of race'; 'cordiality of relations.' But the reality is different. Disarmament is great, but it must be total; otherwise it is only an ugly comedy. I say total, meaning on Land, on Sea and in the Air. Then Italy will disarm."

Those are the principal high spots of the speech, and he had 'em tearing up the seats when he finished. He is doing an awful lot of treaty signing on his own. The week I was there he signed 18 different Treaties with Yugoslavia alone. That's a treaty to every inhabitant. Greece has them a little smalltime Mussolini over there, and he had just sent over wanting some ships and stuff in the way of war material, but of course was a little short of jack. So Mussolini told them to "go up to Italy's shipyards and get what they wanted, PROVIDED they would use disscretion in picking out a side to fight on in the next war."

He says he don't need any treaties with Austria. "We can take care of them any time we want to." He has got France afraid to go to the door and put the cat out at night. But as a man here said that ought to know—I can't divulge his name, here, Mr. President, as this letter may fall into the hands of the Democrats, but I will tell you when I get home who it was, you know him—he told me, "This is a very smart fellow. He don't want to take his country into war; he wants to build it up. If he can keep these others guessing, so much the better; but he is not going to pull any Napoleon stuff; he is too smart for that."

I think, personally, that he has made a close study of History and found where each one of these other Napoleon's foot slipped, and he makes a red mark around it; and every few days he goes to these various Histories and looks to see if he is near one of those red marks, and if he is, why he "Goes away out around 'em, Shep," like a Sheep-herder's dog. He says to himself, I am not going to pull the same bone that fellow did.

Even the Church is strong for him; he has done more to bring on good feeling between them and the Country than ever before. The Pope likes him; the King likes him.

He is very generous with the King, and there relations are very cordial; and don't get the idea that this King hasent got his following. I learned something over there—this little King is tremendously popular too; they like him. He made a big hit with his record in the war, the King did; he stayed right up at the front with the men all the time. If I get home and find out what Bull Montana thinks of Mussolini, why, I will have the entire Italian opinion.

Now a few words of how the Country was when he first took it over. There just wasent any government at all; The Socialists had taken over the Factories, the owners had nothing to do with them; it was dangerous to walk on the streets. A returned Soldier was their particular mark; they jeered at him. One Minister would be at the head of the Government a few weeks and then they would throw him out. To say it was a Revolution all over the country would be putting it mildly. Well, to sum it up in a few words, from all I can gather about it, it was just another Chicago, and him and castor oil cleared it all in less than four years. I don't believe we ever had anything just like him; Roosevelt—no doubt Mussolini has studied him—but Roosevelt was a Stand Patter to the side of this Guy. Course I don't think he is as great as Roosevelt, because I don't think anybody was as great as Roosevelt, but this Gent is a kind of a cross between Roosevelt, Red Grange, Babe Ruth, when the Babe is really good; Valentino at his peak, the elder Lafolette, a touch of Borah, Bryan of '96, Samuel Gomperts and Jim Furgeson. Now you can scramble all those concoctions up into one and you will just have a kind of a rough idea about this Roman. I hope that makes it clear to you. Oh, yes, as we come in he gave us the Facisti salute—you look out straight and point your arm kinder up and out. They say it's a salute that originally come from the old Romans, but personally I think they copped it from Old Doc Munyan's There-is-hope salute. Traffic policemen over home have been giving it for years, but nobody ever paid any attention to them.

He is funny, too, this Guy. I read one of his speeches where he was talking about a certain law that should be changed; he said, "Why this law is no good; it's just like the skin on a fat man's belly; you can pull it about wherever you want it. It should be changed." Somebody sent him a painting of himself that they had done in oil, and he said, "They should render the salad oil out of it; that's worth more than the Picture." It was new and just oozing oil.

Well, I must be closing; I may see a few more people over here and write you about them, but this was the main one I come to get, and anybody I see from now on will just be like slumming. I want to write you sometime about the wine carts coming down from the mountains, and oh, a lot of things about Rome. Oh, it's got a lot of history. They got buildings that look pretty near as old as some of those in Boston.

It's just full of History and wine, Rome is. Now this castor-oil recipe—if you don't do anything about that why let me know, because the Mexican Government will grab that in a minute. I want to write you later, too, about some of the other help around the Embassy. Everybody is mighty fine and right on the job. Well, that's about all I can think of for the present that castor oil has done for Italy.

Your devoted temporary Roman,
W. R.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Rogers. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

Behind the Scenes of their Lives

They tell how they banished clogged intestines—corrected skin and stomach disorders—found new joy in living—
with the aid of one simple, fresh food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.*

Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-16, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"AS a professional golfer, I became run down from overwork. I suffered from constipation, could not eat and had no life of any kind. I was advised to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I did so. My friends were surprised at the change in me. I was eager to have the golfing season commence for I felt like a different man."

JACK YORGAN, Chicago, Ill.

LEFT

"I HAVE suffered untold agony with headaches caused by indigestion. A friend told me of Fleischmann's Yeast for stomach trouble. I decided to give it a fair trial. Indigestion, chronic constipation and the maddening headaches are now things of the past."

MABELLE I. MAYER, W. Philadelphia, Pa.

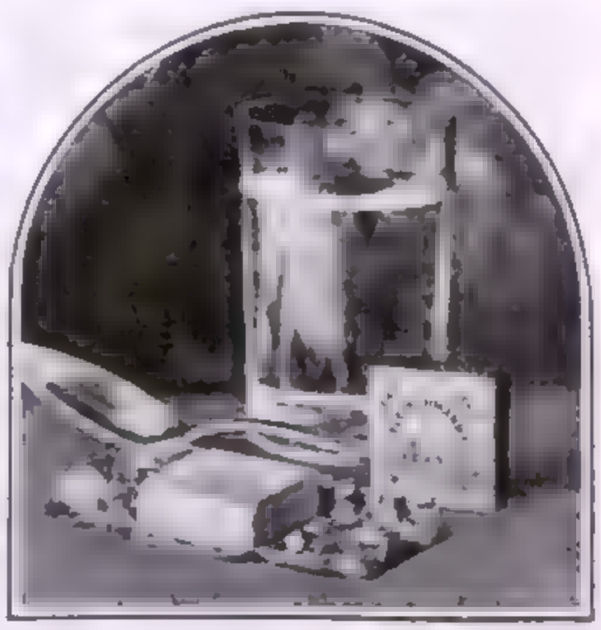
"I USED to have an embarrassing skin eruption all over my face and shoulders. I disliked appearing in an evening dress. I read of Fleischmann's Yeast. I took two cakes a day for three months. At the end of that time I was entirely rid of my skin trouble."

FRANCES SHAW, Richmond, Va.

RIGHT

"I WAS troubled with a stubborn constipation. I commenced to take Fleischmann's Yeast daily. At the end of a few weeks my constipation had vanished and I felt generally improved. At the end of six weeks my general health was of the best, and my appetite was ravenous."

MARK HYDON, Detroit, Michigan



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system — aids digestion — clears the skin banishes constipation. Start eating it today!

for Restful Sleep that Invigorates

and brings all-day energy

Now from Switzerland—a natural way to instant sleep when you go to bed—make this 3-day test

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your mornings logy, your energies drained by afternoon?

Modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to overcome this—a way to sound, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Sound sleep—active days

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and all-day energy quickly and naturally. This is why:

First—it digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion. It combines certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods which may be in your stomach. Thus, a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and all other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Restful sleep comes. And as you sleep you are gathering strength and energy.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers.

20,000 doctors recommend

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a restorative, but also for malnutrition, nerve-strain, convalescence, backward children and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work, to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

A 3-day test

You can buy Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use at your druggist's or store. Or drink it at the soda fountains. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send the coupon with 10c.

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerve

©1926, T.W. Co.

"Ovaltine" has surely helped me. I sleep much better than I did and feel better otherwise. I have found great help in "Ovaltine" and am recommending it to my friends. I cannot praise it too highly

Mr. B. F. Kriebel,
West Point, Pa.

I've found out that "Ovaltine" does everything that you say. I find that there is nothing like "Ovaltine." I have tried almost all of everything. At nights I would lie in bed an hour and over before I would go to sleep. Now I need only let my head touch the pillow. I thank you.

Mr. William Cruse,
Peoria, Illinois

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. 1731
917 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name

Street

City

(One package to a person) *Write plainly*

Send for 3-day test

SHANKS HIS MARE

(Continued from Page 23)

the fashion of the heel-and-toe walker. And long before the allotted distance is up he is exhausted.

Now that's not the right way to walk. The heel and toe isn't a walk at all—it is a straight-legged run. It is meant for speed, not for distance, and there's nothing natural or sensible about it. When I went to England for my first appearance there in 1876, I was badly worried over my chances against some of the famous British walkers until I learned that most of them were heel-and-toe experts. Lord Charles Beresford told me that in my first exhibition—a twenty-four-hour race in Agricultural Hall, London—I was being pitted against a man with a record of seven and a half miles an hour.

"He won't last," I remarked, and I felt much relieved. We started February 8 and walked until the next day, on go-as-you-please terms. William Perkins, my high-speed competitor, set off at a terrific, straight-legged, heel-and-toe clip. I shuffled along after him, taking my time, doing an easy five miles an hour. During the first twenty-five miles I could hear the spectators referring to me as a wabbler, because I made no effort to hang to the pole, wandering instead all over the track. At the end of that time Perkins had a six-mile lead and those who had wagered ten to one against me were feeling happy. But at the end of thirty-five miles, Perkins—then only four miles ahead—went into his tent for a rest and never came out again. I shuffled along, and turned up 110 miles in the twenty-four consecutive hours, stopping to take a twenty-minute nap whenever I felt like it, and feeling no fatigue.

Learning to Walk

But to get back to the average citizen, a lot depends on the frame of mind. The doctor tells him that, of course, if he is any kind of doctor. Unfortunately we can't automatically turn off one set of thoughts and turn on another; if we could there'd be less misery in the world. What we can do is to let Nature turn 'em off, and many good doctors have discovered the method. If the patient can be induced not only to shuffle along—to go slowly and easily—but to keep on going for enough distance, and to keep repeating the stunt day after day, he will find himself enjoying his walks. Instead of trying to rush through to the finish he will want to prolong them, and right there, when his mind is at ease, the walking will begin to benefit his body. When a man is high-strung and nervous he is in effect yanking one set of muscles against another, and the result is simply to wear himself out.

Insomnia is a common consequence of that condition. I do not pretend to any but the most simple medical knowledge—I've never had a doctor in my life, except once that I'll tell you about later—but I honestly believe I could cure any case of sleeplessness in a few days to a week if the man would follow my advice exactly. I'd have him walk as I've outlined here and in addition I would change his food habits. All the health experts are agreed that people eat too much. My experience has been that they eat at the wrong times.

A Sure Cure for Sleeplessness

All my fifty-eight years of professional walking I ate sparingly. My chief meal was breakfast. For that I ate a good big dish of oatmeal with milk or cream. Long periods on the road when I couldn't always get fresh milk turned me to the condensed product, and even when I'm home I use that today. Sometimes I ate a little toast or a muffin, and nearly always I drank a cup of coffee. During the day I would eat crackers, drink tea and coffee occasionally, hot or cold, and if I was making an effort I would munch at a bar of chocolate. Malted milk always was a favorite of mine while making a long walk. I am not a vegetarian. Until I was well over seventy I ate my share of meat, but I ate it sparingly, and even then my best meal was breakfast.

I would put the insomnia patient on some such diet, except that I would cut down the allowance of both tea and coffee. If the man happened to be a heavy drinker of these things I wouldn't ask him to stop altogether, because that would do more harm than good. I would get him to substitute hot malted milk. In walking I would have him take his time, but keep on going. He wouldn't go very many miles before developing his own rhythm, and unless he happened to be in very poor physical condition, I believe he would be sleepy long before he became exhausted.

Perhaps I should have explained that it wouldn't do to start out in ordinary street clothing. In my heyday as a walker, men didn't wear knickers, but if they are not too

(Continued on Page 89)

Mr. Weston, Starting on a 1500-Mile Walk

Powdered Brilliance

THE burning filament of your MAZDA lamp now gives a light ten times as brilliant as that of twenty years ago—yet it need not hurt the most sensitive eyes.

The "inside frost" of the New Line of MAZDA lamps has made it possible to break the powerful light beams to a soft radiance without appreciable loss in the amount of light.

The discovery of this process is the latest achievement of the research conducted in the laboratories of General Electric which maintain a constant, world-wide search for new ideas on incandescent lighting. Through MAZDA Service the fruits of this research are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the MAZDA mark. Look for the symbol MAZDA on the lamps you buy—it represents the best that science and research can give to make a perfect product.

MAZDA Service Research has made modern lighting possible. Ductile tungsten the gas-filled lamp, and all the features which give the New Line of MAZDA Lamps their efficiency and their greatly increased strength and beauty are the result of MAZDA Service Research.

MAZDA

THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE

RESEARCH LABORATORIES *of*

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

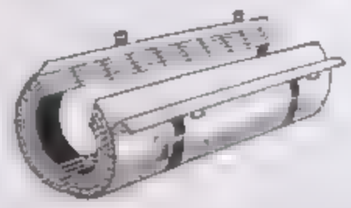
Like a magic tube:—

It seems to bring coal out of thin air!

THE minute your heating pipes are covered with Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel, every ton of coal you buy will last a good bit longer. It's like getting a few extra tons of coal each year for nothing.

Here are the facts:

This much coal costs seven cents.



This three-foot section of Asbestocel should save ten shovelfuls in one winter.

Think what this means on your whole heating system—a saving of one or two tons at least and many dollars of your money.

Similar savings are effected on oil burners.

Now, when your furnace is shut down, is the time to insulate. Next winter you will reap the benefits in comfort and economy.

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Improved

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Asbestocel

SAVES FUEL

Asbestos

Look for the Red Band. So that you may tell Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel a red band appears on the inside end of each length. Look for it.

(Continued from Page 86)

tight at the fastenings below or at the knee they are ideal for walking. All the clothing should be loose and comfortable, including the belt. I've never worn suspenders on long hikes. But the ordinary dress belt is more of a hindrance than a help. To walk at all for health, you should have a belt at least three inches wide, and men who have become stout might find four or five inches even better. Such a belt helps one to assume the natural posture of the long-distance walker.

You sort of lean back against it after you get going. If you look at my pictures you will notice that I appear to be very erect. That doesn't mean that I throw my shoulders back however. Tell the average man to straighten up and he presses his shoulder blades together, thus compressing parts of his lungs, tightening muscles that ought to be kept relaxed, and tiring his body long before it ought to be tired. A better way to describe the easy position for walking would be to say that the small of the back should be drawn forward. If this is done easily and naturally it will tend to expand the lungs, giving upper and lower air passages plenty of chance to work. The shoulders should be allowed to swing free, with the muscles relaxed. In long walks it is necessary to carry something—a short stick will do—to keep the hands from swelling. If the hands are permitted to swing suspended long enough the blood is forced into them. A stick may be shifted from one hand to the other. This also tends to lift the weight of the shoulders and helps the process of straightening up. Don't try to hold the abdomen in. Leave that to the wide belt.

Shuffle

Another thing as to stride. As I said before, every man must find his own natural gait. But a lot of mistakes may be made in searching for that. Some men get into the habit of lifting the whole weight of the body too high by swinging up on the ball of the foot and, if the pace is rapid enough, the tendency is to rise even partly on the toes. This is a waste of energy to begin with, and it is an unnecessary shock when the weight descends on the heel of the other foot. It also tends to make the stride more than its natural length and that strains the muscles. Somebody has described walking as a series of short falls. Maybe the best way to describe an easy gait is to say it is one that makes the falls as short as possible. I try not to lift my weight a fraction of an inch above the height necessary to swing my other foot forward. I bend my knees as little as possible. On smooth pavements my walk is more like a shuffle, although I do not drag my feet. As a consequence the heel and ball of the foot land almost simultaneously, and the shock is distributed over the whole mechanism of the foot

Perhaps that's why I've never had any foot trouble—and I mean just that. I've never had a corn or a blister or even a slight abrasion. Of course I always took care of my feet, which were my stock in trade. Taking care of them is simplicity itself. I've never used anything but a couple of fistfuls of rock salt in six or eight quarts of water. But here again regularity counts. Except when storm or loss of direction made it impossible for me to get those simple supplies, I've never neglected that precaution, night and morning, for more than half a century. Lots of times I've done the last ten miles of a day's hitch with my bare soles touching the ground through holes worn in the leather.

I've often wished I had kept count of the shoes and socks I've worn out. I have disposed of a stout pair of shoes often in a twenty-four-hour stunt.

Some walkers must have their shoes made to order. If the foot doesn't feel comfortable in stock shoes, that is the proper thing to do. Most men can be accommodated, however, in the modern specially built walking shoes. They have thick, pliable soles and soft leather tops. I have always used a shoe of regulation height, but I never stuck to any one particular brand or price. When funds were flush I paid the highest prices the market offered. I have never worn anything but lisle stockings and, for real walks, always white. Even in winter I couldn't stand wool. A good pair of leggings should be in every walker's kit. The battered old pair that I have at present have gone 66,000 miles.

Walking in the rain was always the most enjoyable part of a long jaunt to me. I generally had a light mackintosh within reach and I liked to feel the beat of the water against my face. After my experience with the doctor I developed a trick to avoid rheumatic effects from too much dampness. After much experimenting with liniments, I worked out a simple formula containing two and a half ounces of olive oil to one and a half ounces of spirits of ammonia Shake that thoroughly and rub it well into the knees and the muscles of the thighs and calves, if you expect to do a long walk in damp weather, and it will save you a lot of trouble.

Policemen have been my especial friends since I was quite a lad, and every time I get talking to one I tell him about that. It has been passed along also to postmen, who must be out in all kinds of weather. The salt-and-water prescription also is saving thousands of patrolmen and postmen from sore feet, and I hope this will reach more of them. My leaning for policemen came about after I left the office-boy job at the Herald and became a full-fledged police reporter on the famous old Sun of Charles A. Dana. Later I worked on the Tribune under the equally famous Horace Greeley, both of whom became my staunch friends.

In those days the only transportation was the horse car and the cab. Telephones had not been invented, and in order to get the news reporters had to go after it. That's where the familiar newspaper term legmen was invented. When I picked up a job on the Sun I found that my fame as a long-distance pedestrian had preceded me as a result of the little story in the Herald about Mrs. Bennett's flowers. So I was given the assignment of making the final round of all the police precincts at night. That's where my first real training as a walker came in. After a while I had so reduced the time necessary to make all the rounds that I was leaving the Sun office at 11:30 P.M. while the Herald man had to leave at 10:30 P.M., both of us being due back at one in the morning. I took pains to make friends with all the policemen, and thus reduced to a minimum the amount of time necessary to get what stories there were. As a consequence I got later news than my competitors and scored many beats. But all the time I had the idea of being a professional walker.

When I made the trip to Washington the newspapers ran big stories and commented editorially on my performance. My failure to arrive on time was treated very kindly. I do not think the story has ever been told—the alibi, as sporting writers would call it. At that time I had not developed any trainers and the men following me in a carriage came across me on the road six miles north of Baltimore, fast asleep. It was always my custom to lie down and sleep whenever I felt like it. I became drowsy long before fatigue attacked me. Well, they thought I had collapsed. I am a sound sleeper and perhaps they were convinced of my collapse when they shook me a few times and I failed to awaken. So they bundled me into the carriage and took me to Baltimore where I slept for nearly twenty hours. Once on the road, again, very much behind my schedule, I lost my way.

The next day the newspapers carried stories, nevertheless, and the day after that I was invited to the White House by Mrs. Lincoln. I met the President, who shook hands with me and said, "You got here anyhow." It developed that Mrs. Lincoln wanted me to talk to her boys, who were deeply interested in my achievement. That started a friendship that endured until she had passed away. Whenever Mrs. Lincoln came to New York to shop in later years she always notified me if I was in town, and I acted as her escort. She hated to ride in the omnibus or even a private carriage and she did not want to walk about the city alone.

The Civil War started while I was in New England, and as a result of my reputation for long distances, I was given a special post as messenger to the State of Massachusetts. On my first trip I ran into the guerrilla blockade established by friends of the South at Baltimore, but passed through it by crawling for miles on my hands and knees. And no sooner had I reached the Union lines again than I was arrested as a spy and thrown into a jail at Annapolis Junction.

Former Mayor Gaynor, of New York, Reading a Letter From the Mayor of Los Angeles Brought to Him by the Veteran Walker

Pedomania

Looking through the bars, I recognized Walter Chapin, who was on the staff of the governor of Rhode Island. He identified me and I was released. Of course, my dispatches would have shown my identity later anyhow. General Ben Butler sent me through to Washington on a special locomotive, riding in the cab with the engineer.

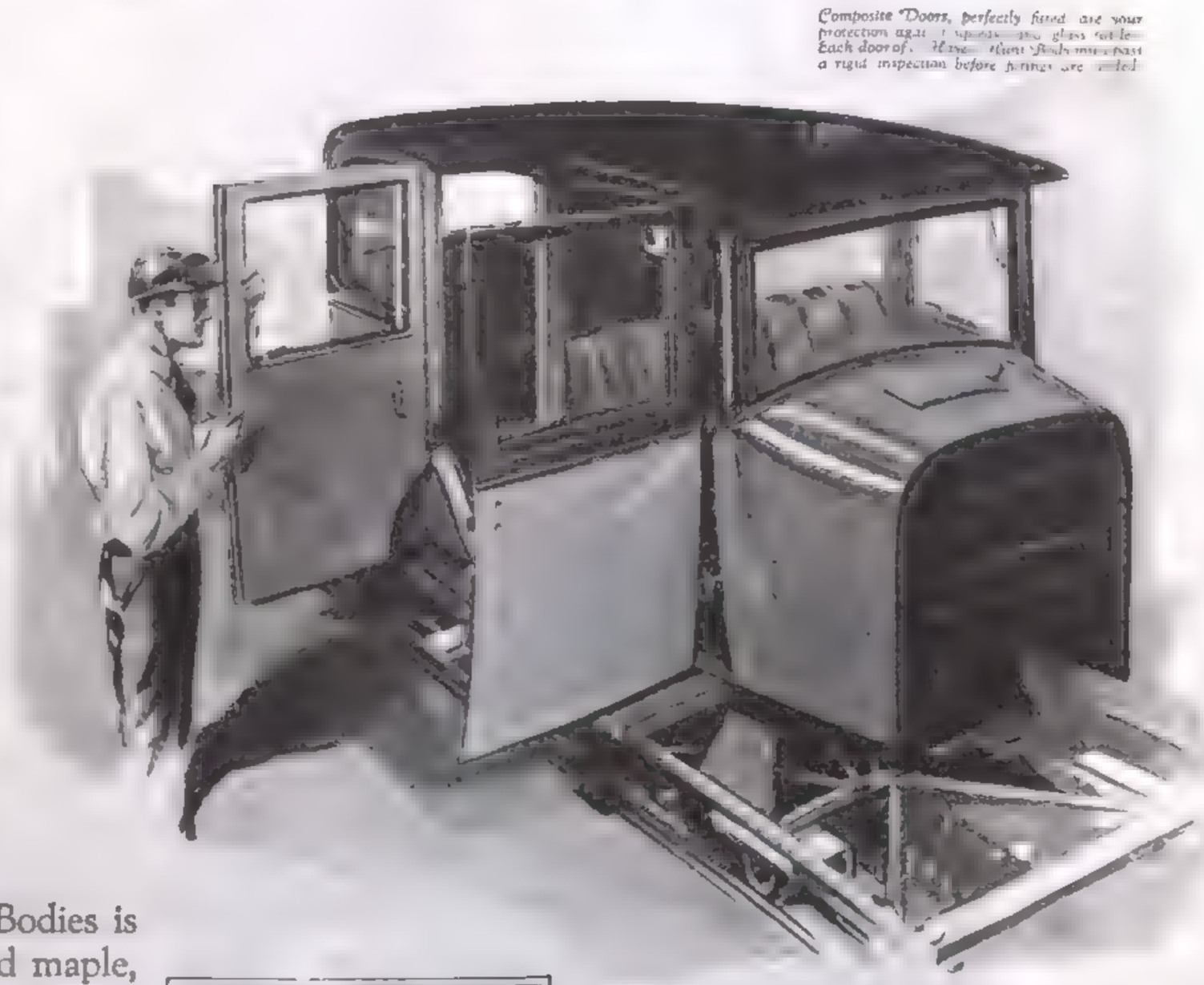
In Philadelphia a few years later Mayor Henry and I became fast friends. With his encouragement I organized a series of band concerts at the Academy of Music. Later I went back to New York and resumed newspaper work. It was then I came to know Greeley and Dana, both of whom were deeply interested in my professional long-distance walk from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, in 1867. From then until 1910 when I returned across the continent in my seventy-third year, not a twelvemonth passed without an exhibition or a contest of some sort. The walk to Chicago gave me national prestige for the first time, but it did more. It launched a pedestrian mania that was to endure for many years, and I like to believe that thus I have been instrumental in prolonging the lives and increasing the happiness of millions of men and women.

November of 1867 was a particularly severe month. Even when I was leaving Boston, October 29, the weather was turning cold. The newspapers had given an inordinate amount of advance publicity to the attempt I was planning, and I was besieged with advice from all quarters. Physicians and physical-culture experts from all parts of the country wrote to tell

Continued on Page 92

Why the composite type of body offers highest grade transportation . . .

Non-drumming; no glass breakage from expansion or contraction; greater opportunity for artistic trim.

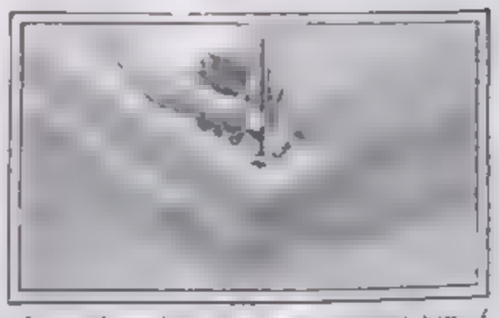


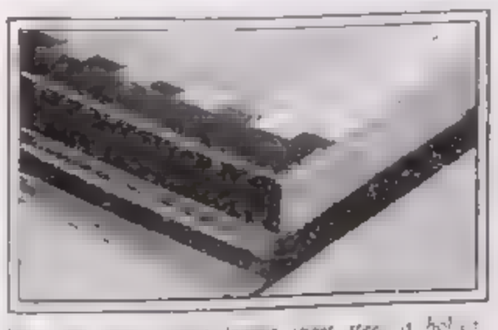
THE term "composite body" is applied to motor car bodies of wood and steel. The framework, or skeleton, is made of wood which affords greater resiliency to stress and strain.

The framework in Hayes-Hunt Bodies is made from carefully selected hard maple, especially felled, logged, kiln-dried, and milled for the exacting requirements of high grade coachwork. Every individual piece of timber used is inspected for straightness of grain and freedom from damaging knots. All major joints are mortised and perfectly fitted, glued, bolted, and dowelled.

The framework is made in units, such as top, quarters, doors, etc. After careful inspection these units are assembled in a setting up jig, where pressure is applied from all angles to make the joints firm and the entire framework true and rigid.

Over this strong wood framework sheet steel, which has been carefully tempered to preserve its strength, before stamping, is bolted and welded. Thus the composite body becomes a single unit, with the strength of steel and the resiliency of wood.

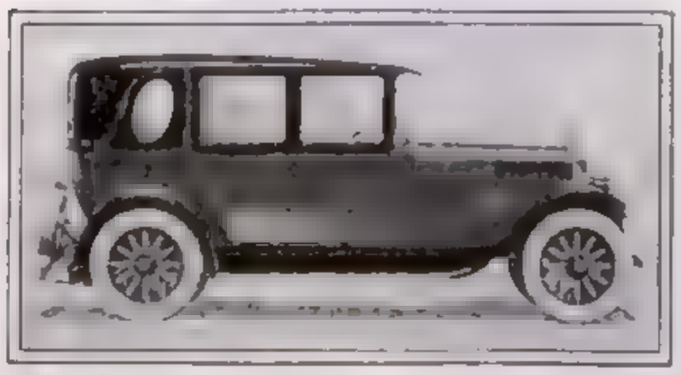




Another important advantage of the composite type of body is its adaptability to high grade workmanship in the finish and inside trim. Wood is just as important in high grade coachwork as it is in cabinet work and fine furniture making.

Can you imagine a bell lined with wood? Of course it wouldn't make any *noise*. But its *strength* if put to a test, would be even greater.

The composite body, by Hayes-Hunt is not subject to "drumming" or road roars. The wood deadens any sound which might emanate from road shocks.



Symmetrical lines and harmonious blending of the artistic with the practical are characteristics of Hayes-Hunt Bodies, exemplified by the Star Six Landau Sedan.

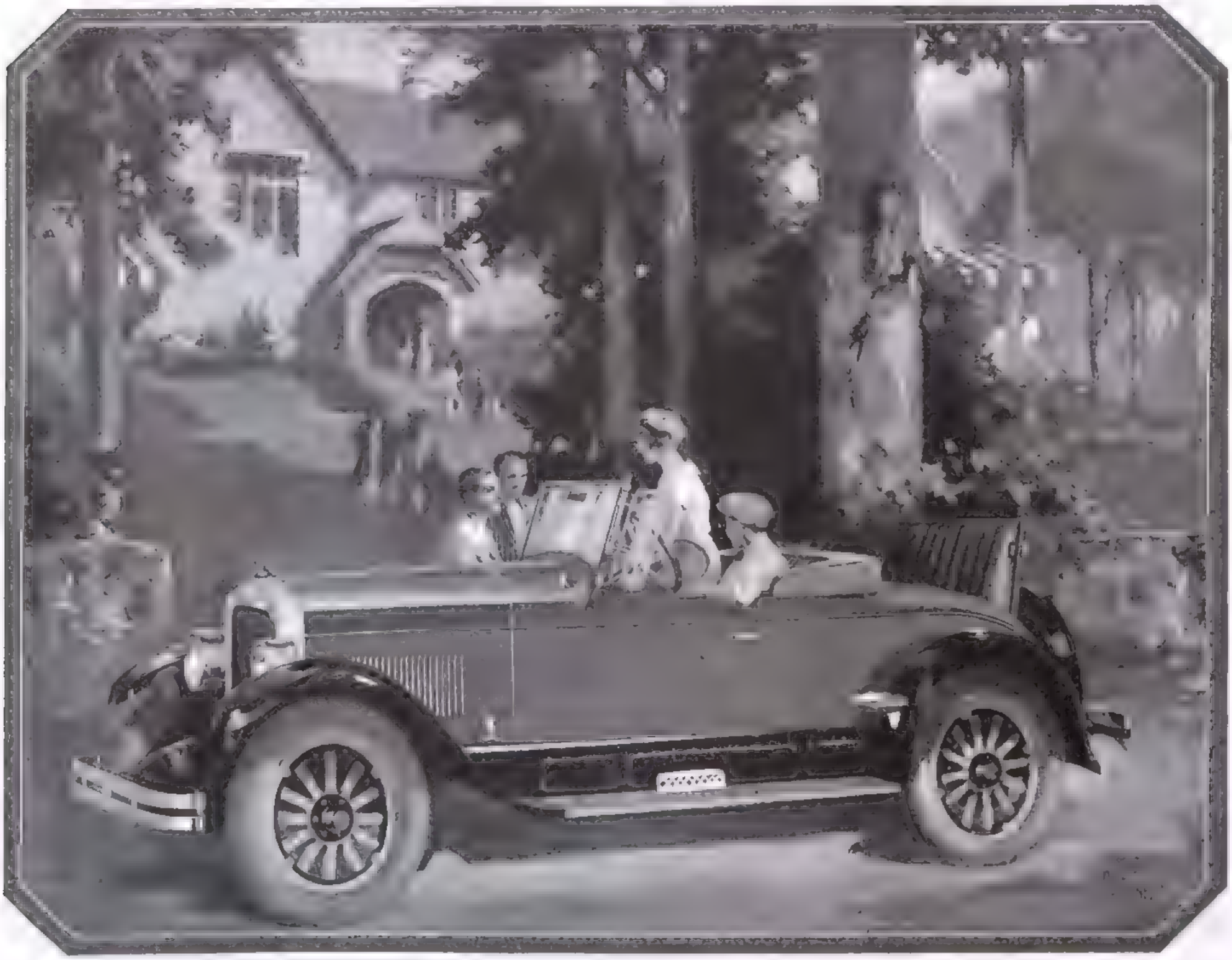
HAYES-HUNT CORPORATION, ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

Hayes-Hunt Bodies

Beauty, Service and Comfort

Body by Hayes Hunt Corporation

HERE IS A CAR FOR THE OPEN ROAD—A CAR FOR THE YOUNG AT HEART



Vacation Days Suggest a Roadster

Quality and Value Demand a Star

If your vacation, or everyday needs, include hills or long distances, bad roads or congested traffic, this newest Star will meet them all.

Great power always; amazing speed if you need it; and an ease of handling that makes driving a joy.

The lines and colors of the Star Six de Luxe Sport Roadster indicate a high selling price. The quality merits it. Volume production makes it unnecessary.

See this de Luxe Sport Roadster at your nearest Star Car dealer's.

NEW STAR SIX
DE LUXE SPORT
ROADSTER
$910 *f. o. b. Lansing*

New Star Six

CHASSIS	$650
TOURING	725
COUPE	820
COACH	880
DE LUXE SPORT ROADSTER	910
LANDAU SEDAN	975

Improved Star Four

COM. CHASSIS	$470
ROADSTER	540
TOURING	540
COUPE	675
COACH	695
SEDAN	795

Prices f. o. b. Lansing

HAYES-HUNT BODIES

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MORE POWER and SUPERIOR QUALITY

(Continued from Page 89)

me that 1326 miles in thirty consecutive days was too much for any man. My measurements were published—I am below medium height and I never weighed much more than 120 pounds. As a matter of fact small men are generally the best long-distance walkers, for they have less weight to carry, but nobody stopped to think of that. It was assumed that I was too frail for the task.

My trip was a triumphal procession, and except for some bad stretches of road in the most inclement weather, I generally had company. In the cities I was followed by thousands. Committees of business men met and entertained me. Police guards were provided, and impromptu walking clubs were formed to escort me from one town to another. The story, from a newspaper point of view, grew in value as each walking day passed without any sign of my predicted collapse. Letters to the editor explaining why the attempt was equivalent to suicide began to go into the waste basket, or to find space only for the purpose of showing how far the writers erred.

To make time on such a trip it is, of course, necessary for the pedestrian to be relieved of all responsibility and worry over details of his accommodations at the various stops to be made, the supply of food and other necessities. In other words, he must have handlers. I profited by my experience in the first long walk to Lincoln's inauguration and made sure that attendants always would be within reach. The expense of this detail is what delayed the attempt for so many years. Even in those days of low wages long walks cost about a thousand dollars a month. I had arranged for all expenses through the kindness of various friends before I started, and therefore had nothing to worry me.

When I accomplished the task on which I had set out in less than the allotted time, resting one day in Hartford in addition to the four Sundays in the thirty days and arriving in Chicago in one hour and twenty minutes less than twenty-four days of actual walking, the problem of finding funds for my profession disappeared. I was able to take my choice of offers to appear at state and county fairs, and for the first time in my life I began to earn large sums of money. It all went as easily as it came. Although I have never dissipated, I fell into the age-old habit of sportsmen of spending all I earned, or nearly all.

No Training Camp Needed

In my exhibitions I became convinced that even the walk to Chicago was not an accurate measure of a man's endurance so long as he kept always within his strength. As a consequence an exhibition was arranged in October, 1868, over an accurately measured road in Westchester County, New York, and I succeeded in walking 100 miles in twenty-two hours, nineteen minutes and ten seconds. I had set out to do the century in twenty-four hours, with no certainty that I could succeed. The experience taught me that even my estimates of human endurance, which everybody else said were inflated estimates, were far below the ultimate possibility. Later I was to prove this.

I might say here that in all my fifty-eight years of professional pedestrianism I have never consciously gone into training in the ordinary acceptance of the term. It was my purpose always to prove that walking differed from all other forms of exercise in that it kept a man always in condition without overtraining; that if he took care of himself, ate sensibly and avoided strains, he would actually improve with age and would never go stale. I was then getting fairly well along in years from the athletic point of view, and much of the publicity given me was based on the fact that I was nearing my thirtieth birthday! Who could have dreamed that I would be a better pedestrian at sixty?

In my thirtieth year I walked from Bangor, Maine, to Buffalo over the Green Mountains, a distance of 1058 miles, all but eight miles being through snow, in thirty consecutive days. Then, in 1871, at St Louis, I made 200 miles in forty-one hours. That, incidentally, was my first exhibition of walking backward. My various managers and the promoters who wanted me as an attraction kept insisting that some novelty should be introduced. I had been trying hard to think of something when one day, while totaling up my accounts and wondering what in the world had become of all the money I had earned, I muttered to myself, "I'm going backward." That gave me the idea.

The Conquest of England

Accordingly it was arranged that in the St. Louis exhibition I should walk fifty miles within ten and a quarter consecutive hours each day for four days, forty-nine and a half miles as Nature intended and one-half mile backward. If you think reversed walking is easy, try it sometime. I had never attempted it before, and only the patience drilled into me by thousands of miles of forward plodding carried me through. The impulse, even for a trained walker, is to hurry. If you hurry your feet get tangled up and sooner or later you will fall.

I discovered that in the first fifty yards, and for the rest of the distance I took my time. It was more like a waltz than a walk.

The succeeding month—in June of 1871—I took another fling at my world's twenty-four-hour record, doing 112 miles in twenty-three hours and forty-four minutes. The first 100 miles were accomplished in twenty-one hours and one minute. Then I took a long sleep.

I might have added many miles to the record then and later if I had cared to push myself, but I have always lived up to my contention that walking is not a strain on the system. I should have explained that the New York appearance—it was in the Empire Rink—was a five-day stand. I had been billed to go as I pleased during that time. The first day, June 12, I did 100 miles in twenty-four consecutive hours. In the succeeding four days—in a total elapsed time of four days, twenty-three hours and thirty-two minutes, I made a total of 400 miles.

By that time I was developing speed. Not the seven-mile-an-hour speed of the heel-and-toe walker, but the ability to do six without effort and the endurance to roll off five miles an hour for prolonged periods. In October of the same year, at Macon, I made fifty and a half miles in nine hours, forty-nine minutes and forty-five seconds, including a half mile backward, without halting for a rest. It was the longest exhibition walk I had ever made without a rest, although I had probably gone farther on the road. Three years later I broke my century and twenty-four-hour records, doing 115 miles in twenty-three hours and fifty-one minutes, and the first hundred in twenty hours and thirty-eight minutes.

I tackled the twenty-four-hour record several times during the next few years, but couldn't lower it without too much effort, which I refused to make. But in 1874, at Newark, I did 500 miles in five days, twenty-three hours and thirty-eight minutes.

Then, in response to repeated invitations from Lord Charles Beresford, Sir John D. Astley, Sir Edward Lawson, then owner of the London Daily Telegraph, and other noted sportsmen, I went to England.

All I had ever known of the delights of public acclaim paled into insignificance before the reception given me in England. I was billed for a long stay at Agricultural Hall, and within a period of five consecutive weeks I walked 1015 miles, drawing a total of 200,000 spectators. This was in February of 1876, and from then until June of 1879 I had more engagements than I could fill. In that month I won the Astley belt by covering 550 miles in 141 hours and forty-four minutes, defeating two Englishmen and an Irish walker, my nearest competitor being 100 miles in the rear. Before leaving England for the United States I succeeded in breaking my twenty-four-hour record, doing 127 miles in that time.

I returned to the States, but went back to England in '83 and walked fifty miles a day for 100 days under the auspices of the Church of England Temperance Society, delivering a lecture at the end of each day's jaunt. In 1886 I came home again. Up to that time there had never been the slightest attempt by the gamblers to capitalize my reputation, but before I had been on the dock ten minutes two notorious betting men stopped me with a proposition to "stand in with the boys." It was then I began writing letters to my friends, warning them not to bet. I started the contest and then, when I was well in the lead, refused to go on when I became convinced that it had been fixed, even though I had been picked as the winner.

After that the gamblers never attempted to tamper with me, for their man, who was far behind when I dropped out, didn't have the moral courage to quit and thus force me into the victory. He kept on going while tremendous pressure was exerted on me to take to the track again, and with every step he took the gamblers saw their dollars disappearing.

A Painful Prescription

I was then getting along in years, and physicians were beginning to predict that I had ruined my constitution. For a period of a few weeks I began to believe them. I had been living on my laurels, taking life easy, and although I still avoided dissipation, I hadn't been walking much. One day I awoke with fearful pains in the hips running up into the small of my back. I came limping downstairs in the New York Press Club to meet Doctor "Bob" Taylor, who was a great hand to accompany me on some of my walks. When I told him I thought I had sciatica he began to laugh. Then, without warning, he grabbed me by the collar and began to hustle me playfully but vigorously around the room until I was in a great perspiration. The pain was terrible and I shouted to him to let go, but I was helpless in his hands.

"Now, Payse," he said when he did release me, "I've started the cure. You finish it. What you've got is the old-fashioned rheumatism, and the reason you have it is because you've let your muscles get lazy. Get out and walk, no matter how much it hurts, and you'll be all right."

I wouldn't want to offer that prescription to every man, but it worked for me. In a week the last of the aches had gone. Taylor told a number of friends of my cure, and in order to demonstrate it thoroughly I walked from the Battery to Albany, 160 miles, in fifty-nine hours and fifty-nine minutes, most of it over snow and ice.

After I passed my fiftieth year I found myself being pounded, X-rayed, weighed, pinched and cross-questioned until at times it became a nuisance. In my sixty-eighth year a group of medical men of national renown got hold of the records taken in my thirty-second year, and at their request I walked from Philadelphia to New York in twenty-three hours and fifty-four minutes, submitting to prolonged examinations before and after the effort. A loss of weight was always shown, but I always finished with normal pulse and heartbeats and with no sign of contracted muscles.

Improving With Age

One day during the height of my career in England I had made the boast to a group of sportsmen that in my seventy-fifth year I would attempt to show that a man of seventy-five who had taken care of himself could accomplish a task far beyond the powers of the average man of fifty. That promise was always on my mind and in 1907—I was then 68 years old—I determined to test myself against one of my earlier records. I chose the trip that had first brought me into public prominence—from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, made in 1867—and in spite of my advanced age succeeded in beating my twenty-eight-year-old time by twenty-nine hours!

Then came the first trip across the continent, when I was 71. I set out to walk 4000 miles over a devious route in 100 days and, because of the thirty days of storms that I have described, I was one hundred and five miles short of the distance I had set out to cover and four days and seven hours late when finally I looked at the Pacific. My friends began to think I was overtaxing myself, and I was urged to retire again. Retirements had become my chief occupation, but somehow they never took. I was convinced that I could cross the country afoot in less than one hundred days, and in the following February I made it, deviating through the Grand Canyon and going on to New York from Santa Monica for a distance of 3500 miles in seventy-six days and twenty-three hours.

The thing that appeals to me about walking is that one gets better on the road, provided he does not overexert himself. I believe more and more people have learned that lesson. Curiously, the automobile has done more to encourage walking than might be expected, although most of the walkers may not know they are being encouraged. Wherever I go into the country I meet boys and girls, men, and often women, hiking along with packs on their backs, headed for the far hills and the golden sunsets. Most of them have set out in the hope of picking up lifts and many will cross the country in a few weeks with the aid of motorists. But in between they will often trudge five to twenty miles, gaining health with every stride. The motor car is too fast for me. I am content to walk.

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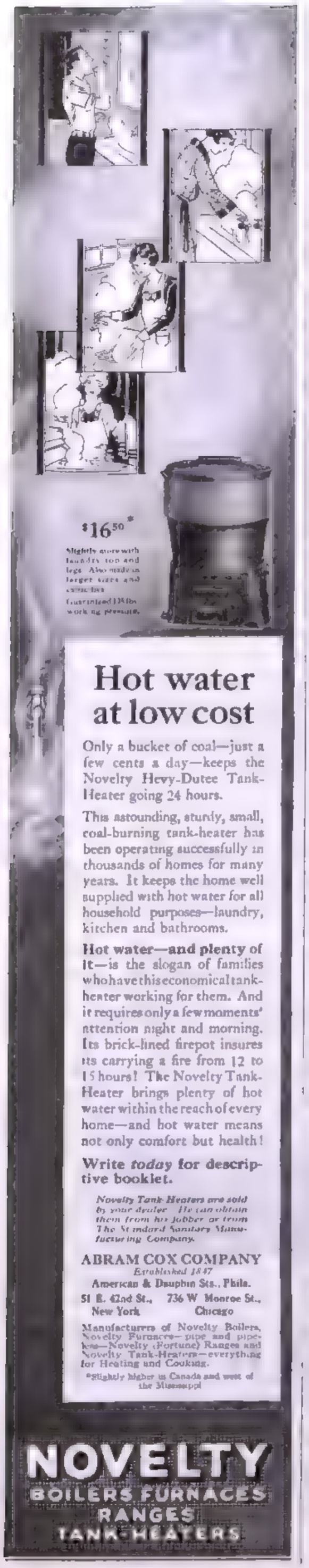
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THE CHINESE PARROT

Continued from Page 34

"A simple reason," Madden replied. "I thought up there that my daughter was going East with me. Her plans are altered; she's going at once to Pasadena for the balance of the season, and I propose to put the necklace in safety deposit there for her use when she wants it."

"I met your daughter in San Francisco," Eden said. "She's a very charming girl."

Madden looked at him keenly. "You think so, do you?"

"I do. I presume she is still in Denver?"

For a moment Madden was silent, regarding him. "No," he admitted finally, "she is not in Denver now."

"Indeed? If you don't mind telling me ——"

"She is in Los Angeles, visiting friends," Madden said

At this surprising information Eden's eyes opened wide.

"How long has she been there?" he inquired.

"Since last Tuesday," Madden answered. "I think it was Tuesday—I got a wire saying she was coming here. I didn't want her here for certain reasons, so I sent Thorn in to meet her, with instructions to take her back to Barstow and put her on the Los Angeles train."

Eden thought fast.

Barstow was about the proper distance away to account for the mileage on the big car. But where was the red clay on station platforms hereabouts?

"You're certain she reached Los Angeles safely?" he asked.

"Of course. I saw her there on Wednesday. Now I've answered all your questions. It's your turn. Why did you think something was wrong here?"

"What has become of Shaky Phil Maydorf?" countered Eden.

"Who?"

"Shaky Phil—the lad who called himself McCallum, and who won forty-seven dollars from me at poker here the other night?"

"You mean his name was really Maydorf?" inquired Madden with interest.

"I certainly do. I had some experience with Maydorf in San Francisco."

"In what way?"

"He acted as though he was trying to annex the Phillimore pearls."

Madden's face was purple again. "Is that so? Would you mind telling me about it?"

"Not at all," replied Eden. He narrated Maydorf's activities at the pier, but failed to mention the connection with Louie Wong.

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?" demanded Madden.

"Because I thought you knew it. I still think so."

"You're crazy."

"Maybe. We won't go into that. But when I saw Maydorf down here it was natural to suspect something was wrong. I'm not convinced yet that there isn't. Why not go back to the original plan and deliver the pearls in New York?"

Madden shook his head. "No; I've set out to get them here and I'll go through with it. Anybody will tell you I'm no quitter."

"Then at least tell me what the trouble is."

"There is no trouble," Madden replied. "At least, none that I can't handle myself. It's my own affair. I've bought the pearls and I want them. I give you my word that you'll be paid, which is all that need concern you."

"Mr. Madden," said the boy, "I'm not blind. You're in a jam of some sort, and I'd like to help you."

Madden turned, and his tired, harassed face was ample proof of Eden's statement. "I'll get out of it," he said. "I've got out of worse holes. I thank you for your kind intentions, but don't you worry about me. At eight o'clock then—I'm relying on you. Now if you'll excuse me I think I'll lie down. I anticipate a rather busy evening."

He went from the room, and Bob Eden stared after him, perplexed and at sea. Had he gone too far with the millionaire—told him too much? And how about this news of Evelyn Madden? Could it be true? Was she really in Los Angeles? It sounded plausible enough, and her father's manner when he spoke of her seemed frankness itself.

Oh, well —— The heat on the desert was now a tangible thing, wave on wave of filmy haze. Eden was weary with his many problems. He followed Madden's example and slept the afternoon away.

When he rose the sun was sinking and the cool night coming on. He heard Gamble in the bathroom. Gamble—who was Gamble? Why was he allowed to remain on Madden's ranch?

In the patio the boy had a few whispered words with Ah Kim, telling him the news about Evelyn Madden.

"Thorn and professor home now," the detective said. "I notice mileage—thirty-nine, as before, and bits of red clay on floor of car."

Eden shook his head. "Time is passing," he remarked.

Chan shrugged. "If I could arrest it I would do so," he replied.

At the dinner table Professor Gamble was amiability personified.

"Well, well, Mr. Eden, we're glad to have you back with us. Sorry to have you miss any of this desert air. Your business—if I may presume—your business prospered?"

"Sure did," smiled Eden. "And how does yours go?"

The professor looked at him quickly. "I—er—I am happy to say I have had a most gratifying day. I found the very rat I was looking for."

"Fine for you, but hard on the rat," said Eden, and the dinner proceeded in silence.

When they rose from the table Madden lighted a cigar and dropped into his favorite chair before the fire. Gamble sat down with a magazine beside a lamp. Eden took out a packet of cigarettes, lighted one, wandered about. Thorn also selected a magazine. The big clock struck the hour of seven, and then an air of almost intolerable quiet settled over the room.

Eden paused at the radio. "Never could see the sense of these things until I came down here," he explained to Madden. "I realize now there are times when even a lecture on the habits of the hookworm may seem enchanting. How about a bedtime story for the kiddies?"

He tuned in. Ah Kim entered and busied himself at the table. The sharp voice of an announcer in Los Angeles filled the room:

"—— next number on our program—Miss Norma Fitzgerald, who is appearing in the musical show at the Mason, will sing a couple of selections."

Madden leaned forward and tapped the ash from his cigar. Thorn and Gamble looked up with languid interest.

"Hello, folks," came the voice of the woman Bob Eden had talked with the day before. "Here I am again. And right at the start I want to thank all you good friends for the loads and loads of letters I've had since I went on the air out here. I found a lovely bunch at the studio tonight. I haven't had time to read them all, but I want to tell Sadie French, if she's listening in, that I was glad to know she's in Santa Monica, and I'll sure call her up. Another letter that brought me happiness was from my old pal, Jerry Delaney ——"

Eden's heart stopped beating. Madden leaned forward, Thorn's mouth opened and stayed that way, and the eyes of the professor narrowed. Ah Kim, at the table, worked without a sound.

"I've been a little worried about Jerry," the woman went on, "and it was great to know that he's alive and well. I'm looking forward to seeing him soon. Now I must go on with my program, because I'm due at the theater in half an hour. I hope you good people will all come and see us, for we've certainly got a dandy little show, and ——"

"Oh, shut the confounded thing off!" said Madden. "Advertising, nine-tenths of these radio programs. Makes me sick."

Norma Fitzgerald had burst into song, and Bob Eden shut the confounded thing off. A long look passed between him and Ah Kim. A voice had come to the desert, come over the bare brown hills and the dreary miles of sagebrush and sand—a voice that said Jerry Delaney was alive and well; alive and well—and all their fine theories came crashing down.

The man Madden killed was not Jerry Delaney! Then whose was the voice calling for help that tragic night at the ranch? Who uttered the cry that was heard and echoed by Tony, the Chinese parrot?

XX

AH KIM, carrying a heavy tray of dishes, left the room. Madden leaned back at ease in his chair, his eyes closed, and blew thick rings of smoke toward the ceiling. The professor and Thorn resumed their placid reading, one on each side of the lamp. A touching scene of domestic peace.

But Bob Eden did not share that peace. His heart was beating fast, his mind was dazed. He rose and slipped quietly outdoors. In the cook house Ah Kim was at the sink, busily washing dishes. To look at the impassive face of the Chinese no one would have guessed that this was not his regular employment.

"Charlie," said Eden softly.

Chan hastily dried his hands and came to the door. "Humbly begging pardon, do not come in here." He led the way to the shadows beside the barn. "What are trouble now?" he asked gently.

"Trouble!" said Eden. "You heard, didn't you? We've been on the wrong track entirely. Jerry Delaney is alive and well."

"Most interesting, to be sure," admitted Chan.

"Interesting! Say, what are you made of anyhow?" Chan's calm was a bit disturbing. "Our theory blows up completely, and you ——"

"Old habit of theories," said Chan. "Not the first to shatter in my countenance. Pardon me if I fail to experience thrill like you."

"But what shall we do now?"

"What should we do? We hand over pearls. You have made foolish promise, which I heartily rebuked. Nothing to do but carry out."

"And go away without learning what happened here! I don't see how I can ——"

"What is to be will be. The words of the infinitely wise Kong Fu Tse."

"But listen, Charlie, have you thought of this? Perhaps nothing happened. Maybe we've been on a false trail from the start."

A little car came tearing down the road and they heard it stop with a wild shriek of the brakes before the ranch. They hurried round the house. The moon was low and the scene in semidarkness. A familiar figure alighted, and without pausing to open the gate, leaped over it.

Eden ran forward.

"Hello, Holley," he said.

Holley turned suddenly. "Good Lord, you scared me! But you're the man I'm looking for." He was panting, obviously excited.

"What's wrong?" Eden asked.

"I don't know. But I'm worried. Paula Wendell ——"

Eden's heart sank. "What about Paula Wendell?"

"You haven't heard from her—or seen her?"

"No, of course not."

(Continued on Page 98

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(Continued from Page 94)

"Well, she never came back from the Petticoat Mine. It's only a short run up there, and she left just after breakfast. She should have been back long ago. She promised to have dinner with me, and we were going to see the picture at the theater tonight. It's one she's particularly interested in."

Eden was moving toward the road. "Come along. In heaven's name, hurry!"

Chan stepped forward. Something gleamed in his hand. "My automatic," he explained. "I rescued it from suitcase this morning. Take it with you."

"I won't need that," said Eden. "Keep it. You may have use for it."

"I humbly beg of you ——"

"Thanks, Charlie, I don't want it. All right, Holley."

"The pearls," suggested Chan.

"Oh, I'll be back by eight. This is more important."

As he climbed into the flivver by Holley's side Eden saw the front door of the ranch house open and the huge figure of Madden framed in the doorway.

"Hey!" cried the millionaire.

"Hey yourself," muttered Eden. The editor was backing his car and with amazing speed he swung it round. They were off down the road, the throttle wide open.

"What could have happened?" Eden asked.

"I don't know. It's a dangerous place, that old mine. Shafts sunk all over, the mouths of some of them hidden by underbrush—shafts several hundred feet deep."

"Faster!" pleaded Eden.

"Going the limit now," Holley replied. "Madden seemed interested in your departure, didn't he? I take it you haven't given him the pearls?"

"No. Something new broke tonight." Eden told of the voice over the radio. "Ever strike you that we may have been cuckoo from the start? No one even slightly damaged at the ranch, after all?"

"Quite possible," the editor admitted.

"Well, that can wait. It's Paula Wendell now."

Another car was coming toward them with reckless speed. Holley swung out and the two cars grazed in passing.

"Who was that?" wondered Eden.

"A taxi from the station," Holley returned. "I recognized the driver. There was someone in the back seat."

"I know," said Eden. "Someone headed for Madden's ranch perhaps."

"Perhaps," agreed Holley. He turned off the main road into the perilous, half-obliterated highway that led to the long-abandoned mine. "Have to go slower, I'm afraid," he said

"Oh, hit it up!" urged Eden. "You can't hurt old Horace Greeley." Holley again threw the throttle wide, and the front wheel on the left coming at that moment in violent contact with a rock, their heads nearly pierced the top of the car.

"It's all wrong, Holley," remarked Eden with feeling.

"What's all wrong?"

"A pretty, charming girl like Paula Wendell running about alone in this desert country. Why in heaven's name doesn't somebody marry her and take her away from it?"

"Not a chance," replied Holley. "She hasn't any use for marriage. 'The last resort of feeble minds,' is what she calls it."

"Is that so?"

"Never coop her up in a kitchenette, she told me, after the life of freedom she's enjoyed."

"Then why did she go and get engaged to this guy?"

"What guy?"

"Wilbur—or whatever his name is—the lad who gave her the ring."

Holley laughed, then was silent for a minute.

"I don't suppose she'll like it," he said at last, "but I'm going to tell you anyhow. It would be a pity if you didn't find out. That emerald is an old one that belonged to her mother. She's had it put in a more modern setting and she wears it as a sort of protection."

"Protection?"

"Yes; so every mush-head she meets won't pester her to marry him."

"Oh!" said Eden. A long silence. "Is that the way she characterizes me?" asked the boy finally.

"How?"

"As a mush-head?"

"Oh, no. She said you had the same ideas on marriage that she had. Refreshing to meet a sensible man like you, is the way she put it." Another long silence. "What's on your mind?" asked the editor.

"Plenty," said Eden grimly. "I suppose, at my age, it's still possible to make over a wasted life."

"It ought to be," Holley assured him.

"I've been acting like a fool. Going to give good old dad the surprise of his life when I get home. Take over the business, like he's wanted me to, and work hard. So far I haven't known what I wanted. Been as weak and vacillating as a—a woman."

"Some simile," replied Holley. "I don't know that I ever heard a worse one. Show me the woman who doesn't know what she wants—and knowing, fails to go after it."

"Oh, well, you get what I mean. . . . How much farther is it?"

"We're getting there. Five miles more."

"Gad, I hope nothing's happened to her!"

They rattled on, closer and closer to the low hills, brick red under the rays of the slowly rising moon. The road entered a narrow canyon; it almost disappeared; but like a homing thing, Horace Greeley followed it intuitively.

"Got a flash light?" Eden inquired.

"Yes. Why?"

"Stop a minute and let me have it. I've an idea."

He descended with the light and carefully examined the road ahead. "She's been along here," he announced. "That's the tread of her tires—I'd know it anywhere; I changed one of them for her. She's—she's up there somewhere too. The car has been this way but once."

He leaped back beside Holley and the flivver sped on, round hairpin turns and along the edge of a precipice. Presently it turned a final corner, and before them, nestled in the hills, was the ghost city of Petticoat Mine.

Bob Eden caught his breath. Under the friendly moon lay the remnants of a town, here a chimney and there a wall, street after street of houses crumbled now to dust. Once the mine had boomed and the crowd had come; they had built their homes here where the shafts sank deep; silver had fallen in price and the crowd had gone, leaving Petticoat Mine to the most deadly bombardment of all—the patient, silent bombardment of the empty years.

They rode down Main Street, weaving in and out among black gaping holes that might have been made by bursting shells. Between the cracks of the sidewalks, thronged once on a Saturday night, grew patches of pale-green basket grass. Of the business blocks but two remained, and one of these was listing with the wind.

"Cheery sight," remarked Eden.

"The building that's on the verge of toppling is the old Silver Star Saloon," said Holley. "The other one—it never will topple. They built it of stone—built it to stand—and they needed it, too, I guess. That's the old jail."

"The jail?" Eden repeated.

Holley's voice grew cautious: "Is that a light in the Silver Star?"

"Seems to be," Eden answered. "Look here, we're at rather a disadvantage—unarmed, you know. I'll just stow away in the tonneau and appear when needed. The element of surprise may make up for our lack of a weapon."

"Good idea," agreed Holley, and Eden climbed into the rear of the car and hid himself. They stopped before the Silver Star. A tall man appeared suddenly in the doorway and walked briskly up to the flivver.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked, and Bob Eden thrilled to hear again the thin high voice of Shaky Phil Maydorf.

"Hello, stranger," said Holley. "This is a surprise. I thought old Petticoat was deserted."

"Company's thinking of opening up the mine soon," returned Maydorf. "I'm here to do a little assaying."

"Find anything?" inquired Holley casually.

"The silver's pretty well worked out. But there's copper in those hills to the left. You're a long way off the main road."

"I know that. I'm looking for a young woman who came up here this morning. Maybe you saw her."

"There hasn't been anyone here for a week except me."

"Really? Well, you may be mistaken. If you don't mind I'll have a look round."

"And if I do mind?" snarled Shaky Phil.

"Why should you?"

"I do. I'm alone here and I'm not taking any chances. You swing that car of yours around ——"

"Now, wait a minute," said Holley. "Put away that gun. I come as a friend."

"Yeah. Well, as a friend, you turn and beat it. Understand?" He was close to the car. "I tell you there's nobody here ——"

He stopped as a figure rose suddenly from the tonneau and fell upon him. The gun exploded, but harmlessly into the road, for Bob Eden was bearing down upon it hard.

For a brief moment, there on that deserted street before the Silver Star, the two struggled desperately. Shaky Phil was no longer young, but he offered a spirited resistance. However, it was not prolonged, and by the time Holley had alighted, Bob Eden was on top and held Maydorf's weapon in his hand.

"Get up," the boy directed, "and lead the way. Give me your keys. There's a brand-new lock on that jail door and we have a yearning to see what's inside." Shaky Phil rose to his feet and looked helplessly about. "Hurry!" cried Eden. "I've been longing to meet you again, and I don't feel any too gentle. There's that forty-seven dollars—to say nothing of all the trouble you put me to the night the President Pierce docked in San Francisco."

"There's nothing in the jail," said Maydorf. "I haven't got the key."

"Go through him, Holley," suggested the boy.

A quick search produced a bunch of keys, and Eden, taking them, handed Holley the gun. "I give old Shaky Phil into your keeping. If he tries to run shoot him down like a rabbit."

He took the flash light from the car, and going over, unlocked the outer door of the jail.

Stepping inside, he found himself in what had once been a sort of office. The moonlight pouring in from the street fell upon a dusty desk and chair, an old safe and a shelf with a few tattered books. On the desk lay a newspaper. He flashed his light on the date—only a week old.

At the rear were two heavy doors, both with new locks. Searching among his keys, he unlocked the one at the left. In a small cell-like room with high barred windows his flashlight revealed the tall figure of a girl. With no great surprise, he recognized Evelyn Madden. She came toward him swiftly.

"Bob Eden!" she cried, and then, her old haughtiness gone, she burst into tears.

"There, there," said Eden. "You're all right now." Another girl appeared suddenly in the doorway—Paula Wendell, bright and smiling.

"Hello," she remarked calmly. "I rather thought you'd come along."

"Thanks for the ad," replied Eden. "Say, you might get hurt running about like this. What happened, anyhow?"

"Nothing much. I came up to look around, and he"—she nodded to Shaky Phil in the moonlit street—"told me I couldn't. I argued it with him and ended up in here. He said I'd have to stay overnight. He was polite, but firm."

"Lucky for him he was polite," remarked Eden grimly. He took the arm of Evelyn Madden. "Come along," he said gently. "I guess we're through here."

He stopped. Someone was hammering on the inside of the second door. Amazed, the boy looked toward Paula Wendell.

She nodded. "Unlock it," she told him.

He unfastened the door and, swinging it open, peered inside. In the semidarkness he saw the dim figure of a man.

Eden gasped and fell back against the desk for support.

"Ghost city!" he cried. "Well, that's what it is, all right."

XXI

IF BOB EDEN had known the identity of the passenger in the taxi that he and Holley passed on their way to the mine it is possible that, despite his concern for Paula Wendell, he would have turned back to Madden's ranch. But he drove on unknowing; nor did the passenger, though he stared with interest at the passing flivver, recognize Eden. The car from the El Dorado station went on its appointed way and finally drew up before the ranch house. The driver alighted and was fumbling with the gate, when his fare leaped to the ground.

"Never mind that," he said. "I'll leave you here. How much do I owe you?" He was a plump little man, about thirty-five years old, attired in the height of fashion and with a pompous manner. The driver named a sum, and, paying him off, the passenger entered the yard. Walking importantly up to the front door of the house, he knocked loudly.

Madden, talking with Thorn and Gamble by the fire, looked up in annoyance. "Now who the devil ——" he began.

Thorn went over and opened the door. The plump little man at once pushed his way inside.

"I'm looking for Mr. P. J. Madden," he announced.

The millionaire rose. "All right, I'm Madden. What do you want?"

The stranger shook hands. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Madden. My name is Victor Jordan, and I'm one of the owners of those pearls you bought in San Francisco."

A delighted smile spread over Madden's face. "Oh, I'm glad to see you," he said. "Mr. Eden told me you were coming."

"How could he?" demanded Victor. "He didn't know it himself."

"Well, he didn't mention you. But he informed me the pearls would be here at eight o'clock."

Victor stared. "Be here at eight o'clock?" he repeated. "Say, just what has Bob Eden been up to down here anyhow? The pearls left San Francisco a week ago, when Eden did."

"What?" Purple again in Madden's face. "He had them all the time? Why, the young scoundrel! I'll break him in two for this. I'll wring his neck." He stopped. "But he's gone. I just saw him driving away."

"Really?" returned Victor. "Well, that may not be so serious as it looks. When I say the pearls left San Francisco with Eden, I don't mean he was carrying them. Charlie had them."

"Charlie who?"

"Why, Charlie Chan, of the Honolulu police. The man who brought them from Hawaii."

Madden was thoughtful. "Chan—a Chinaman?"

"Of course. He's here too, isn't he? I understood he was."

A wicked light came into Madden's eyes. "Yes, he's here. You think he still has the pearls?"

"I'm sure he has—in a money belt about his waist. Get him here and I'll order him to hand them over at once."

"Fine—fine!" chuckled Madden. "If you'll step into this room for a moment, Mr Jordan, I'll call you presently."

"Yes, sir, of course," agreed Victor, who was always polite to the rich. Madden led him by the inside passage to his bedroom.

(Continued on Page 101)

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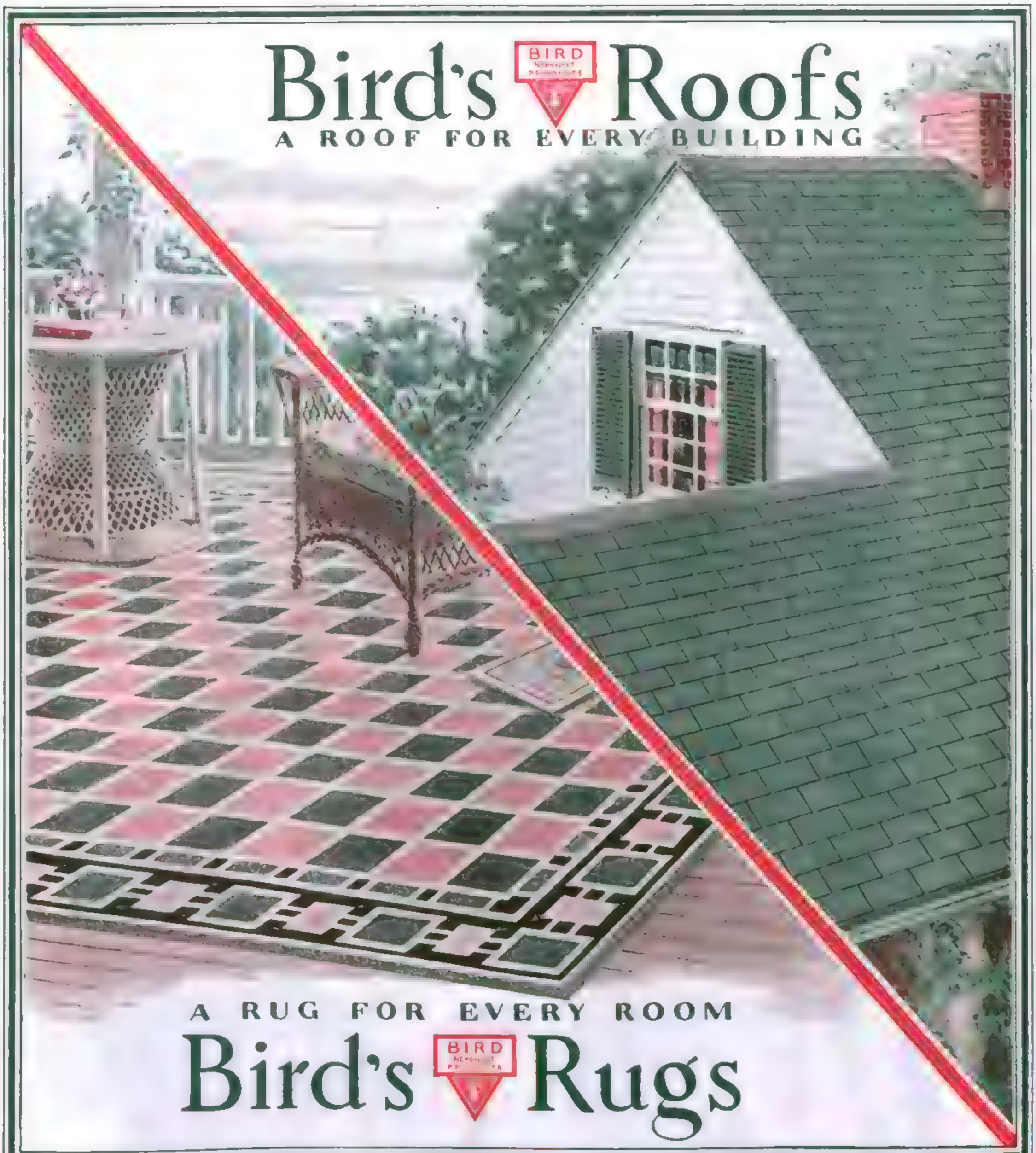

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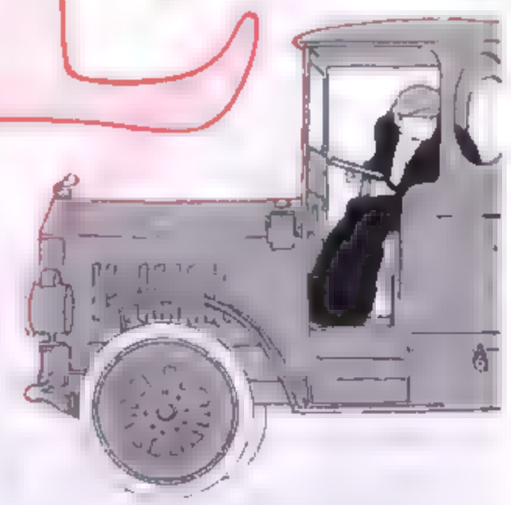

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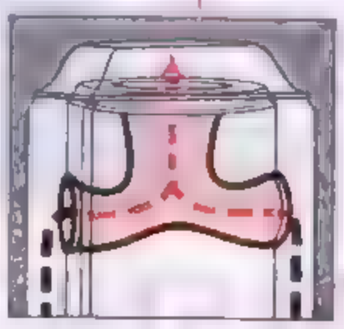

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(Continued from Page 96)

When the millionaire returned his spirits were high.

"Bit of luck, this is," he remarked. "And to think that blooming cook ——" He went to the door leading onto the patio and called loudly: "Ah Kim!"

The Chinese shuffled in. He looked at Madden blankly. "Wha's matta, boss?" he inquired.

"I want to have a little talk with you." Madden's manner was genial, even kindly. "Where did you work before you came here?"

"Get 'um woik all place, boss. Maybe lay sticks on gloun' foah lailload ——"

"What town—what town did you work in last?"

"No got 'um town, boss. Jus' outdoahs no place, laying sticks."

"You mean you were laying ties for the railroad on the desert?"

"Yes, boss. You light now."

Madden leaned back and put his thumbs in the armholes of his vest. "Ah Kim, you're a liar," he said.

"Wha's matta, boss?"

"I'll show you what's the matter. I don't know what your game here has been, but it's all over now." Madden rose and stepped to the door. "Come in, sir," he called, and Victor Jordan strode into the room. Chan's eyes narrowed.

"Charlie, what is all this nonsense?" demanded Victor. "What are you doing in that melodramatic outfit?"

Chan did not answer. Madden laughed. "All over, as I told you, Charlie—if that's your name. This is Mr. Jordan, one of the owners of those pearls you're carrying in your money belt."

Chan shrugged. "Mr. Jordan juggles truth," he replied, dropping his dialect with a sigh of relief. "He has no claim on pearls. They are property of his mother, to whom I give promise I would guard them with life."

"See here, Charlie," cried Victor angrily, "don't tell me I lie. I'm sick and tired of this delay down here, and I've come with my mother's authority to put an end to it. If you don't believe me, read that."

He handed over a brief note in Madam Jordan's old-fashioned script. Chan read it. "One only answer," he remarked. "I must release the pearls." He glanced toward the clock, ticking busily by the patio window. "Though I am much preferring to wait Mr. Eden's comeback."

"Never mind Eden," said Victor. "Produce that necklace."

Chan bowed, and turning, fumbled at his waist. The Phillimore necklace was in his hand. Madden took it eagerly.

"At last," he said.

Gamble was staring over his shoulder. "Beautiful," murmured the professor.

"One minute," said Chan. "A receipt, if you will be so kind."

Madden nodded and sat at his desk. "I got one ready this afternoon. Just have to sign it." He laid the pearls on the blotter and took a typewritten sheet from the top drawer. Slowly he wrote his name. "Mr. Jordan," he was saying, "I'm deeply grateful to you for coming down here and ending this. Now that it's settled, I'm leaving at once." He offered the receipt to Chan.

A strange look had come into the usually impassive eyes of Charlie Chan. He reached out toward the sheet of paper offered him, then with the speed of a tiger, he snatched for the pearls. Madden snatched, too, but he was a little late. The necklace disappeared into Chan's voluminous sleeve.

"What's this?" bellowed Madden, on his feet. "Why, you crazy ——"

"Hush!" said Chan. "I will retain the pearls."

"You will, will you?" Madden whipped out a pistol. "We'll see about that!"

There was a loud report and a flash of fire—but it did not come from Madden's gun. It came from the silken sleeve of Charlie Chan. Madden's weapon clattered to the floor and there was blood on his hand.

"Do not stoop!" warned Chan, and his voice was suddenly high and shrill. "Postman has been on such long walk, but now at last he has reached journey's end. Do not stoop or I put bullet in somewhat valuable head."

"Charlie, are you mad?" cried Victor.

"Not very," smiled Chan. "Kindly favor me by backing away, Mr. Madden." He picked up the pistol from the floor Bill Hart's present, it seemed to be. "Very nice gun; I use it now." Swinging Madden round, he searched him, then placed a chair in the center of the room. "Be seated here, if you will so far condescend," he said.

"The hell I will!" cried Madden.

"Recline!" said Chan.

The great Madden looked at him a second, then dropped sullenly down upon the chair. "Mr. Gamble!" called Chan. He ran over the slim person of the professor. "You have left pretty little weapon in room. That is good. This will be your chair. And not to forget Mr. Thorn, also unarmed. Comfortable chair for you too." He backed away, facing them. "Victor, I make humble suggestion that you add yourself to group. You are plenty foolish boy, always. I remember in Honolulu ——" His tone hardened. "Sit quickly or I puncture you and lift big load from mother's mind!"

He drew up a chair between them and the exhibition of guns on the wall. "I also will venture to recline," he announced. He glanced at the clock. "Our wait may be a long one. Mr. Thorn, another suggestion occurs. Take handkerchief and bind up wounded hand of chief."

Thorn produced a handkerchief and Madden held out his hand. "What the devil are we waiting for?" snarled the millionaire.

"We await comeback of Mr. Bob Eden," replied Chan. "I am having much to impart when he arrives."

Thorn completed his act of mercy and slunk back to his chair. The tall clock by the patio windows ticked on. With the patience characteristic of his race, Chan sat staring at his odd assortment of captives. Fifteen minutes passed, a half hour; the minute hand began its slow advance toward the hour of nine.

Victor Jordan shifted uneasily in his chair. Such disrespect to a man worth millions! "You're clear out of your mind, Charlie," he protested.

"Maybe," admitted Chan. "We wait and see."

Presently a car rattled into the yard. Chan nodded. "Long wait nearly over," he announced. "Now Mr. Eden comes."

His expression altered as a knock sounded on the door. It was pushed open and a man strode brusquely in—a stocky, red-faced, determined man—Captain Bliss, of the Homicide Squad. After him came another, a lean, wiry individual in a two-quart hat. They stood amazed at the scene before them.

Madden leaped to his feet. "Captain Bliss, by gad, I'm delighted to see you! You're just in time!"

"What's all this?" inquired the lean man.

"Mr. Madden," said Bliss, "I've brought along Harley Cox, sheriff of the county. I guess you need us here."

"We sure do," replied Madden. "This Chinaman has gone crazy. Take that gun away from him and put him under arrest."

The sheriff stepped up to Charlie Chan. "Give me the firearms, John," he ordered. "You know what that means—a Chinaman with a gun in California—deportation. Good Lord, he's got two of them!"

"Sheriff," said Charlie with dignity, "permit me the honor that I introduce myself. I am Detective-Sergeant Chan, of the Honolulu police."

The sheriff laughed. "You don't say! Well, I'm the Queen of Sheba. Are you going to give me that other gun, or do you want a charge of resisting an officer?"

"I do not resist," said Chan. He gave up his own weapon. "I only call to your attention I am fellow policeman, and I yearn to save you from an error you will have bitter cause to regret."

"I'll take the chance. Now what's going on here?" The sheriff turned to Madden. "We came about that Louie Wong killing. Bliss saw this Chinaman on a train last night with the fellow named Eden, all dolled up in regular clothes and as chummy as a brother."

"You're on the right trail now, sheriff," Madden assured him. "There's no doubt he killed Louie. And just at present he has somewhere about him a string of pearls belonging to me. Please take them away from him."

"Sure, Mr. Madden," replied the sheriff. He advanced to make a search, but Chan forestalled him. He handed him the necklace.

"I give it to your keeping," he said. "You are officer of law and responsible. Attend your step."

Cox regarded the pearls. "Some string, ain't it? Kinda pretty. Mr. Madden, you say it belongs to you?"

"It certainly does."

"Sheriff," pleaded Charlie, with a glance at the clock, "if I may make humble suggestion, go slow. You will kick yourself angrily over vast expanse of desert should you make blunder now."

"But if Mr. Madden says these pearls are his ——"

"They are," said Madden. "I bought them from a jeweler named Eden in San Francisco ten days ago. They belonged to the mother of Mr. Jordan here."

"That's quite correct," admitted Victor.

"It's enough for me," remarked the sheriff.

"I tell you I am of the Honolulu police," protested Chan.

"Maybe so, but do you think I'd take your word against that of a man like P. J. Madden? Mr. Madden, here are your pearls."

"One moment," cried Chan. "This Madden says he is the same who bought the necklace at San Francisco jeweler's. Ask him, please, location of jeweler's store."

"On Post Street," said Madden.

"What part Post Street? Famous building across way. What building?"

"Officer," objected Madden, "must I submit to this from a Chinese cook? I refuse to answer. The pearls are mine."

Victor Jordan's eyes were open wide. "Hold on," he said. "Let me in this. Mr. Madden, my mother told me of the time when you first saw her. You were employed then—where—in what position?"

Madden's face purpled. "That's my affair."

The sheriff removed his ample hat and scratched his head. "Well, maybe I better keep this trinket for a minute," he reflected. "Look here, John—or—er—Sergeant Chan, if that's your name—what the devil are you driving at anyhow?"

He turned suddenly at a cry from Madden. The man had edged his way to the array of guns on the wall and he stood there now with one of them in his bandaged hand.

"Come on!" he cried. "I've had enough of this! Up with your hands—sheriff, that means you! Gamble, get that necklace! Thorn, get the bag in my room!"

With a magnificent disregard for his own safety, Chan leaped upon him and seized the arm holding the pistol. He gave it a sharp twist and the weapon fell to the floor.

"Only thing I am ever able to learn from Japanese," he said. "Captain Bliss, prove yourself real policeman by putting handcuffs on Thorn and the professor. If the sheriff will so kindly return my personal automatic, which I employ as detective in Hawaii, I will be responsible for this Madden here."

"Sure, I'll return it," said Cox. "And I want to congratulate you. I don't know as I ever saw a finer exhibition of courage."

Chan grinned. "Pardon me if I make slight correction. One recent morning at dawn I have busy time removing all cartridges from this splendid collection of old-time pistols on the wall. Long dusty job, but I am glad I did it." He turned suddenly to the big man beside him. "Put up the hands, Delaney!" he cried.

"Delaney?" repeated the sheriff.

"Undubitably," replied Chan. "You have questioned value of my speech against word of P. J. Madden. Happy to say that situation does not arise. This is not P. J. Madden. His name is Jerry Delaney."

Bob Eden had entered quietly from the patio. "Good work, Charlie," he said. "You've got it now. But how in Sam Hill did you know?"

"Not long ago," answered Chan, "I shoot gun from his grasp. Observe the bandage on his hand and note it is the left. Once in this room I told you Delaney was left-handed."

Through the open door behind Eden came a huge, powerful, but weary-looking man. One of his arms was in a sling and his face was pale beneath a ten-day growth of beard. But there was about him an air of authority and poise; he loomed like a tower of granite, though the gray suit was sadly rumpled now. He stared grimly at Delaney.

"Well, Jerry," he said, "you're pretty good. But they always told me you were—the men who ran across you at Jack McGuire's. Yes, very good indeed. Standing in my house, wearing my clothes, you look more like me than I do myself."

XXII

THE man at the door came farther into the room and looked inquiringly about him. His eyes fell on Thorn.

"Hello, Martin," he said. "I warned you it wouldn't work. Which of you gentlemen is the sheriff?"

Cox came forward. "Right here, sir. I suppose you're P. J. Madden?"

Madden nodded. "I suppose so. I've always thought I was. We telephoned the constable from a ranch down the road and he told us you were here. So we've brought along another little item to add to your collection." He indicated the patio door, through which Holley came at that moment leading Shaky Phil by the arm. Maydorf's hands were tied behind him. Paula Wendell and Evelyn Madden also entered.

"You'd better handcuff this newcomer to Delaney, sheriff," suggested Madden. "And then I'll run over a little list of charges against the crowd that I think will hold them for a while."

"Sure, Mr. Madden," agreed the sheriff. As he stepped forward Chan halted him.

"Just one minute. You have string of pearls."

"Oh, yes, that's right," replied the sheriff. He held out the Phillimore necklace. Chan took it and placed it in the hand of P. J. Madden.

"Fully aware you wanted it in New York," he remarked, "but you will perform vast kindness to accept it here. I have carried it to outside limit of present endurance. Receipt at your convenience, thank you."

Madden smiled. "All right, I'll take it." He put the necklace in his pocket. "You're Mr. Chan, I imagine. Mr. Eden was telling me about you on the way down from the mine. I'm mighty glad you've been here."

"Happy to serve," bowed Chan.

The sheriff turned. "There you are, sir. The charge, I guess, is attempted theft ——"

"And a lot of other things," Madden added, "including assault with intent to kill." He indicated his limp arm. "I'll run over my story as quickly as I can—but I'll do it sitting down." He went to his desk. "I'm a little weak—I've been having a rough time of it. You know in a general way what has happened, but you don't know the background, the history, of this affair. I'll have to go back—back to a gambling house on Forty-fourth Street, New York. Are you familiar with New York gamblers and their ways, sheriff?"

"Been to New York just once," said the sheriff. "Didn't like it."

"No, I don't imagine you would," replied Madden. He looked about. "Where are my cigars? Ah, here. Thanks, Delaney. You left me a couple, didn't you? Well, sheriff, in order that you may understand what's been going on here, I must tell you about a favorite stunt of shady gamblers and confidence men in New York—a

(Continued on Page 103)

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(Continued from Page 101)

stunt that was flourishing there twelve or fifteen years ago. It was a well-known fact at the time that in the richly furnished houses where they lay in wait for trusting out-of-town suckers, certain members of the ring were assigned to impersonate widely known millionaires, such as Frank Gould, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. Astor, myself. The greatest care was exercised, photographs of these men were studied; wherever possible they themselves were closely observed in every feature of height, build, carriage, dress; the way they brushed their hair, the kind of glasses they wore, their peculiar mannerisms—no detail was too insignificant to escape attention. The intended dupe must be utterly taken in, so he might feel that he was among the best people and that the game was honest."

Madden paused a moment. "Of course, some of these impersonations were rather flimsy, but it was my bad luck that Mr. Delaney here, who had been an actor, was more or less of an artist. Starting with a rather superficial resemblance to me, he built up an impersonation that got better and better as time went on. I began to hear rumors that I was seen nightly at the gambling house of one Jack McGuire, in Forty-fourth Street. I sent my secretary, Martin Thorn, to investigate. He reported that Delaney was making a good job of it—not, of course, so good that he could deceive anyone really close to me, but good enough to fool people who knew me only from photographs. I put my lawyer on the matter and he came back and said that Delaney had agreed to desist, on threat of arrest.

"And I imagine he did drop it—in the gambling houses. What happened afterward I can only conjecture, but I guess I can hit it pretty close. These two Maydorf boys, Shaky Phil and"—he nodded at Gamble—"his brother, who is known to the police as the professor, were the brains of the particular gang at McGuire's. They must long ago have conceived the plan of having Delaney impersonate me somewhere, sometime. They could do nothing without the aid of my secretary, Thorn, but they evidently found him willing. Finally they hit on the desert as the proper locale for the enterprise. It was an excellent selection; I come here rarely, meet few people when I do come. Once they could get me here alone, without my family, it was a simple matter. All they had to do was put me out of the way, and then P. J. Madden appears with his secretary, who is better known locally than he is. No one is going to dream of questioning his identity, particularly as he looks just like his pictures."

Madden puffed thoughtfully on his cigar. "I've been expecting some such move for years. I feared no man in the world except Delaney. The possibilities of the harm he might do me were enormous. Once I saw him in a restaurant, studying me. Well, they had a long wait, but their kind is patient. Two weeks ago I came here with Thorn, and the minute I got here I sensed there was something in the air. A week ago last Wednesday night I was sitting here writing a letter to my daughter Evelyn—it's probably still between the leaves of this blotter, where I put it when I heard Thorn cry out sharply from his bedroom. 'Come quick, chief!' he called. He was typing letters for me, and I couldn't imagine what had happened. I rose and went to his room—and there he was, with an old gun of mine—a gun Bill Hart had given me—in his fist. 'Put up your hands!' he said. Someone entered from the patio. It was Delaney.

"'Now, don't get excited, chief,' said Thorn, and I saw the little rat was in on the game. 'We're going to take you for a ride to a place where you can have a nice little rest. I'll go and pack a few things for you. Here, Jerry, you watch him.' And he handed Delaney the gun.

"There we stood, Delaney and I, and I saw that Jerry was nervous—the game was a little rich for his blood. Thorn was busy in my room. I began to call for help at the top of my voice—why? Who would come? I didn't know, but a friend might hear—Louie might have got home—someone might be passing in the road. Delaney told me to shut up. His hand trembled like a leaf.

"In the patio outside, I heard an answering voice; but it was only Tony, the parrot. I knew well enough what was afoot, and I decided to take a chance. I started for Delaney; he fired and missed. He fired again, and I felt a sort of sting in my shoulder, and fell.

"I must have been unconscious for a second; but when I came to, Thorn was in the room, and I heard Delaney say he'd killed me. In a minute, of course, they discovered I was alive, and my good friend Jerry was all for finishing the job. But Thorn wouldn't let him; he insisted on going through with the original plan. He saved my life—I'll have to admit it—the contemptible little traitor. Cowardice, I imagine, but he saved me. Well, they put me in a car and drove me up to the jail at Petticoat Mine. In the morning they left—all except the professor, who had joined our happy party. He stayed behind, dressed my wound, fed me after a fashion.

"On Sunday afternoon he went away and came back late at night with Shaky Phil. Monday morning the professor left, and Shaky Phil was my jailer after that. Not so kind as his brother.

"What was going on at the ranch, you gentlemen know better than I do. On Tuesday my daughter wired that she was coming, and of course the game was up if she reached here. So Thorn met her at El Dorado, told her I was injured and up at the mine, and took her there. Naturally she trusted him.

"Since then she has been there with me, and we'd be there now if Mr. Eden and Mr. Holley had not come up tonight, searching for this other young woman, who had, unfortunately for her, stumbled on the affair earlier in the day."

Madden rose. "That's my story, sheriff. Do you wonder that I want to see this gang behind the bars? I'll sleep better then."

"Well, I reckon it's easy arranged," returned the sheriff. "I'll take 'em along and we can fix the warrants later. Guess I'll see 'em safe in the jail at the county seat. El Dorado can't offer 'em all the comforts of a first-class cell."

"One thing," said Madden: "Thorn, I heard you say the other night to Delaney, 'You were always afraid of him—that time in New York ——' What did that mean? You tried this thing before?"

Thorn looked up with stricken face, which had been hidden in his hands. "Chief, I'm sorry about this. I'll talk. We had it all set to pull it once at the office in New York, when you were away on a hunting trip. But if you were afraid of Delaney, he was a lot more afraid of you. He got cold feet, backed out at the last minute."

"And why wouldn't I back out?" snarled Delaney. "I couldn't trust any of you—a bunch of yellow dogs."

"Is that so?" cried Shaky Phil. "Are you talking about me?"

"Sure I'm talking about you. I suppose you didn't try to cop the pearls in San Francisco when we sent you up there to draw Louie Wong away? Oh, I know all about that."

"Why wouldn't I try to cop them?" demanded Shaky Phil. "You been trying to cop them, haven't you? When you thought Draycott was bringing them, what did you try to pull? Oh, brother Henry's been onto you!"

"I sure have," put in the professor. "Trying to sneak off and meet Draycott alone. If you thought I wasn't wise you must be a fool. But of course that's what you are—a poor fool that writes letters to actresses."

"Shut up!" bellowed Delaney. "Who had a better right to those pearls? What could you have done if it hadn't been for me? A lot of help you were, mooning round with your tall talk. And you"—he turned back to Shaky Phil—"you pulled some brilliant stuff—putting a knife in Louie Wong right on the doorstep!"

"Who put a knife in Louie Wong?" cried Shaky Phil.

"You did!" shouted Thorn. "I was with you and I saw you! I'll swear to that!"

"An accessory, eh?" grinned the sheriff. "By gad, just let this gang loose at one another and they'll hang themselves!"

"Boys, boys," said the professor gently, "cut it out! We'll never get anywhere that way. Sheriff, we are ready."

"One moment," said Charlie Chan. He disappeared briefly and returned with a small black bag, which he set before Madden. "I have pleasure calling your attention to this," he announced. "You will find inside vast crowds of currency. Money from sale of bonds, money sent from New York office. Pretty much intact, but not quite. I ask Delaney."

"It's all there," Delaney growled.

Chan shook his head. "I grieve to differ even with rascal like you are. But there was Eddie Boston."

"Yes," replied Delaney; "it's true, I gave Boston five thousand dollars. He recognized me the other day in the yard. Go after him and get it back—the dirty crook!"

The sheriff laughed. "Speaking of crooks," he said, "that sounds to me like your cue, boys. We'd better be getting along, Bliss. We can swear in a deputy or two in El Dorado. Mr. Madden, I'll see you tomorrow."

Bob Eden went up to Delaney. "Well, Jerry," he smiled, "I'm afraid this is good-by. You've been my host down here, and my mother told me I must always say I've had a very nice time ——"

"Oh, go to the devil!" said Delaney.

The sheriff and Bliss herded their captives out into the desert night, and Eden went over to Paula Wendell.

"Exit the Delaney quartet," he remarked. "I guess my stalling days at the ranch are ended. I'm taking the 10:30 train to Barstow, and ——"

"Better call up for a taxi," she suggested.

"Not while you and the roadster are on the job. If you'll wait while I pack—I want a word with you, anyhow—about Wilbur."

"One happy thought runs through my mind," Will Holley was saying. "I'm the author of a famous interview with you, Mr. Madden—one you never gave."

"Really?" replied Madden. "Well, don't worry. I'll stand behind you."

"Thanks," answered the editor. "I wonder why they gave out that story," he mused.

"Simple to guess," said Chan. "They are wiring New York office money be sent, please. How better to establish fact Madden is at desert ranch than to blaze same forth in newspapers. Printed word has ring of convincing truth."

"I imagine you're right," nodded Holley. "By the way, Charlie, we thought we'd have a big surprise for you when we got back from the mine. But you beat us to it, after all."

"By a hair's width," replied Chan. "Now that I have leisure, I bow my head and do considerable blushing. Must admit I was plenty slow to grasp apparent fact. Only tonight light shone. To please this Victor, I hand over pearls. Madden is signing receipt—he writes slow and painful. Suddenly I think—he does all things slow and painful with that right hand. Why? I recall Delaney's vest, built for left-handed man. Inwardly, out of sight, I gasp. To make a test, I snatch at pearls. Madden, to call him that, snatches too. But guard is down—he snatches with left hand. He rips out pistol—left hand again. The fact is proved, I know."

"Well, that was quick thinking," Holley said.

Chan sadly shook his head. "Why not? Poor old brain must have been plenty rested. Not at work for many days. When I arrange these dishonest ones in chairs to wait for you, I have much time for bitter self-incriminations. Why have I experienced this stupid sinking spell? All time it was clear as desert morning. A man writes important letter, hides in blotter, goes away. Returning, he never touches same. Why? He did not return. Other easy clews—Madden, calling him so again, receives Doctor Whitcomb in dusk of patio. Why? She has seen him before. He talks with caretaker in Pasadena—when? Six o'clock, when dark has fallen. Also he fears to alight from car. Oh, as I sit here I give myself many resounding mental kicks. Why have I been so thick? I blame this climate of South California. Plenty quick I hurry back to Honolulu, where I belong."

"You're too hard on yourself," said P. J. Madden. "If it hadn't been for you, Mr. Eden tells me, the necklace would have been delivered long ago and this crowd off to the Orient or somewhere else far away. I owe you a lot, and if mere thanks ——"

"Stop thanking me," urged Chan. "Thank Tony. If Tony didn't speak that opening night, where would necklace be now? Poor Tony, buried at this moment at rear of barn." He turned to Victor Jordan, who had been lurking modestly in the background. "Victor, before returning north, it is fitting that you place wreath of blossoms on grave of Tony, the Chinese parrot. Tony died, but he lived to splendid purpose. Before he passed he saved the Phillimore pearls."

Victor nodded. "Anything you say, Charlie. I'll leave a standing order with my florist. I wonder if someone will give me a lift back to town?"

"I'll take you," Holley said. "I want to get this thing on the wire. Charlie, shall I see you again?"

"Leaving on next train," replied Chan. "I am calling at your office to collect more fitting clothes. Do not wait however. Miss Wendell has kindly offered use of her car."

"I'm waiting for Paula too," Eden said. "I'll see you at the station." Holley and Victor said their good-bys to Madden and his daughter and departed. Bob Eden consulted his watch. "Well, the old-home-week crowd is thinning out. Just one thing more, Charlie. When Mr. Madden here came in tonight, you weren't a bit surprised. Yet recognizing Delaney, your first thought must have been that Madden had been killed."

Chan laughed noiselessly. "I observe you have ignorance concerning detective customs. Surprised detective might as well put on iron collar and leap from pier. He is finished. Mr. Madden's appearance staggering blow for me, but I am not letting rival policemen know it, thank you. It is apparent we keep Miss Wendell waiting. I have some property in cook house—just one moment."

"The cook house!" cried P. J. Madden. "By the Lord Harry, I'm hungry! I haven't had anything but canned food for days."

An apprehensive look flitted over Chan's face. "Such a pity," he said. "Present cook on ranch has resumed former profession. Miss Wendell, I am with you in five seconds." He went hastily out.

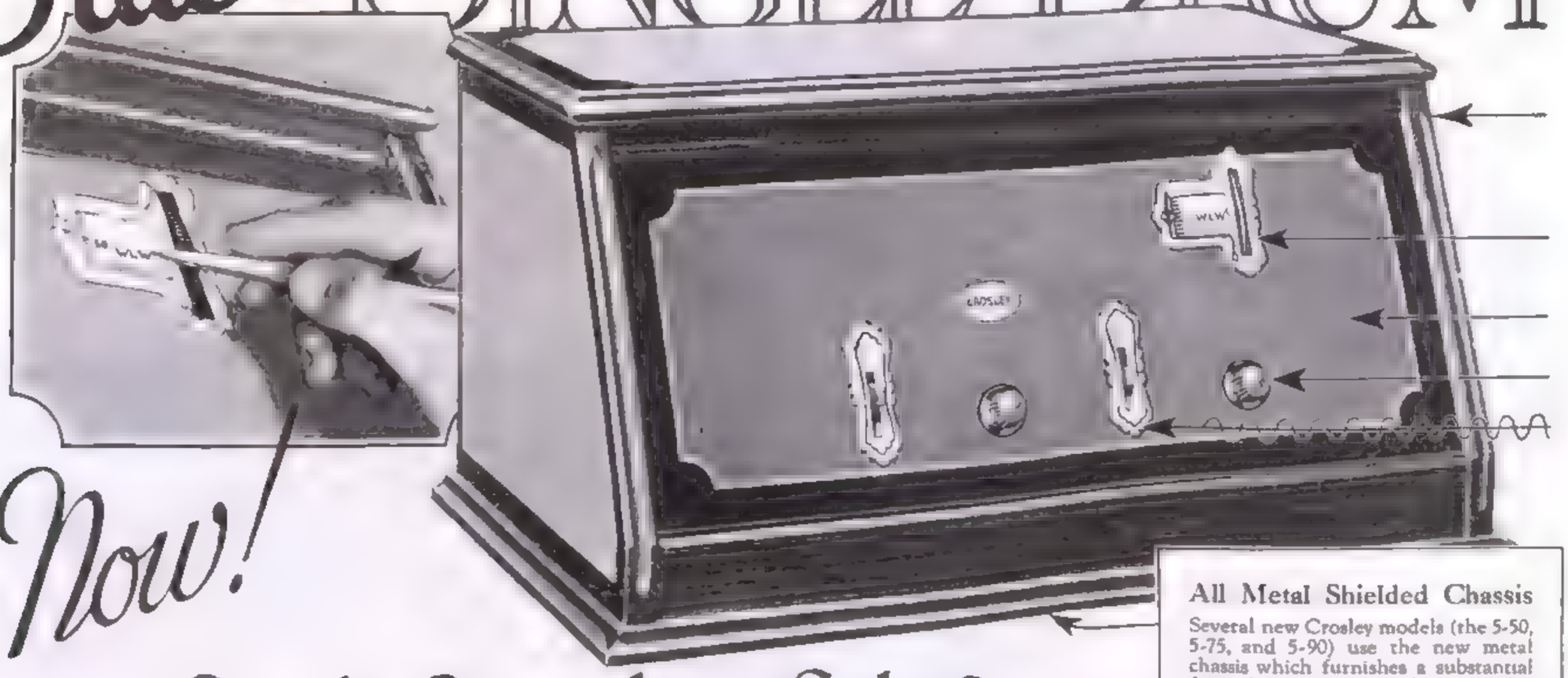
Evelyn Madden put her arm about her father. "Cheer up, dad," she advised. "I'll drive you in town and we'll stop at the hotel tonight. You must have a doctor look at your shoulder at once." She turned to Bob Eden. "Of course, there's a restaurant in El Dorado?"

"Of course," smiled Eden. "It's called the Oasis, but it isn't. However, I can heartily recommend the steaks."

P. J. Madden was on his feet, himself again. "All right, Evelyn. Call up the hotel and reserve a suite—five rooms—no, make it a floor. Tell the proprietor I want supper served in my sitting room—two porterhouse steaks and everything else they've got. Tell him to have the best doctor in town there when I arrive. Help me find the telegraph blanks. Put in five long-distance calls—no, that had better wait until we reach the hotel. Find out if there's

(Continued on Page 106)

5 tube SINGLE DRUM



Now! Single Control *and* Selectivity

Amazement and delight will seize upon you the instant you contrast the surpassing performance of this new type of Crosley Radio with what has hitherto been considered radio perfection.

And you may well stand dumfounded to find 5 tubes with single control embodied in its Drum Station Selector, the sharp tuning feature of its Acuminators, its adaptability to power output tube, and its beautiful appearance . . . in a radio set for $50!

Crosley mass production reaches its highest peak in giving the world this incomparable value. So magnificent are the radio engineering achievements in this new model that the price is positively astonishing.

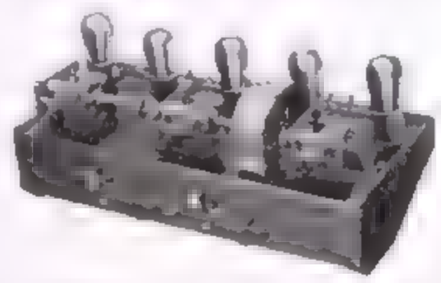
The cabinet is solid mahogany, beautifully finished in two-tone and striped in gold. Metal fittings are rose gold finish.

Never before such an astounding Crosley value. See it—hear it—operate it yourself—at any Crosley dealer's . . . now.

All Metal Shielded Chassis

Several new Crosley models (the 5-50, 5-75, and 5-90) use the new metal chassis which furnishes a substantial frame for mounting the elements. This effects excellent alignment of the gang of condensers, as well as affording a mounting for a rheostat, acuminators, crescendon, coils, sockets, transformers and insulation terminal strip.

This metal shielded chassis is divided into three compartments. Thus the units shielded from each other prevent



interstage as well as external coupling. This improves the stability of the circuit and increases the selectivity as well. The metal shielded chassis is indeed a most progressive step in advanced radio design. This feature has never been offered before in sets of moderate price

The Musicones—

The announcement of the new Super-Musicone is predicated on the success of the Regular (12 inch cone) Crosley Musicone in replacing hundreds of thousands of old type loud speakers. (Keep in mind that it's the exclusive Crosley patented actuating unit and not the cone that makes possible its wonderful performance.) 12 inch Musicone Regular now $12.50.

The Crosley Super-Musicone (16 inch cone) is considered by some to develop more resonance in bass reproduction and is naturally louder than its 12 inch counterpart. Beautifully decorated both in front and on the back. Price $14.75.

The MUSICONSOLE, into which the Musicone has been skillfully built, holds all batteries, wires and accessories. Two-toned mahogany finish. 24½ inches long inside. Price $32.

Crosley Musicones are manufactured under basic patents issued and pending, controlled by Crosley. Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies. For descriptive catalog write Dept. 31.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION, Cincinnati
Owning and operating WLW, first remote control super-power broadcasting station in America

Crosley manufactures radio receiving sets which are licensed under Armstrong U. S. Patent No. 1,113,149 or under patent applications of Radio Frequency Laboratories, Inc., and other patents issued and pending.

CROSLEY

[STATION SELECTOR] RADIO RECEIVER

SOLID MAHOGANY CABINET

POWER TUBE ADAPTABILITY

Graphic Station Selector

All stations found instantly on this *one* single control. It revolves smoothly under slight pressure. Once stations are found, they are easily written on the drum. No log book to fuss with. Stations from one end of the wave band to the other are easily brought in at all times—IN THE SAME PLACE. This advanced improvement in station finding has heretofore been found only in the highest priced radios.

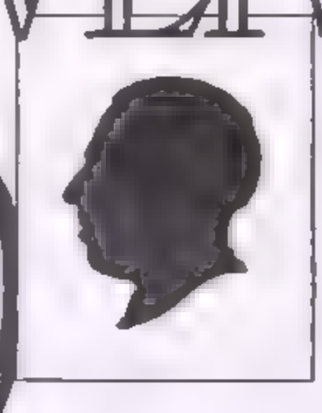
Crescendon Control

This exclusive Crosley feature supplies very unusual volume from distant stations. In cases where on ordinary radios ears must strain to catch the station many leagues away, the turn of the Crescendon on a Crosley swells the reception to room-filling volume. This Crosley feature has already given great satisfaction in the 4-29 and 5-38 models brought out early this year.

Acuminators

(From "acuminate", meaning "to sharpen")

Heretofore single dial control sacrificed selectivity. It was practically impossible for sets located near broadcasting stations to tune them out and bring in distant stations. By means of these Acuminators, very sharp tuning is accomplished where the reception from stations spreads broadly over the dial. Under average conditions, when once adjusted, these acuminators do not have to be touched again.



$50.

5-TUBE SINGLE CONTROL RADIO

Priced without accessories

Crosley 1927 radio achievements fit all purses

At $9.75

The little double-circuit single-tube "Pup" has already brought happiness to thousands. If the thousands of reports sent to Crosley last winter are any indication, probably the greatest distances over which laymen have ever heard radio signals have been with this set.

At $29

The 4-29—a 4-tube receiver of amazing efficiency. Such radio performance has never before been possible at such a low price. Brought out early this season it quickly proved its right to a permanent position in the Crosley Line. Crescendon equipped!

At $38

The 5-38—this 5-tube tuned radio frequency set incorporates two stages of non-oscillating radio frequency amplification, regenerative Crescendon controlled detector and two stages of audio frequency amplification. Sales and performance since its introduction mark the 5-38 as a spectacularly popular model and one of Crosley's most startling values.

At $65

The RFL 75—true cascade amplification: non-oscillating—non-radiating, regardless of how it may be mishandled. This perfect balancing is achieved by introducing the Wheatstone bridge into each stage of amplification—a clever engineering feature instantly recognized by radio technicians—and appreciated by the layman because of the selectivity and tone this set affords.

At $75

The 5-75—Crosley's new console radio—embodying the 5-tube single control with drum station selector as offered in a table model at $50. SOLID MAHOGANY cabinet into which is built the Crosley Musicone. Ample compartment for batteries. Stands 41 inches high. Beautifully finished in two tones.

At $90

The RFL-90—the console model of the $65 RFL circuit, introducing the double drum station selector! This is a fine radio engineering achievement offered in a beautiful housing of solid mahogany, finished and decorated so exquisitely as to grace the finest surroundings. MUSICONE built in—ample room for batteries and all accessories. 41 inches high, 30½ inches wide.

Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies. For descriptive catalog write Dept. 31

RADIO

BETTER ▾▾▾ COSTS LESS

(Continued from Page 103)

anybody in El Dorado who can take dictation. Call up the leading real-estate man and put this place on the market. I never want to see it again. And—oh, yes, don't let that Chinese detective get away without seeing me. I'm not through with him. Make a note to call a secretarial bureau in Los Angeles at eight in the morning."

Bob Eden hurried to his room and packed his suitcase. When he returned, Chan was standing in Madden's presence, holding crisp bank notes in his hand.

"Mr. Madden has given receipt for necklace," said the Chinese. "He has also enforced on me this vast sum of money, which I am somewhat loathsome to accept."

"Nonsense!" Eden replied. "You take it, Charlie. You've earned it."

"Just what I told him," Madden declared.

Chan put the bank notes carefully away. "Free to remark the sum represents two and one-half years' salary in Honolulu. This mainland climate not so bad, after all."

"Good-by, Mr. Eden," Madden said. "I've thanked Mr. Chan, but what shall I say to you? You've been through a lot down here."

"Been through some of the happiest moments of my life," Eden replied.

Madden shook his head. "Well, I don't understand that."

"I think I do," said his daughter. "Good luck, Bob, and thank you a thousand times."

The desert wind was cool and bracing as they went out to the little roadster waiting patiently in the yard. Paula Wendell climbed in behind the wheel. "Get in, Mr. Chan," she invited. Chan took his place beside her. Bob Eden tossed his suitcase into the luggage compartment at the back and returned to the car door.

"Squeeze in there, Charlie," he said. "Don't make a fool of the advertisements. This is a three-seater car."

Charlie squeezed. "Moment of gentle embarrassment for me," he remarked. "The vast extensiveness of my area becomes painfully apparent."

They were out on the road. The Joshua trees waved them a weird farewell in the white moonlight.

"Charlie," said Eden, "I suppose you don't dream why you are in this party?"

"Miss Wendell very kind," remarked Chan.

"Kind—and cautious," laughed Eden. "You're here as a Wilbur—a sort of buffer between this young woman and the dread institution of marriage. She doesn't believe in marriage, Charlie. Now where do you suppose she picked up that foolish notion?"

"Plenty foolish," agreed Chan. "She should be argued at."

"She will be argued at. She brought you along because she knows I'm mad about her. She's seen it in my great, trusting eyes. She knows that since I've met her that precious freedom of mine seems a rather stale joke. She realizes that I'll never give up—that I intend to take her away from the desert; but she thought I wouldn't mention it if you were along."

"I begin to feel like skeleton at feast," remarked Chan.

"Cheer up, you certainly don't feel like that to me," Eden assured him. "Yes, she thought I'd fail to speak of the matter—but we'll fool her. I'll speak of it anyhow. Charlie, I love this girl."

"Natural you do," agreed Chan.

"I intend to marry her."

"Imminently fitting purpose," assented Chan. "But she has said no word."

Paula Wendell laughed. "Marriage," she said—"the last resort of feeble minds. I'm having a great time, thanks. I love my freedom. I mean to hang onto it."

"Sorry to hear that," said Chan. "Permit me if I speak a few words in favor of married state. I am one who knows. Where is the better place than a new home? Truly an earthly paradise where cares vanish, where the heavenly melody of wife's voice vibrates everything in a strange symphony."

"Sounds pretty good to me," remarked Eden.

"The ramble hand in hand with wife on evening streets, the stroll by moonly seaside. I recollect the happy spring of my own marriage with unlimited yearning."

"How does it sound to you, Paula?" Eden persisted.

"And this young man," continued Chan—"I am unable to grasp why you resist. To me he is plenty fine fellow. I have for him a great likeness." Paula Wendell said nothing. "A very great likeness," added Chan.

"Well," said the girl, "if it comes to that, I have a little likeness for him myself."

Chan dug his elbow deep into Eden's side. They climbed between the dark hills, and the lights of El Dorado shone before them. As they drove up to the hotel, Holley and Victor Jordan greeted them.

"Here you are," said the editor. "Your bag is in the office, Charlie. The door's unlocked."

"Many thanks," returned Chan, and fled.

Holley looked up at the white stars. "Sorry you're going, Eden," he said. "It'll be a bit lonesome down here without you."

"But you'll be in New York," suggested Eden.

Holley shook his head and smiled. "Oh, no, I won't. I sent a telegram this evening. A few years ago, perhaps but not now. I can't go now. Somehow this desert country—well, it's got me, I guess. I'll have to take my New York in pictures from this on," he said.

Far off across the dreary waste of sand the whistle of the Barstow train broke the desert silence. Charlie came around the corner; the coat and vest of Sergeant Chan had replaced the Canton crêpe blouse of Ah Kim.

"Hoarse voice of railroad proclaims end of our adventure," he remarked. He took Paula Wendell's hand. "Accept last wish from somewhat weary postman. May this be for you beginning of life's greatest adventure—and happiest."

They crossed the empty street. "Good-by," Eden said as he and the girl paused in the shadow of the station. Something in the warm clasp of her slender, strong fingers told him all he wanted to know, and his heart beat fast. He drew her close.

"I'm coming back soon," he promised. He transferred the emerald ring to her right hand. "Just by way of a reminder," he added. "When I return I'll bring a substitute—the glittering pick of the finest stock on the coast—our stock."

"Our stock?"

"Yes." The branch-line train had clattered in and Chan was calling to him from the car steps. "You don't know it yet, but for you the dream of every woman's life has come true. You're going to marry a man who owns a jewelry store."

(THE END)

A CASE OF FLEW

(Continued from Page 18)

to me on nothing. Yes, on nothing. And it will be always nothing. It is like my brother says—I won't ever have nothing, for I'm just natured to not have nothing."

"Your brother!" she cried sharply. And then, more slowly—"Yes, from the time you was little, he says it and then you think it. He just looks at you out of them sleepy eyes of his like you was"—she shuddered slightly—"like you was somepun you ain't, and then you think you're somepun you ain't. And his big body moves all the time and —— Och, I don't like your brother!"

He looked at her rather in consternation than reproach. "Why, but you must like Conrad! It ain't anybody so smart like what he is. And he has his way of being kind too. That time I got it so in my leg off the barbed wire, the nurse he was!"

"I can see how it went with you," the girl pursued her somber thought. "Always in the school he was picking off you your slate pencils and your ball and your knife and you couldn't get them back because of his big body. So now he thinks he can still take off you what he wants, and you think it too. Och, I would like to see you make down on him oncet!"

"I?" exclaimed the boy derisively. "I fight Conrad down?" He said no more; but his shadowed thoughts went on to their sad and inevitable conclusions and were reflected in the gaze he bent upon her. He looked at her as though he would absorb her, the live hair clustering childishly inward upon her temples, her little oval face with its stern delicacy, her thin blunt-ended fingers tensed forcefully upon her lap. Was she woman or was she child? He had thought of her always as a child; but today she seemed to have become suddenly a woman, and life seemed no longer the rare and careless toy with which they had always played, but something huge and alien which, instead, could play—and play terribly—with them. He turned swiftly away and words came painfully:

"It's this way with me. I ain't natured to fight anybody. It ain't ever been in me to want to fight. And that is a shame for a man. A woman wants a fighter. She needs a fighter. So you ——"

But the hard words could not edge through his tightening throat.

But was she not a child, after all? At any rate her young mind, her young muscles, could bear no longer the unnatural tension between them. She leaped to her feet, threw herself this way and that and laughed as though she would never stop. "Och, my! What is ower us, anyhow? Why ain't we having the good time like always? Like them ducks there? Look oncet how their wings make. Och, my, I wish if I could fly too! But I am like that one onto the ground. But what is it at it, now? Why ain't it flying like them others?"

For as she had sprung up, a hundred pairs of wings asheen with green and purple and tipped with white had whirred from the farther reach of the water. Only the duck which had fluttered from Emil's lap to a neighboring bush was floundering now in grotesque attempt to rise off the ground.

"It's the oil. It's the oil a'ready where Conrad took and dumped onto the water. Its feathers is all ower stuck, and I can't make it off."

"Oh, ketch it fur me!" cried the girl. "Leave me keep it and make it tame. You said oncet where the wood ducks got quick tame, ain't you? And if you would ketch me oncet a mate fur it, then they would make the eggs and I would have soon a dozen of them. Oh, ketch it fur me!"

The boy was leaning stiffly back, staring queerly at her. He got to his feet. Still gazing fixedly at her, he said, "And if they would all get ketched into the oil ——"

She, too, saw the winged vision after a moment; and the wild ecstasy of their thoughts ran to meet it there in the impalpable air between them, caught about it, clung, and left the two of them staring like empty things. On and on their young minds raced, and came back to them at last seated breathlessly once more upon the ground and close, close together.

"And you could make a pen fur them."

"A big pen, half into the water and half upon the land."

"And they would make them their nests under the bushes."

"No, up onto the bushes. The teals and the widgeons make onto the ground, but not the wood ducks."

Her eyes widened with anxiety. "But they will fly from us."

He laughed triumphantly. "No, I can see that too. I will take and cut them the edges of one wing off so that they can fly up onto the bushes and nothing more."

"And it won't make hard fur them, fur they tame theirselves so quick."

"Yes, they ain't natured wild like the mallards and the teals and the gray ducks. I could never be near cruel enough to make that way with them."

"But if they wouldn't mebbe come and sit into the oil ——"

"But I will fetch them. I will put wheat fur them. Here on the mud I will put it and onto the water where the oil is—yea, wheat with the straws at, so it will stay on the top. Och, it is nothing can beat me with it! Fur I know how to make with the wild things and with the water things." He stretched his arms wide. "This here part is all familiar with me. But the land I can't so much get the hang to it. This here part wants all the time to be giving you somepun friendly; but the fields they ain't ever working with you any; they fight you always, the weeds and the moles and the little squirrels and the rabbits, even, they eat you away. To be sure, I will work with the fields—I want to work with them now fur to feed these here, and to feed you. Och, Ellie! It is nothing more to be said The birds are coming to me and you are coming to me!"

There was nothing more to be said, and the shadows were penetrating out the last lines of light upon the water As a year before she had pledged her betrothal with a temperate kiss, so now she sealed it once more shyly with another, and they parted.

Day by day the wire inclosure grew, half in the water and half upon the land, as the boy had planned it; and day by day their visions grew.

"Other herds of the wood ducks will come. They will hear these ones calling and they will come," he cried one day, rising like a legless phantom out of the shallow water, his hip boots almost submerged. He gave his tie stake another resounding whack, then gestured in wide circle with his hammer. "With the money that I make from this ducks I will buy me geese and I will make fur them a place under them black gums. All around the pond I will have such homes fur the water things."

The girl clapped her hands. "And from the geese you can get mebbe them birds with the necks at, where I seen in pitchurs a'ready. Schwans, or what it is. And on the top of the water they will float like the big white flowers."

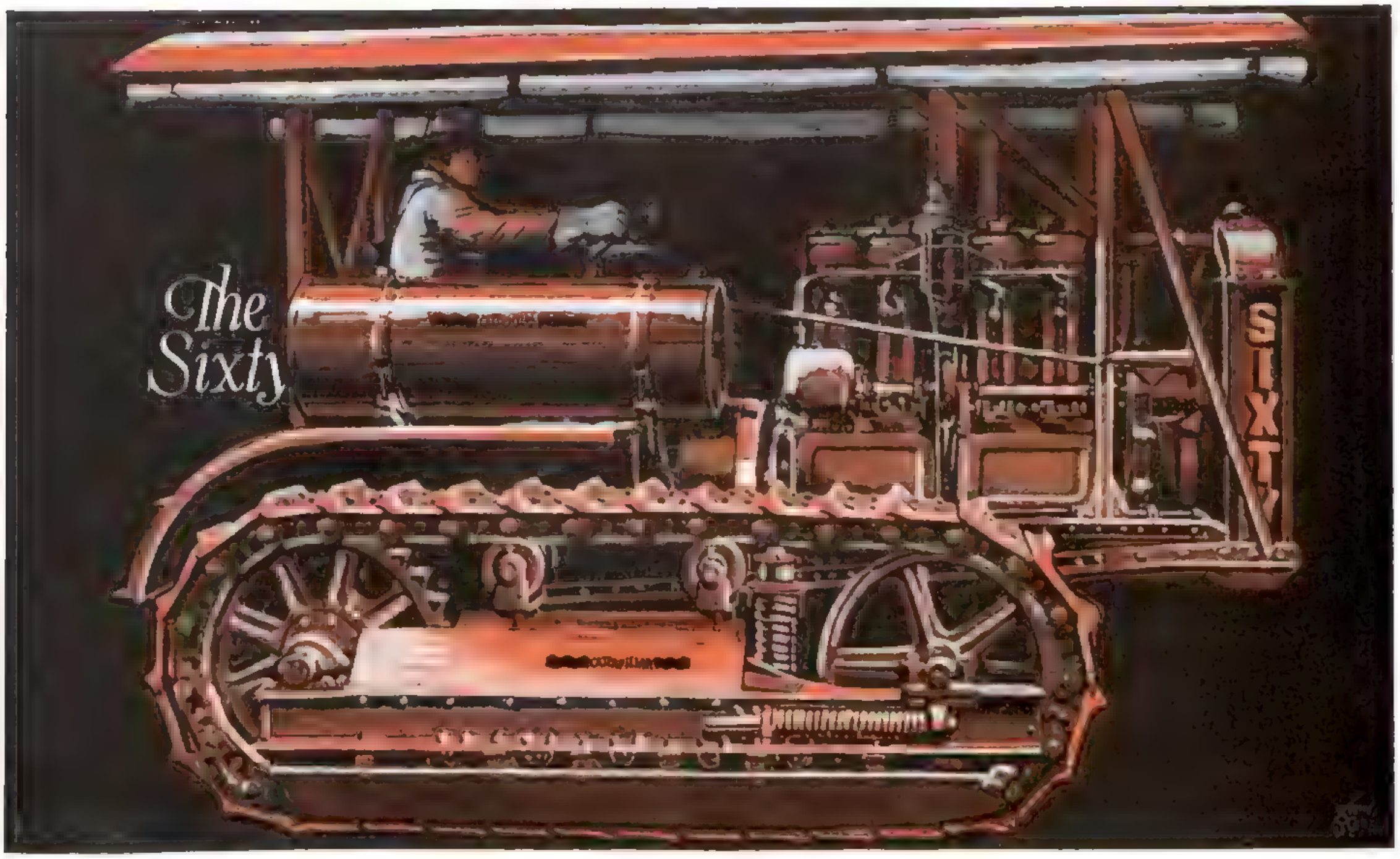
The boy wagged his head. "Such a place it will be like nothing else in this here world! But the busy I will have to be! Day and night I have got now to work fur to plant me my fields and to plow and to harrow and to weed. This here is somepun big, somepun big." He raised from the wire with which he had been anchoring his post to a submerged tree root and gazed up into the quiet air as though he felt invisible powers beating about him. "I can feel it at me that it is somepun big." He came wading to the shore, smiling mischievously. "And I have got fur to take a trip, too, ower them hills; a trip to Forest Knolls, where the big hotels are setting, and the hospital." Ellen looked her curiosity. "Fur my health yet," he assured her with impish solemnity.

"Yes, and that could be, too," she sighed. "Conrad puts it out that you are working in the rain even."

"Conrad? And where was you seeing Conrad?"

She twitched from him. "He comes fur to set with pop."

(Continued on Page 109)



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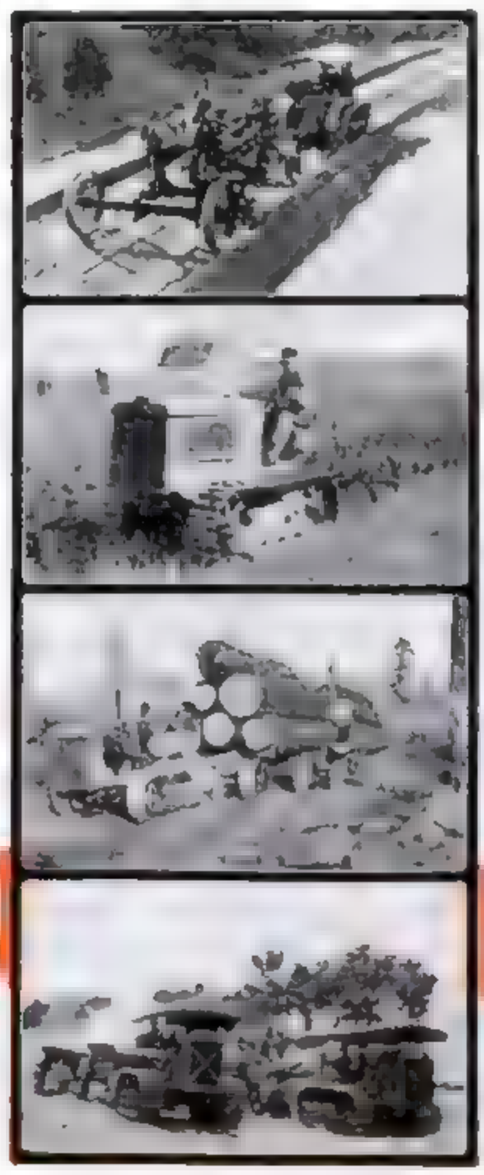

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Born! Little Sunbeam $5

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Just like the $7.50 Sunbeam Save for Size

THIS handsome little newcomer with Rosewood handle and Silver cord is an Iron every woman has figuratively prayed for—yet due to its Art-Steel Traveling Case it is twice as handy as she imagined it could be.

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a corner of the
trunk or traveling bag.
[illegible] hands on [illegible] seat shelf

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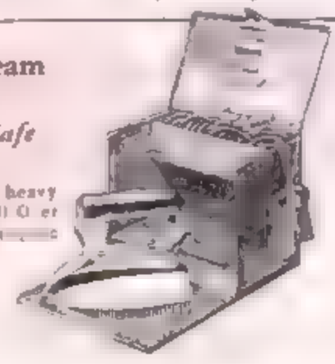

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(Continued from Page 106)

His eyes were upon a couple of the plump little hens which were barging warily toward him, their pink-lidded eyes bright upon the structure he was making. "Look oncet the curious they are! Look how close they come schnausing after me! A body could say they had anxious to get into their new home, ain't so? Twenty-two I have ketched in the oil a'ready and have cut them their wings; and wait oncet till I put the wheat for them. Then I will soon have them all."

He finished his pen, garnered his flock, and one day some two months later he made his mysterious trip over the hills. That night he danced before her once more as though he were himself a winged thing.

"I should guess they would anyhow buy them off me! And the awful prices they will give—on the hoof too! They would buy the eggs even—fur the nowelty of it, they said, fur to feed them tony folks where set onto the porches. You should see oncet the worldly clothes they had onto them; bright, yes, bright like this here bananna handkerchief. And both the men and both the women—this you could never believe—a-scutching at some such a big pill with sticks and then walking at it. And this"—his eyes fell "this is a shame to my sect, but the men wasn't some of them growed out of knee pants yet."

Ellen's eyes went wide with scandalized pity. "It must be, then, that they wasn't very smart at their heads. Fur else they would have been worthy fur long pants, ain't not?"

"Well, they was smart enough fur to eat my ducks anyway!" cried Emil gayly. "Right aways they would take them, but I said them no; not until they tame theirselves a little, I says, fur it would be now too cruel to pack them, wild like what are, into the crates. But the little things are friends with me a'ready. You have seen a'ready how they come hopping out of the bushes when I pack them the wheat. But I must take good notice to their wings or they could still fly from me. Till a month at the furthest I must cut them again."

"And I could hold them fur you to cut at! Might I could, mebbe, hold them in my hands?"

But she did not hold them for him. She came one night early, for he had said they must not delay much longer; but he was not there. She was not alarmed; they did not always meet. Emil was working hard in his fields now, not with his old spasmodic bursts of energy, but steadily, day after day, from dawn until after dark. It was as though the rhythmic whirr of the ducks' wings had set into motion some dormant spring within himself which drove him steadily and zestfully the round of his tasks.

But when he did not come the next day, or the next, she became actively uneasy; uneasy about him, uneasy about the birds. Should she go up the little path to the house where he lived? But no; she might see Conrad there. And she had seen too much, far too much of the older brother lately. He had about him the quality of unexpectedness. She would be walking upon the road and there he would be suddenly behind her; she would go out upon the porch and there he would be sitting with her father. And always she was afraid of him. Afraid, and yet —— How powerful he was! How good-looking he was! And how curious that his body seemed to be always moving, always moving. When he was about she could not keep her eyes from him, and that was one of the things that frightened her.

She had set her feet upon the little path leading up the slope, but she could not go. She turned back and gazed anxiously into the wired inclosure. It seemed to her the birds had not had their customary feed; they were more bold toward her than they would have been otherwise. Many of them had not left off their paddling about at the edge of the pond, searching for grains which might have become embedded in the black mud. Others were skimming upon the water, their eyes alert above their spotted chestnut breasts for the insects which skip and fly so nimbly upon water surfaces. She decided that she would return to her own house for some feed.

She was starting away when she heard hurrying feet and the crackle of bushes. She swung about with a glad cry.

"You better make hurry! I ain't waiting fur you no longer."

"You was waiting fur me then?" Between the green of the willows a tawny cowlick caught the last of the dying sunlight to itself.

The girl stared motionless at this ruddy emblem and the grinning sun-dipped face beneath it. An instant it hung there among the green leaves; then the feet, spurning the gentle path which the younger brother had worn, came crashing through the bushes. Instantly the air was vocal with fear; with the whirr of wings, with the repeated warnings of the drakes—peet, peet, oo-eek, oo-eek—and in faint antiphony the plaintive responses of the brooding hens.

"Where is Emil?" she cried sharply.

"He has sick—the flu." He stood before her, fists possessively in pockets. "But you ain't missing him. I'm here."

"The flu? He could die of the flu. How sick has he?"

For a moment something of brotherly concern toned his features. "He is that sick that I have hired twice the doctor fur him. The first I knew he up and fainted, and then he went loony in the head. Yes, if he ain't! But doc says they go often that way in the start. And he has come into his mind now. He will be all right when he gits oncet some wittles where will stay by him."

She noted then that his eyes were red from loss of sleep, and belated gratitude warmed her cheeks and the tone of her voice. "Oh, yes, you will be the good nurse fur him! He has told me a'ready how good you was in the sickness. You will pull him soon through."

"Would I pull him through?" He swung upon a powerful heel. "Say, leave me tell you somepun. Whenever I set out fur to do somepun, I do it. And take notice to this, too: When I set out fur to git somepun, I git it!"

His entire body seemed to be moving toward her. She cried out in panic and pointed behind her: "The ducks! You will keep care of his ducks then."

He turned and squinted slowly over the pen. "So that's the ducks he's been making such talk over. Pretty little ducks! Pretty little pen!"

The contempt of his tone, the tragic need for his assistance stung her to intense earnestness. "But you ain't seeing the many of them—near two hunert. They have run the bushes under. And they have got to get their wings cut—tonight—tonight at the furthest."

"That red on your cheeks suits you good." His head weaved from side to side.

Fear of him, fear of herself—yes, of herself—chilled back the speech upon her tongue; but desperation loosed it after an instant. "But you must see what it means to him. It means everything, this herd of ducks." She went on and on, revealing the lucrative market Emil had established for the ducks, the plans for his future developments. "And if he would lose them now, och, my, he would be losing everything! I can feed them, yes, but I can't cut them their wings, fur I ain't near strong enough to hold them. And it's got to be done tonight. Och, my souls! Look oncet how they can fly to the top of the bushes! Tonight you must be at it when they make theirselves quiet. He can show you what fur big shears he bought to do it with. Tomorrow they might could fly fur him."

She had accomplished her purpose as far as arousing a respect for the enterprise was concerned. The derisive amusement was gone from his face; he was gazing at the pen now with speculative absorption. She, too, fell silent, spent with her long speech, her anxiety and her alarm.

"And what does it make so much to you?"

His eyes were narrowing upon her so that she had an instant's obsession that she, the whole of her, was being caught and held between the pinching lids. But she managed to hold her voice to a level key as she evaded: "I ain't saying it makes with me. But I should think you would have glad that your brother has found him out a business where suits him so good." And as the taunting amusement flickered across his face again, she hurried: "It ain't only the ducks. It's what the ducks are doing to him. Look oncet how he is making with his fields now. He makes it good with the birds, so now he is beginning to think he can make good with all things. If you would leave the ducks get loose on him now, you could be ruining his future fur him every which way."

"His future! He builds his future on a few wild birds then! On the air! My brother builds on the air!" He reeled with laughter over his clever pleasantry, then checked himself and clapped his palm against his breast. "And what do you conceit I am building on? On the air? I should guess anyhow not. On the wheat. The strong wheat where comes out of the strong ground. The wheat and the ground: that there's what this whole country is built on. Till two months you will be seeing how my wheat will be getting the blue ribbon off the Grange. Always that is how it goes with me. I make my mind up to git the prize, and I git it. And I make my mind up what fur girl I want, and I git the girl."

Head thrown back, a half smile upon his lips, he stood sucking a deep breath and pulling at her, pulling at her from beneath his closing lids. She did not speak. She did not move. She stared like a trapped thing at the closing yellow-gray slits. They were closing—closing—upon her! She was being drawn toward him—drawn ——

He expelled his breath with a rush and she fluttered as though she had fallen from a height, fluttered like a hurt, helpless thing. She backed from him, got herself about, panted, "But you ain't—you ain't!" and went stumbling through the trees.

"I ain't? You will see oncet!" His confident laughter came crashing after her from tree trunk to tree trunk.

Trembling and panic-stricken, she paused in the green security of the pasture and strove to resolve herself. What had happened to her? And what had not happened to her? His body was big and beautiful; could it be that a soul big and beautiful lived in it? And there was flattery, enormous and compelling, in the fact that he had chosen her, little and unformed, as a mate for that big, beautiful body, for that decisive, powerful mind—that mind so powerful that its thoughts stayed with one. How futile now seemed that enterprise of the wild ducks in which she and Emil had played in such merry earnest! Emil! She caught herself sharply. What of Emil? Emil, sick, and she forgetting that she was promised to him—as his wife—as his wife! What heresy was this? She went panting up the slope as though she would run from the perjured thing that was herself.

She would go no more to the pen in the woods until she was sure that Emil would be there. She would not trust herself; no, her very teeth chattered at the thought of what might have happened had she remained for but another moment. She might have found herself promised to both the brothers!

But what would happen when she saw the older brother again? What was the matter with her anyway? Why was it that all that she was seemed to slip from her when he was about? Could this be love, this powerful force which seemed to pull her deepest resolves from her brain and scatter them as nothing? If this were love, then she had never loved the younger brother, for with him were only rest and assurance. But if love, then why always the fear?

For six days the questions, the doubts, the beating of the hands, the gazing up into the heavens against which was written no answer. For six days the running to a

(Continued on Page 111)

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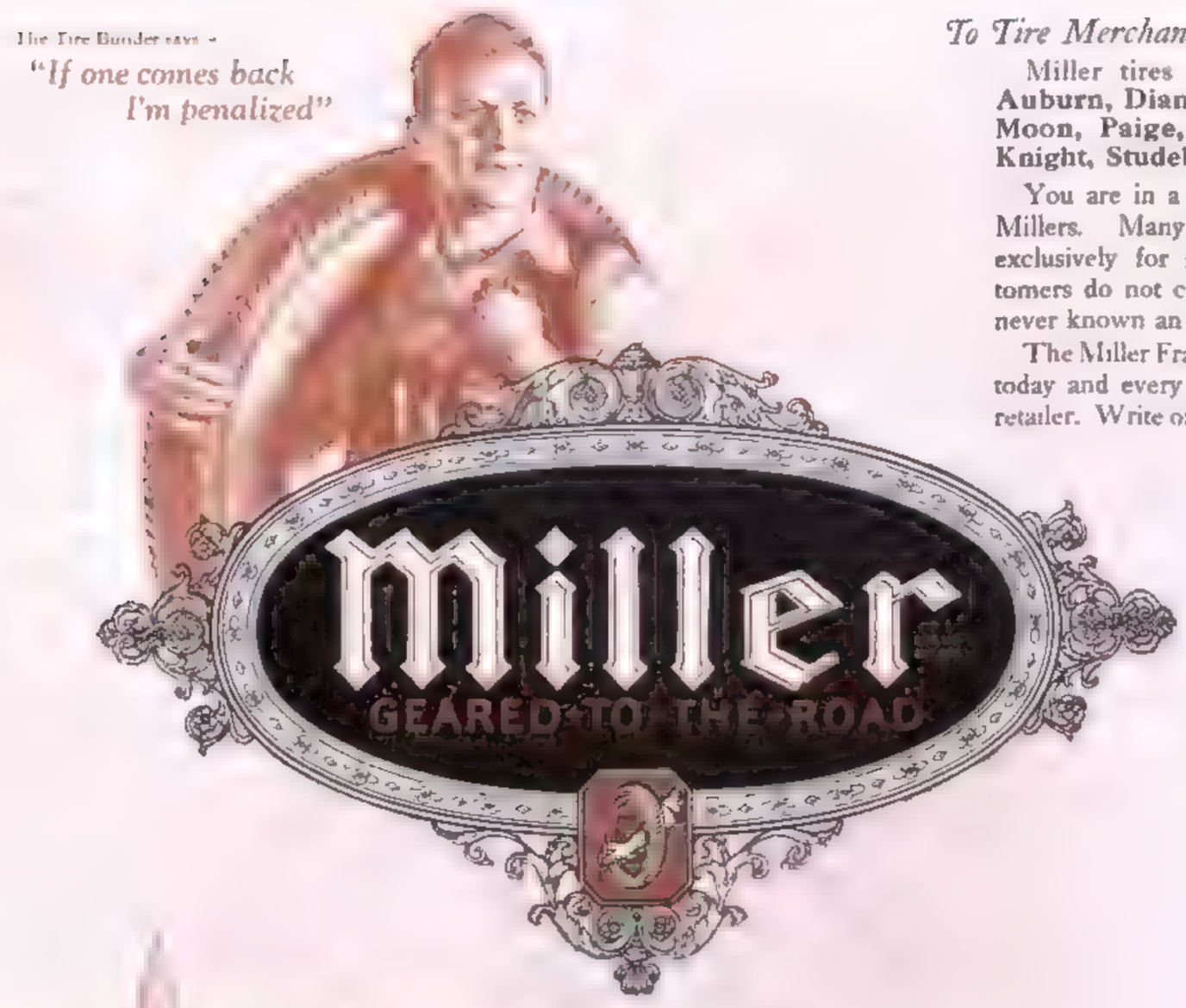

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(Continued from Page 109

secret place when a heavy step sounded upon the porch; for six days the wary fetching of the cow from the outskirts of the swamp.

And then in early twilight the thrum of spread wings!

She ran to the door, apron thrown against her breast. In strong, level flight they passed the birds—the birds! Fear beat her back, hung with her all that night and the day that followed. It might be a strange flock, she kept saying to herself. It must be a strange flock.

But it was not. She drove her steps to the pen late that afternoon and stared in silence and dismay. Only a few of the birds whose wings had not yet recovered their equilibrium were hopping about. She looked at the ruddy figure who watched her under veiled, possessive lids, and such a tumult as she had never known stormed through her brain, lashed her with a dozen emotions at once, then washed away, leaving her in heavy calm.

"So you would steal his birds from him then," she said slowly.

"Steal?" he whipped.

"Steal," she said calmly. She looked at him and she seemed to see his body as a huge husk in which prinked about a soul small and mean. "How little you are!" she said, half in surprise, half in indifference

For another moment she stood while he strangled forth loud empty phrasings, boastful phrasings, tumultuous phrasings. Why should he bother with a handful of wild birds? He had no time for sickly playthings—he who needed every moment for his wheat, his prize wheat. And of course she could see that too—she to whom that wheat would some day mean so much. Some day soon!

She looked full at the impish yellow-gray soul which struggled there between the pinching eyelids; and she said, speaking slowly, as to something small and unshapen: "You thought you would take off him all he had and that you would get me. But no; I ain't that kind. I can't be bought with meanness." She turned desolately toward the little path which led up the slope. "I am the one to tell him about the birds. And I am the one to tell him he has got me anyhow."

He stormed after her then; he pleaded, he threatened, he implored. She turned and looked for a long moment at his moving body, at his high-colored face, and from them she looked into the high air whither the birds had flown. She laughed suddenly and her arms lifted in the faint gesture of spreading wings. "He's got me anyway!" And she set her feet upon the path.

Feet scuffed angrily after her; threats bludgeoned about her ears: "You will have sorry for this! But I ain't giving you up. What I want I get. Look at my wheat! What has he got? Nothing! You would give yourself to a man where has nothing then? Nothing!"

But again it was as though she scarcely heard him. Again she bubbled happily like a freed thing: "I go to tell him he has got me anyway."

But in reality they had more, far more, than each other: for dreams once born never die unless they are killed by those who give them birth. And they cherished their dream, though they knew not the stuff of which it was made; and it came, a green and shining thing out of the black soil and grew and grew before their eyes. Day by day it grew, and day by day they watched it, scarce believing the promise it held out to them.

But it redeemed its promise. And on a day in midsummer late in the afternoon the boy came breaking toward her as she stood looking for him, listening for him, eagerly, fearfully, at the edge of the forest.

"It took the prize! It took the prize! My wheat! My wheat!" He danced before her like a winged thing. "Two inches more tall it was and heavier at the heads than any at the Grange. And the talk it gave! You should have heard oncet!" the boy exclaimed.

She could not speak; she clasped her hands. She whispered, "The birds!"

"Yes, it was the birds," the boy echoed in something of awe. "It was the wheat they left in the black mud. It was like such a gift to us from the birds."

She hung her head. "And I said oncet—that black day—I mocked on the birds and said they would be feeding us like the ravens. And now if they ain't. It is like such a judgment on me."

The boy's hand went out to her. "But it couldn't have been such a terrible wicked day, fur all. Fur you got your wish out of it." His eyes twinkled. "You ain't forgot, was you, how you said you wished if I would make down on Conrad some such way?"

"Och, you did flax him!" she cried with shining eyes. "Och, to think! Now it will go better for both of you."

His face sobered. "But I could have had sorry fur Conrad, he took it that hard. He showed it so, and the mad he had! And after, you couldn't near guess what he done after. He plagued me fur to sell him the swamp!"

"Sell him the swamp!" echoed the girl. "And to think, if he wouldn't have tried to cheat you in the first place this here could never have happened. I ain't the only one where got a judgment on me then!"

"But that ain't all. Listen and leave me tell you. This here is somepun big, somepun big!" The reminiscent phrase brought with it its memory. Even as she turned in eager excitement she seemed to see him with hammer uplifted, gazing into the quiet air as though invisible powers were beating about him. They turned upon mutual impulse, and as they strolled through the kind and gentle shadows toward the pond he told her of the marvelous thing that had happened. A man, a stranger, had questioned him more closely than any of the others about the nature of the soil, the nature of the place, and had offered to drain the swamp, to cut the trees and to lease the land from him at an astounding rental. "Fur he put it out that soil where could grow such wheat could be like some such river in the old country—Egypt or wherever."

"But you didn't—you wouldn't cut the trees?"

Her arm flew up in swift alarm; then she laughed that she had even asked. Together they looked up into the sunlit stirrings above them.

"Yes, it made a laugh fur me too. But I tell you what I done. We talked fur long, and then I give him dare to take the four acres of the tules and six acres of the good land fur to drain the muddy water onto. And tomorrow a'ready he comes fur to see if it's like I told him. But that won't spoil the swamp nothing fur us; fur you mind of how we can't even see that part fur the trees around the water. Look oncet! I show you where." He bent aside the last of the bushes which concealed the pond from them.

But they did not look, after all, in the direction of the tules. For they beheld, as it were, a vision. Within the wire inclosure were fluttering winged things, upon the ground, upon the water, upon the bushes; and upon the instant the peet, peet, oo-eek, oo-eek of the drakes and the faint musical response of the hens. But their alarm was only specious; they did not fly, not even when the boy, after the first rapt instant, laughed softly.

"It ain't so funny that they're here. Fur the dropped wheat is gone from the fields all, and they are remembering where they got every day the good feed. They do always like that."

But she shook her head and clasped her hands to her breast as though she would hold the miracle to her. The boy looked at her and his eyes were like waters running deeply.

"This here is what makes with me. In a book I seen it; and I couldn't near believe I was seeing good. These ain't only called the wood ducks. They are called, too, the bridal ducks. Yes, if they ain't! Bridal ducks! Fur they ain't like some others; they mate oncet and they stay mated. Och, Ellen! It is here that we will make our home!"

Perhaps Freddie does take that "Dress Well and Succeed" slogan a bit too seriously. There are drawbacks, for instance, when one is really fond of dogs—and all the dogs know it.

But it brings results. Take Freddie, for example. He doesn't spend everything he makes on scenery. And he is getting a lot more money than many of the other fellows at the office just because the boss thinks Freddie is as good as he looks.

You'd never guess it, but the coat belongs to last year's suit. The trousers (block-striped flannels are very, very much approved this year, you know) look like a million dollars, but they really didn't come so high. Not much more, in fact, than the price of a tankful of gas for his new roadster. (*)

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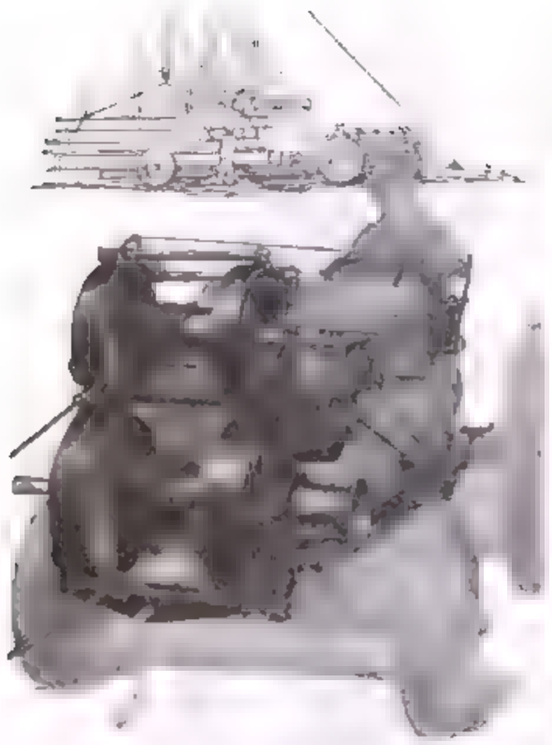
"That Darn Bennett Kid" in BOY'S GOLF KNICKERS

Breakers on the Palos Verdes Shore, California



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The Allison is a standard, one model, automotive hoist for the Fordson. Two speeds and reverse. Single or double drum, each with brake, clutch and pawl.

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CENTAURS AND CHUKKERS

(Continued from Page 15)

grounds were narrowed to 160 yards and boarded at the sides with boards eleven inches high. It slowed the game so much that when, in 1865, Captain Sherer, now a major, took a crack English-trained polo team to Calcutta to play the Muniporees, the Indians rode all around them, taking full possession of the ball and making goals almost at will.

The climate of England still constitutes such a heavy handicap that English international teams must be trained, perforce, somewhere abroad, either in India, in Spain, along the Riviera or, as has been suggested and urged, in California.

James Gordon Bennett introduced the game in America in 1875, and it found the same welcome among the hunting crowd that it had received, first from the Tartars and then from the British Army in India. A hard-riding horseman picked up a mallet tentatively to knock the willow ball around and straightway was haunted by the difficulty of ever hitting it from the back of a galloping pony. The interference of seven other players roused his combative instinct. Here was a game that possessed the kick of danger. He went to it, and he and his sons have been at it ever since.

A year after the game was introduced, Bennett, William Jay, William Douglass, S. Howard, Perry Belmont, Charles Franklin, John Mott and Howland Robbins began playing regularly at the old Dickels Riding Academy, which stood at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York. These meetings marked the beginning of organized polo in this country. Later they moved to Jerome Park, but when it proved too far from town, they built the grounds at One Hundred and Tenth Street. Within seven years the encroachment of the city spreading uptown sent them to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street and Eighth Avenue, now the home of the New York Giants and still known as the Polo Grounds.

Polo's next move was to Newport, Rhode Island, under the auspices of the Westchester Club. From there it spread to Long Island, Boston, Buffalo and Chicago. It had taken firm root. Its growth was to be slow but steady.

It was still in an embryonic stage when Westchester invited Hurlingham to send a team to play in America. As an inducement, a cup was deeded to both clubs, to be played for at certain intervals. The legal conditions which enwrapped this cup were so binding that attempts made in recent years to widen the field so as to allow players from the Argentine, from India and from any other place in the world to play for it have proved unsuccessful.

A Tryout for Teamwork

The English came over in 1886, captained by John Watson, the best player of his day and one of the greatest of all time. His team mates were Captain the Honorable R. Lawley and Captain T. Hone, both of the 7th Hussars, and Captain Malcolm Little. Opposing them for America were Winthrop K. Thorn, Raymond Belmont, Foxhall Keene and Thomas Hitchcock, Sr.

The British were mounted on thoroughbred Irish ponies which had more speed, intelligence and stamina than the Argentine ponies ridden by the Americans. The teams were equally matched in horsemanship, but there the equality ended.

The Americans were still playing the English game of eleven years before, whose general plan was for the back to act as goal keeper and for the other three to gather in a group. Once in command of the ball a player kept it as long as he could. Each played as an individual.

Watson brought the rudiments of team play. He and the rest of his team had learned their polo mostly in India, where there were full-sized grounds and no boards. They therefore played the ball up and down the grounds. Watson had invented riding off, sending the No. 1 against the opposing back and leaving the ball to No. 2 and No. 3. Into this game he introduced the backhand, a new and difficult stroke of his own, which since has become one of the most effective in polo. The backhand, more than anything else, was responsible for the great superiority of the English in this game.

The Americans started at top speed. Keene scored the first goal. But the precision and teamwork of the visitors told after a short time. Watson and his backhand were bewildering and unbeatable. Only the horsemanship of the Americans enabled them to make any showing at all. They were beaten 10 to 4 and 14 to 2.

This first international polo match had far-reaching influences on the game, as has every one since. The history of modern polo is made up of periods either begun or ended by international matches.

Thus, the 1909 matches in England revolutionized the game, sped it up and introduced the American style of team play, which has since become basic in polo.

Sixty Per Cent of Polo

The matches of 1911, 1913 and 1914 saw the English adapting and perfecting this style of play, and the matches of 1921 and 1924 sowed polo clubs throughout America at the rate of ten a year.

The matches of 1886 stimulated an interest in the game that resulted, four years later, in the formation of the United States Polo Association. It also focused attention on the problem of the polo pony; a problem which has grown faster than the game and which today is greater than ever.

Milburn says the pony is 60 per cent of polo. It is the player's legs and that is the reason why a polo player is still functioning twelve to fifteen years after athletes in other fields have become old, and retired.

The first English polo ponies, legend has it, were the descendants of four great Arab stallions captured, with several women, in a raid on a Bedouin chief. The day after they were taken the English were notified by the bereft chief that if the horses were returned the raiders could keep the women and no reprisals would follow. When the women were returned and the horses kept, the reprisals followed immediately and on strict schedule, but the stallions sired a strain that is still producing good polo ponies.

Irish and English thoroughbreds were drawn on largely for the game, and the English early began experimenting on the scientific breeding of ponies. England and the Argentine for many years were the sources for the ponies used in this country, and few native-bred horses have played in international matches. But England lost much of her best horseflesh in the war and, though many polo ponies are still found in Ireland, it will be years before England replenishes her losses.

Captain Frank N. Miller, secretary of the National Polo Pony Society and polo manager at Meadow Brook Club, declares that America, in the near future, will be supplying other countries.

The scientific breeding of polo ponies began in this country twenty years ago, and Raymond Belmont, father of August Belmont, was one of its successful pioneers. But it was desultory, a rich man's hobby, and not organized to meet a big demand.

This has come within the last few years, with the increased speed of the game and the dearth of horseflesh caused by the war and the automobile. It is being met by men who have gone into breeding on a large scale, either as a business or a hobby, throughout the United States and Canada. Texas, Arizona, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, California, Virginia and New York are turning out polo ponies in ever growing numbers with the coöperation of the National Polo Pony Society, which lends every aid to breeders, and the remount department of the United States Army, which is doing much for the horse in general, and for polo ponies in particular, by putting out thoroughbred stallions through the West to obtain officers' chargers.

Names like McKitrick, McVitty, McCoy and T. B. Jenkinson of Alberta, Canada, are well known to the pony buyer. McVitty, a Californian, has gone in on a big scale, with 200 brood mares. Milton McCoy is raising polo ponies as a profession, and all his money is invested in his Wyoming ranch. McCoy has several small thoroughbred stallions and he picks up all the polo brood mares he can.

W. A. Harriman, on his farm in Arden, Orange County, New York, is raising colts by Prince Friarstown out of high-class playing polo mares. He owns Vibora and Nena, both by Collar Stud, an English stallion, and both raised by Jack Nelson on one of his ranches in the Argentine. Captain Miller has pronounced Vibora one of the best polo ponies ever played. He was ridden by Malcolm Stevenson in the 1924 matches.

Stephen Sanford, of Amsterdam, New York, owns several imposing aristocrats of the Polo Pony Stud Book—Beatrice and Lalla Koolah, adjudged the best playing ponies in 1924 and 1925 respectively, None So Pretty, Agnes and Moonbeam. After the 1924 matches, at the sale of the English ponies, he paid $21,000 for Fairy Story and Queen, and Fairy Story was awarded the championship at the 1925 show of the National Polo Pony Society.

The business of raising polo ponies is hazardous. If a man raises twenty-five ponies, ten may be satisfactory—and that is a high percentage. The rest are total losses, for one or several of many reasons—lack of conformation, of boldness, of closeness to the ground or dislike of the game.

Three classes of ponies are available to the buyer: The made pony, or one which has been thoroughly trained and experienced in the game; the half-made pony, or one which has been bitted and trained up to slow games; and the green pony, which has had no training.

The Polo Pony Workshop

Some players and many trainers buy this last class and "make" them themselves. The United States Army requires that all its cavalry officers be able to make their own ponies. This is no job for the average rider or polo player. Training a pony for polo requires the best of horsemanship, skill and unlimited patience.

Captain Miller has had a lot of experience as a maker of polo ponies in India, Egypt, England and now here. For some years he was instructor at the British School of Cavalry in India.

I found him on the plains, near Meadow Brook, with W. A. Harriman. They were riding twin ponies; beautiful, five-year-old thoroughbreds by Spanish Prince, the property of Mrs. R. L. Gerry. Mrs. Harriman, with her two daughters, watched the ponies and discussed with the men the progress they were making. She knows as much of polo ponies, their care and their capabilities, as does her husband. The Twins had been under instruction all winter on the polo field at Overhills, in North Carolina. Their progress was reported as excellent.

The ponies were galloped, stopped, started, changed and turned. They twisted to the right, to the left, stopped, started again. They galloped, cantered, turned, stopped, always under the calm voices of their riders. They moved effortlessly, obeyed orders on the instant. They were rounding into shape. Soon they would be introduced to the mallet and the ball. They had not yet had that experience. They were still far from being made.

(Continued on Page 115)

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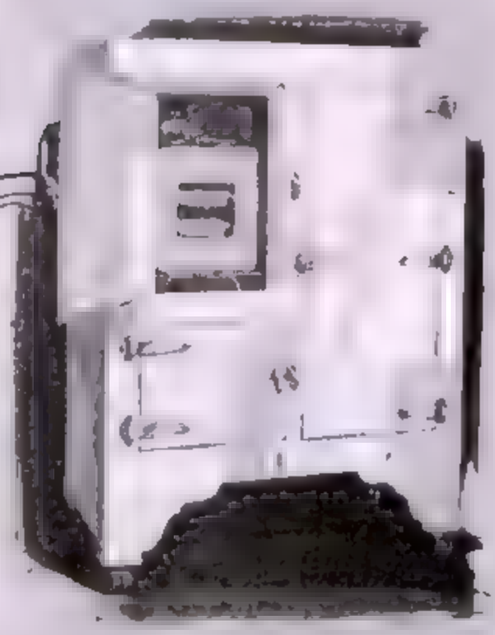

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And the same expert knowledge responsible for its mechanical leadership is reflected in the design and construction of Absopure Frigerator cabinets, where fine quality is equally essential.

In materials, workmanship and design the Absopure Frigerator is not surpassed by the costliest machines built. It is completely automatic, quiet running and practically free of service requirements. It is economical to buy, maintain and operate.

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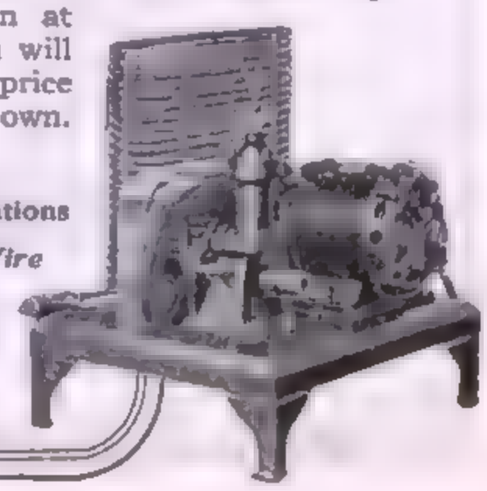

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(Continued from Page 112)

Later Captain Miller explained the making of a polo pony. And "make" is no slang or technical term. A pony is literally remade.

His carriage is changed and his balance points are shifted to meet the demands of the game.

"Because of the speed of modern polo," said Captain Miller, "only a certain type of horse can keep up to it; a thoroughbred, or a horse by a thoroughbred stallion out of a good playing mare, which has proved her speed.

"A pony is chosen for polo on his breeding, conformation and disposition. He must have good sloping shoulders to gallop and go smooth. Shoulders too upright result in round action and stopping badly.

"He must have depth of girth, heart room to enable him to stay, and good straight hind legs to get his hocks under him in stopping and to enable him to change hind as well as fore legs. If the hind legs are too far behind, the hind quarters are hard to control and the turns will be made on the forelegs, which is bad.

"He must be fairly close to the ground, not leggy, and with a real natural balance. His head must be on properly, with a good neck for rein length.

"As to disposition: An even temper is essential, and the requisite amount of intelligence. A horse has little intelligence, but he has a wonderful memory. He is taught through his memory, by doing the same thing with him over and over again. He must be bold, willing to face in on another pony and to give and take a bump.

"Having secured a five-year-old with the required conformation, we proceed to train him. A great number of ponies are spoiled by rushing their training and asking them to do more than they are physically able. Muscles must be built up. Young ponies, when green, carry two-thirds of their weight in front. We have to rebalance and redistribute it; that is, bring the weight from the forehand back to the hocks. This is done by working the pony on a snaffle, keeping his head up, teaching him to stop on his hocks and reining back."

Using the Legs as Reins

"As it is necessary to work altogether with his memory, a horse cannot be taught too many things at one time. A point must be gained slowly and by gradual progression. A great many ponies are taught to turn and twist before being shown how to stop straight and in the correct manner. The first thing he should learn is how to stop.

"The correct method of teaching him this is for the rider to close his legs and so pin the pony's hind quarters down to the ground. At the same time his head should be slightly lifted by the hand.

"He should next be taught to turn correctly. A horse has three pivots on which he turns:

"1. On the forehand, which is natural in a green horse because his weight is in front, but which is quite wrong for polo, because he swings his quarters out and thus loses time. 2. On the center. 3. On the hocks. This is correct for polo.

"In all turns the pony should be supported and turned by the leg rather than by the rein. In turning to the right the rider's left leg is pressed back, holds the quarters in and enables the pony to turn on his hocks.

"When the trainer is confident his pony is turning correctly, he goes on to teach him to change his legs. The great thing in this step is to prevent the pony changing in front and not behind. It is essential that he change fore and hind legs simultaneously. The wrong way to ride him for a change is to throw the weight forward and change on to the other leg. This changes the pony in front, but not behind.

"There is a period in a horse's canter-time when all four legs are off the ground. This is known as the interval of suspension and is the instant in which to teach him to change.

"When cantering with the off—right—foreleg leading, followed by off hind, the rider's weight is slightly on the off side with the left leg a little drawn back. To change the horse at the interval of suspension, the rider's right leg comes back sharply, and his weight should be shifted a little on to the near—left—side and backward. This makes the horse change from off fore and off hind to near fore and near hind.

"Little is done with the hands if the legs are used correctly. Afterward, if the horse has been taught this way, it will be found he changes his legs naturally whenever the weight is shifted.

"His training progresses. Stop, turn, circle and change. Repetition. Making the turns and stops more difficult, asking a little more of the pony each day while the pace is gradually increased.

"All stages of the early training should be done on a plain snaffle. As soon as the pony becomes balanced we start with a very light double bridle. I would strongly advocate that this bit be used for making a mouth. Later we seek the best bridle for each particular pony. The bridle is an individual matter."

Gameness and the Game

"His early training rounded out, the pony is accustomed to the stick and ball. Great care is taken not to start this too soon. Doing so often results in the pony becoming afraid of the stick. But when he has become competent and doesn't mind the stick and ball, he is taken into a very slow young-pony game. Now is the critical time. If he is hurried he may get hot-headed and start pulling. If he is taken along sufficiently slowly he will round out all right.

"At this stage, though the pony seems perfectly bold and doesn't mind a bump, he must not be hurried even then. He should be given time to get physically fit before he is played in a real game. Started at five, he should not be played in fast games until he is six. Many good ponies are ruined by taking them into hard games before their bones are really set."

Many ponies are as well-known and admired as are the stars of the international matches. Whitney's Cotton Tail, Milburn's Tenby and Jacobs, Harriman's Vibora, Louis E. Stoddard's Belle of All, and a host of others, are famous in the annals of the game.

Tenby was a large bay thoroughbred English pony bred by Sir John Barker for polo. He was sold into France, where he acquired a bad reputation by falling several times. He was sold back in England and bought by William Baldwin, a dealer, and he was sent over here, played and sold in 1910.

Whitney bought him for $1500 and turned him over to Milburn to ride, and in 1913 presented Milburn with Tenby, Jacobs—another great pony named after a well-known American dealer—and two others as a wedding present.

Tenby, Milburn says, was the boldest-turning pony he ever rode. He followed the ball on a straight line and he would go after it no matter what obstacle intervened. Milburn rode him through the season of 1910 and in the international matches of 1911, 1913 and 1914. In 1921, Milburn took him to England for the matches, against the advice of experts who declared him too old. They were right. He rode him in only one period. He had lost his speed and most of his stamina. All he had left was his gameness and his love for the game. On his way back to America he became entangled in his stall and killed himself by battering his head against the wall. He was buried at sea.

Jacobs was a thoroughbred, 15.3 hands high, and had been raced on the tracks. He was one of the fastest ponies ever seen on a polo field. Milburn rode him in the internationals of 1911, 1913 and 1914, and retired him in 1920 after riding him eleven years. At the time of his retirement Jacobs was blind in one eye and weak in front. Polo had taken everything he had.

The making of a top polo player takes from ten to twenty times as long as does the making of his pony. Like the pony, he must be taken young and trained continuously. All the international players started in the game in early childhood. Neither Milburn nor Hitchcock, America's two greatest players, remembers learning to ride.

Polo is the most dangerous sport in the world. There is no other, not even automobile racing, that carries with it such a constant threat of injury, even death. Injuries resulting from collisions and falls on the polo field are accepted as part of the routine of the game. When Captain Luis Lacey, of the British team, rode in the 1924 matches with a torn shoulder ligament he was following a precedent so common that his playing was taken as a matter of course.

In June, 1913, while practicing for the international matches, Milburn's pony rolled on him and kicked him in the face and chest. Two days later he rode with the American team to victory. In 1914, he was thrown and broke a rib, but he played several days before the intense pain forced him to quit. He strained a ligament in his back in a fall in England just before the 1921 matches. He played through the matches, but his injury forced his absence from the luncheon given the players by King George. The king sent Sir Alfred Fripp, one of his personal physicians, to attend him.

Louis E. Stoddard, chairman of the Polo Association, for two successive years was unconscious when he entered his summer home for the first time of the season. He had stopped off to play a game or two at Meadow Brook before he went home. Both times he was thrown. Both times his injury was concussion of the brain. Both times he stepped from his bed to the back of a polo pony, "to keep his hand in."

Frank Hitchcock, young brother of Tommy, showed such promise that it was prophesied he would outshine the international star. Last year he lay unconscious for twenty days, after being hurled from his pony to the polo field near Meadow Brook. His injuries were so serious that they compelled the postponement of his entrance to Princeton and his retirement from the game for an indefinite period, probably forever.

The New Generation of Players

Hundreds of youngsters are learning the game on the polo fields of the country. Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, wife of one international star and mother of another, is still an enthusiastic polo instructor, though she is in her middle years. She is given much of the credit for the making of a great player out of her son.

Louis Stoddard tells of a visit to Narragansett fifteen years ago and of approaching a close-cropped polo field in the early morning. Seven lusty boys and a woman mixed in a spirited mêlée. The ball shot out and the woman streaked after it on a fully extended pony. She had raised her mallet for a shot, when a boy, following her at dead gallop, cried, "Leave it, mother!"

She swerved without checking her speed and the boy lifted the ball into the air with one of the beautiful shots that afterward made him famous. Tommy, Jr., and his mother at daily practice.

Mrs. Hitchcock still plays polo with young and very earnest boys on her fields near Meadow Brook. At Aiken, South Carolina, she trains a whole boys' school in polo and leads it in drag hunts cross country.

On a hundred fields throughout the country youngsters are learning to play polo. If they can't get ponies they use bicycles, a good substitute, because they require almost the same amount of balance. The way to the mastery of the game is long, hard and dangerous, much more so than that of golf or tennis. Having attained a seat in the

(Continued on Page 117)

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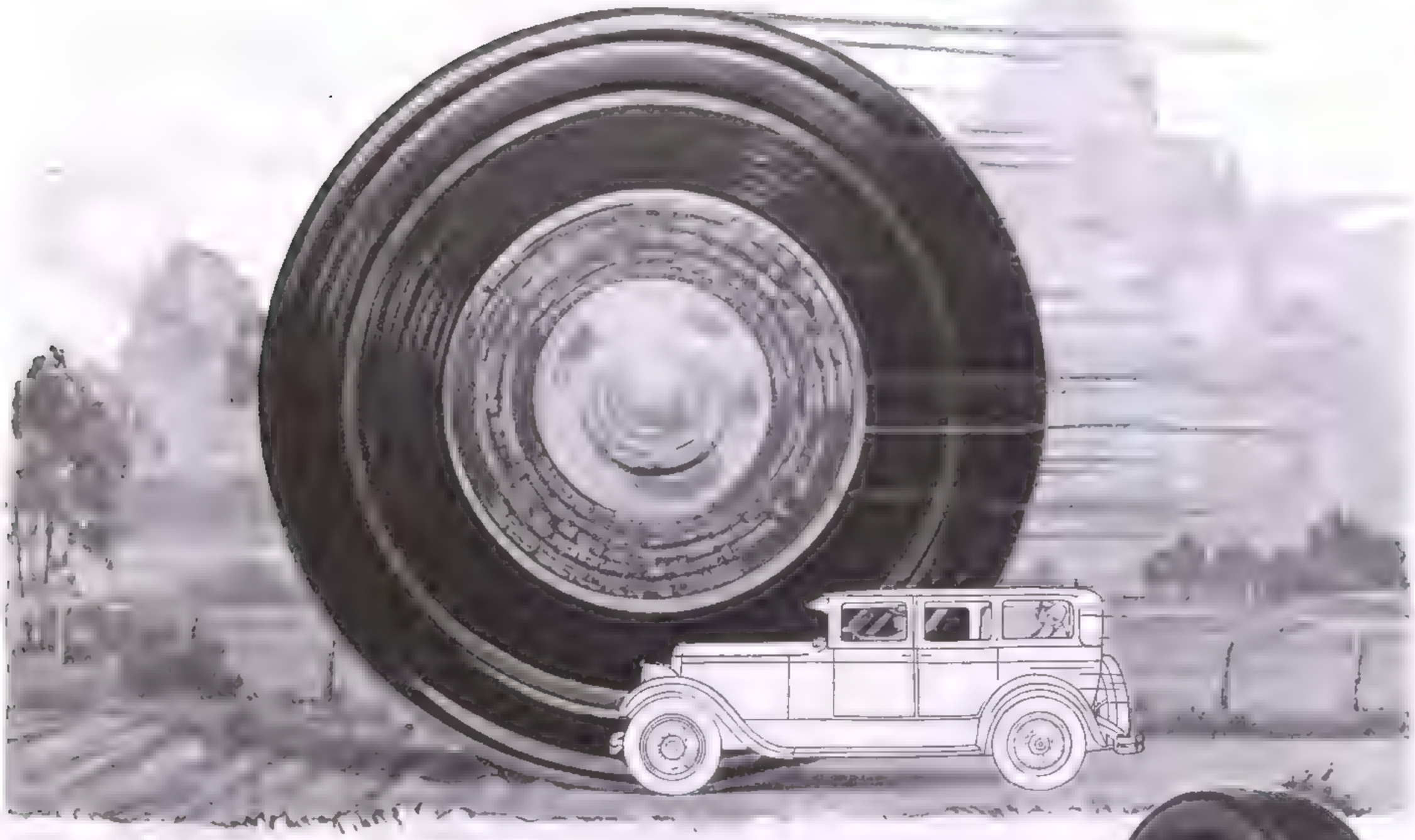

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WEED *Levelizers* — THEY LEVEL THE ROAD AS YOU GO

(Continued from Page 115)

saddle that makes him part of his steed, the embryo internationalist can devote himself to perfecting his strokes.

There are four main strokes. The right-hand side of the pony is the off or forehand side. The left is the near or backhand side. The strokes are the off-side fore shot, the off-side back shot, the near-side fore shot and the near-side back shot.

The off-side fore shot is the most common of all strokes and is used about 90 per cent of the time, especially by the forwards. With it the player drives the ball in the same direction as his pony, and so it has the impetus of the pony's speed behind it.

The off-side back shot is the most difficult stroke in polo. By it the ball is driven in the direction opposite to which the pony is traveling. It requires perfect timing and coördination of wrist and body to get any distance.

The near-side fore shot is similar to the off-side back shot in execution, but by it the ball is driven in the same direction as the pony. It is most useful for shooting at goal, especially for the forwards.

In the near-side back shot the ball is driven in the direction opposite to that of the pony. It is indispensable to the No. 3 and back—the defensive players.

There is a difference in the methods of stroking between English and American players. The English player as a rule hits the ball from the saddle, mainly with the arm and with very little body in the stroke. The American hits from his stirrups. The difference in result is about the same as that between one man hitting a ball from an armchair and another hitting it while standing. The American style, naturally, achieves distance. Hitchcock often drives the ball 150 yards.

Having reached the point where he can hit the ball from the back of a galloping pony about 50 per cent of the time, all the player then has to do is practice and play incessantly. In five, ten or fifteen years, if many hard falls and painful injuries do not dampen his ardor, he may become sufficiently adept to have his handicap raised a goal or two.

The polo handicap is an American institution which was adopted for the world game after the 1909 internationals. All players are handicapped by the executive committee of the polo association on the basis of their potential goal value to a team. The better the player, the higher his handicap. The highest is ten goals and all internationalists are ten-goal men.

A Lifetime of Polo

The handicaps are fixed on the recommendation of other players or experts, and as many as twenty recommendations have been received on one player. It works out like this: A team made up of four eight-goal men are to play a team of six-goal men. The aggregate handicap of the eight-goal team is thirty-two, that of the six-goal team, twenty-four. The difference between the two is eight goals, and the six-goal team is therefore credited with eight goals at the start of play.

A player always pretends annoyance, and grouses to anyone who will listen, whenever his handicap has been raised, and sometimes it does take him away from a crowd with whom he has enjoyed playing. But secretly he is pleased, because his game is noticeably improving. When it is lowered he is correspondingly depressed, because the writing on the wall says he is slipping.

The career of Devereux Milburn is an example of the results of a lifetime's devotion to polo. He is one of the greatest players of all time, an authority on the game, a member of the executive committee of the polo association, a writer on the game's different phases.

In his thirty-three years of active play he has been a member of the American team six of the eight times this country met England for the International Cup. He has achieved an objective attitude toward the game. Milburn, to himself, is just a player, a unit of a polo combination. Individual play is incidental. Teamwork is polo.

He grew up in polo and among horsemen. Harry Hamlin, a friend of J. G. Milburn, the player's father, owned Village Farm, just outside of Buffalo. Milburn, his brother, John G., Jr., Charles Cary Rumsey, H. L. Movius and Harry Davis rode to hunts in the Genesee Valley as soon as they were able to sit a horse. Three times a week they watched good polo players like Lawrence Rumsey, Jack Schetcherd, Doctor Hopkins and Harry Rumsey play the game three times a week in Park Meadow. Milburn absorbed his early polo from these men.

When he was thirteen he was a member of a boys' team composed of himself, his brother, John, Charles Rumsey and H. L. Movius, which within two years was holding its own against the best men players. Milburn played the No. 1 and No. 2 positions, known as the offensive positions. In them he acquired his accuracy in all strokes and the power of his drive. Milburn has the faculty of lifting the ball into the air in any shot, from any position, to clear the mêlée and get tremendous distance. It was not until 1904 that he began to play back, the position in which he has achieved his fame as a polo player. In that year he played back for the Myopia Club when it won the Senior Championship of the United States.

In 1898, when Chicago visited Buffalo to play a tournament with the first and second teams, Milburn failed to make the first team, but made the second, with George and Tom Cary and John Richmond. The second team defeated Chicago when Milburn accidentally hit Jay Kirkwood on the elbow with his mallet. Kirkwood's retirement so weakened his team that it went down to defeat.

The English Off-Side Rule

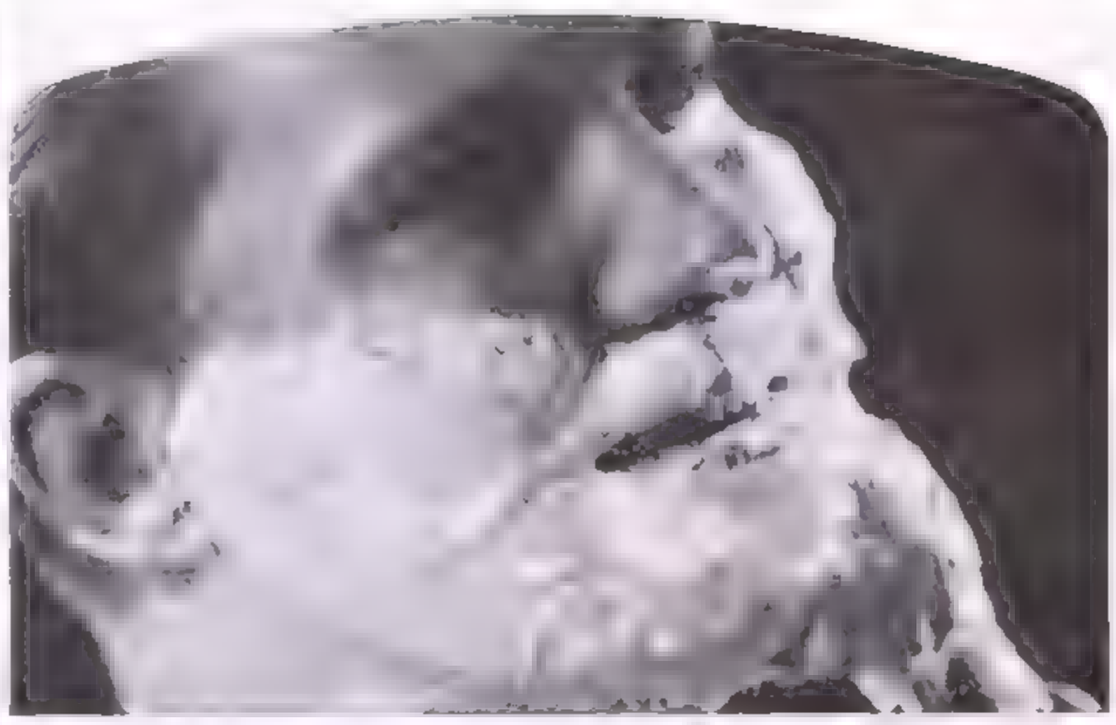
When he and his brother went to Oxford the next year, both made the university crew, but Milburn held to polo. He played on the Oxford polo team in 1902 and 1903. He returned from England every summer to play with Buffalo. In 1901 he accepted an invitation to play on the Saratoga team in their annual tournament with Meadow Brook, which was held on W. C. Whitney's polo field every racing season. This marked his first appearance in American international company and his meeting with Harry Payne Whitney. Whitney that day saw Milburn playing the No. 2 position. He was to remember his style eight years later when he evolved the polo strategy that beat England and restored the International Cup to America.

Milburn saw the 1902 matches in England, when the American team, composed of Foxhall Keene, R. L. Agassiz, John E. Cowdin and Lawrence Waterbury, won the first game by 2 to 1, from a team still considered one of the greatest polo combinations of all time, Cecil Nickalls, P. W. Nickalls, Walter S. Buckmaster and C. D. Miller.

Monty Waterbury entered the third game, which marked the first appearance of the famous Waterbury brothers in international play.

The 1902 matches are most important in the history of polo, because they were responsible for a new style of play. Among the English rules was one known as the off-side rule. Under it no man playing beyond the opposing back could receive a pass from his side. He could carry the ball only if he had hit it himself. The rule was an outgrowth of the perennially heavy condition of English playing fields. It proved offensive and unwieldy and it created some bitterness. Whitney was to have it always in his mind when he was working out the strategy that was to win for America the 1909 matches.

The following year, after the Oxford-Cambridge matches, Milburn and Charles Garland, another American, played on a team through the London season. This



How these tiny bubbles soften your beard at the base

—and make shaving easy

ORDINARY LATHER
Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.

COLGATE LATHER
Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard

IF you think all shaving lathers are alike, just look at these two photographs taken through the powerful lens of a microscope.

Notice the fine, closely knit texture of Colgate lather. Notice how compact it is—how close these tiny bubbles nestle to the hair.

And then compare it with the coarse texture of the other lather. Those large-size bubbles you see are filled with air. They merely hold air instead of water against the hair.

And remember, *water*, not air, is the real softener of your beard.

Colgate's is shaving cream in concentrated form—super water-absorbent—different in action and result from anything you have known before.

In this lather the bubbles are smaller, as the microscope shows; they hold more water and much less air; they give more points of moisture contact with the beard.

So that this moisture may soak right into the beard, Colgate's first emulsifies and removes the oil film that covers every hair.

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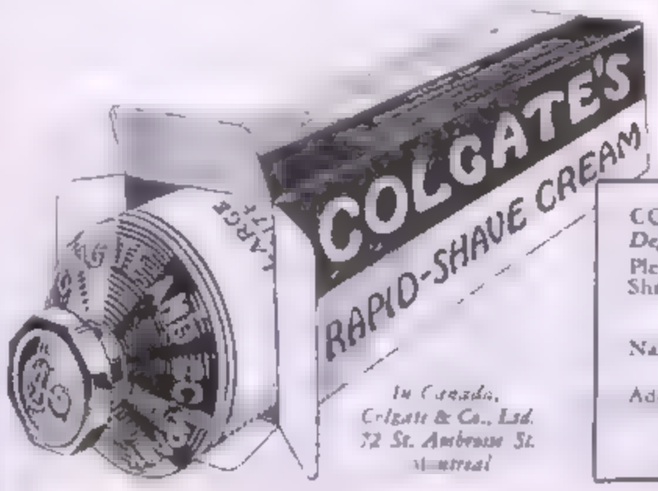

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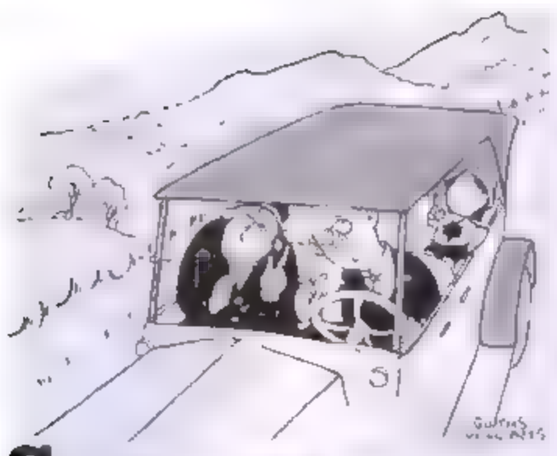

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team was not very successful, and later Milburn and Garland went to Deauville in another made up of Garland, Milburn and the two British internationalists, Buckmaster and Cecil Nickalls. At Deauville they defeated a team made up of Col. Douglas Haig, afterward England's Field Marshal, an enthusiastic poloist and a crack player, Ashorne Hill, a good player from India, Captain Herbert Wilson, against whom Milburn was to play in the international matches of 1909 and 1911, and Charlie Miller of the 1902 British team.

Milburn played for three years with the Myopia Club while he was in Harvard Law School, and in 1906 he followed his father, who had moved his law offices to New York, and at Whitney's invitation joined the Meadow Brook Club. The following spring he began play with the team which was to become known as The Big Four—Larry Waterbury at No. 1, Monty Waterbury at No. 2, Whitney at No. 3 and Milburn at back.

The first season they played conventional polo well together, until Whitney went abroad on August first. The next year Larry Waterbury did not play and Whitney declared he wanted him back, because he was convinced that in The Big Four he had a team that could beat England. All his plans revolved about the winning of the cup, and to that end he trained the team and worked out his strategy.

He started with the ponies, determined that the Americans would go into the matches with pony superiority, and he built up the greatest string the game had seen up to that time. He was a master of British polo strategy. He knew it could be beaten only by a mode of attack that contained the elements of surprise, speed and a skill that would circumvent the cumbersome off-side rule.

The Advent of Strategy

Considering his team, he knew that in the Waterburys he had a combination so keenly attuned to each other's polo that one could pass the ball to any unexpected position without signal and with the absolute certainty that the other would be there to receive it. He knew Monty Waterbury was one of the most accurate goal shots in polo. With himself at No. 3, the pivot position of the team, he had his players under his eye all the time and could plan and execute a new attack at any moment. He counted on Milburn's powerful backhand strokes, which he delivered at full gallop and from either side of his pony. These strokes resulted in a long ball that rose in the air over the mêlée behind him.

With the off-side rule in mind, Whitney developed the lateral pass between the Waterburys, from one side of the field to the other. From Milburn he lifted the conventional duty of minding goal and sent him into the mêlée, covering his position while Milburn was riding on the ball. He had converted the team into a flying unit whose best and only defense was incessant attack.

He challenged in the winter of 1909, and the dates for the match were set for the latter part of June. Shortly after the challenges were accepted Whitney received a letter from Charlie Miller, the British internationalist, recommending Louis Stoddard as a substitute.

Stoddard, over at Nice with his family for the winter, played polo with Miller and accorded him all the respect that an American amateur gave to an internationalist. He asked him to criticize his game. Miller agreed to do so. When, after several weeks, Miller continued silent Stoddard became anxious and asked him what was the matter with his play.

"Nothing," Miller replied. "You play better than most of us"; and wrote the letter to Whitney. Stoddard got the job.

The Americans sailed in the late spring, praying for dry weather, because heavy grounds would interfere with the long passing game which was relied on to nullify the English riding off. With the team went twelve ponies, several of which could do a quarter in twenty-four seconds or under.

Fine weather prevailed. England, a little alarmed at the speed of the ponies, had some difficulty with her line-up, but finally faced the Americans with Captain Herbert Wilson at No. 1, F. M. Freake at No. 2, P. W. Nickalls at No. 3 and Lord Wodehouse at back.

They played in full conformity with the off-side rule, and the Americans swept over the field with a combination play never before seen in England and likely never to be seen again for a long time anywhere. The Waterburys passed the ball through and around the English team, sending it from side to side in the lateral passes. The final score was 9 to 5.

The Old Army Game

In the second game the element of surprise was gone, and a team made up of Harry Rich at No. 1, F. M. Freake, No. 2, P. W. Nickalls, No. 3, and Captain Hardress Lloyd at back, did so much better that it was eight minutes before Whitney scored the first goal. Later, hitting from a penalty, Larry Waterbury struck a pony with the ball and, following on top of it, bowled over Nickalls, and his pony with him. He was penalized and Lloyd tied the score. But after that the Waterburys took charge, and the final score was 8 to 2.

England was astonished. She scrapped the off-side rule, adopted the American style of play and came over after the cup in 1911. She almost got it. She came closer in 1913, and she took it back with her in 1914, to keep it for the seven years in which war robbed her of many of her best players and horses.

The American victory in 1909 was unexpected. The world considered the English so far above any other country as poloists that they were beyond competition. When they were beaten, added interest was brought to the game. The spectator element of the United States began to look forward to the English invasion. This polo must be worth looking at.

In 1911, they came to Meadow Brook for the matches—the vanguard of a spectator army which was to cover Number One Field in 1924. More people began playing. Polo's growth in America can be measured by that of the Polo Association, because as clubs were formed they joined it. From 1890, when it was formed, up to 1910, the association added one club every two years. In the next decade the additions averaged about one and a half clubs a year, and since 1920, about ten a year. In the last few years it has swept into nation-wide popularity both as a playing and a spectacular sport. The 1926 Polo Association yearbook lists eighty-three clubs from coast to coast and from Northern Canada to the Mexican border.

Angel's Landing, Zion National Park, Utah

The United States Army and the universities have taken it up, and in the last six years, under the encouragement of former Secretary of War Weeks and General Pershing, the Army game has improved to such an extent that its players are being considered for the 1927 international matches.

General Pershing, during the war, discovered its value in the training of officers, and became one of its most enthusiastic supporters. The War Department encouraged play at the Army posts, and the Army game started an immediate improvement.

In 1922, Louis Stoddard, as chairman of the Polo Association, wrote General Pershing suggesting a series of matches between British and American Army teams. The general improved on the idea by suggesting to the British chief of staff that the teams play a match every year. The English team invaded in 1924 and was defeated. Last year the American Army team, organized and captained by Major Louis A. Beard, went to England and defeated the English Army team, 8 to 4 and 6 to 4. The interval between the Army matches was found to be too short and was lengthened to three years. When they play again in this country, thousands of spectators will see the matches.

Thrills of Ancient Rome

Polo has grown so swiftly in the past few years that it is suffering from growing pains. Both the Hurlingham and the United States polo associations are being deluged with demands that the conditions surrounding play for the International Cup be broadened to make it a real international trophy, instead of one which can be played for only by America and England. This may or may not be done, but if it isn't, there is certain to be another cup donated soon, an Americas' Cup, to be played for between American and Argentine teams.

The Argentines began to demand consideration as a very strong menace in international polo when a team made up of Jack Nelson, the two Miles brothers, David and John, and Luis Lacey won both the British and American championships in 1922.

Players from the great South American state are wonderful horsemen. Twice during play at the Rumson Country Club, David Miles whirled in the air when his pony buckled under him and landed on his feet. Their pony strength is as great as that of the United States. Nelson owns several ranches in the Argentine and has turned out thoroughbred stallions on the ranges. From the resulting ponies he makes selections for polo, picking those adapted for the game and turning the rest back to work. Other men do the same thing and the Argentine horse is becoming better and better bred.

Polo has arrived as a spectators' favorite sport. An onlooker gets all the thrills demanded, from swiftness and continuity of movement to a chance of seeing somebody hurt and maybe killed, and, though it isn't very often admitted above a whisper among us humans, this possibility has a wonderful fascination. The spectator gets thrills. What a player gets was summed up by Devereux Milburn as he sat in his office one day trying to force the fine points of the game into my thick skull.

"I'll be playing polo," he said, "as long as I can sit a pony, even though my handicap is lowered to zero. Polo is always polo. Given a June afternoon, a good team, good ponies, a good game, a good sweat—there may be more magnificent things but I cannot imagine them."

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Yet, for M. Ingold, the next five years were stormy ones. He was bitterly opposed by both proprietors and workmen of the British watchmaking industry.

On one occasion he was nearly mobbed. He became the subject of a split in Parliament, divided into two strong factions as to whether or not he should be granted a charter.

In 1845, defeated and penniless, he was obliged to leave the country. After some years in America, with no better fortune, he at last returned to his native city of Bienne (Biel), Switzerland, where he died in 1878.

The idea for which M. Ingold so valiantly stood was to standardize the parts of a watch, so that it might be quickly and easily repaired when a replacement was necessary.

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THE BASIS OF AMERICAN PROSPERITY

(Continued from Page 5)

"Second I place the Constitution and laws of the United States, which, although frequently disregarded and even defied, yet are observed in the main, so that we can truthfully say that we have a law-abiding nation.

"Third comes the high regard on the part of the great majority of our people for, and the adoption of, the practice of industry, morality, thrift and sobriety. There are, of course, glaring exceptions in the matter of sobriety, but notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, the people of the United States, taken as a whole, and particularly the younger element in the rural districts, are intelligently and conscientiously studying this question.

"I am convinced that this growing study, aided by statistical information and the advice of teachers and leading physicians, will establish in the United States a standard of sobriety that will have a far-reaching effect upon the social and economic welfare as well as a respect for the law in all future generations. In this increasing comprehension of what respect for the law means lies one of the permanent bulwarks of our prosperity."

"Has prohibition been an economic factor?" I now asked Mr. Gary. His reply was:

"There may be, and there probably has been, a difference of opinion on this subject, but I am convinced by study and by business practice that prohibition is an important factor in economic success.

"As a premise I will say that if I had been called upon to express an opinion in regard to the adoption of the original law, I might have decided in favor of permitting the manufacture and sale of beer and wine with alcoholic contents small enough to make them safe in the opinion of the best medical authorities. If I should express the opinion of a layman—which, it must be admitted, is not valuable—I should say not more than 4 per cent of alcoholic content. However, as the law was passed in its present form, I think it would be a mistake to amend it in favor of light wines and beer."

Autos Instead of Saloons

"Of course there are always some persons who will object to the passage or enforcement of any penal or prohibitory law, and as a rule they are the men who do the most talking on the subject. I have no hesitation in stating with emphasis that the Volstead Act and the various state laws for prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors have been very beneficial to the industry of thus country and to the workmen connected with it and to their families.

"Though there have been violations of these laws, particularly in the larger cities, and though there has been more or less bootlegging, the net result of the prohibitory laws is a large decrease in the use of liquor, at least in the vicinity of our various plants throughout the country, and certainly in the rural districts.

"There has been a noteworthy decrease in the number of inmates of jails, asylums and hospitals. There has been an increase, and a large increase, in the bank balances of savings deposits. The health of the people has improved.

"The families of workmen are better clothed and better treated. The attendance of the workmen and their families at church, of the children in schools, and of all of them at clean, legitimate, healthful resorts and places of amusement, has materially increased.

"The sale and use of automobiles have been largely increased by the fact that a large majority of the workmen now prefer to take excursions with their families by automobile, instead of spending their time at the saloons or other places and wasting their money in practices that are physically injurious instead of beneficial.

"I do not speak for the entire steel industry of this country nor am I now officially talking for the United States Steel Corporation, but I am personally of the opinion that it is only a question of time when prohibition will be adopted and applied by all the leading nations as a means of securing the largest degree of economic progress and prosperity. The women of the world and the rising generation of men will bring this about. I have no disposition to assail or even to advise any man who entertains opinions different from mine. I am giving my convictions as a business man, speaking, as I believe, for the best interests of the whole people. If the majority of the people of the United States, in a legal and formal way, should express themselves differently, I would, of course, cheerfully submit, but I could never change my views in regard to the economic results of temperance."

The Distribution of Wealth

When I asked the chairman to round out the interview with a statement of the outlook in the steel industry he answered in this wise:

"Business always finds difficulties, largely because of difference of opinion in lawmaking bodies and elsewhere, but men are becoming better educated and fairer minded, and are more reasonable. The trend is in favor of conciliation and cooperation in every phase of human endeavor, and I am looking forward with hope and confidence. There is plenty of good business in the United States. It is up to our people to take advantage of the opportunities that are offered."

One of the guaranties of prosperity lies in nation-wide contentment, and this is largely born of an equitable distribution of money. Few Americans are so well equipped to appraise this phase as Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank of New York, one of the bed rocks of our whole financial structure. Here is his point of view:

"Aside from advantages of climate and lavish gifts in the way of natural resources, American prosperity is founded upon the existence in this country of the most amazing diffusion of wealth that the world has ever known. Almost without our being conscious of the fact, a revolution in industry has been taking place that is raising all classes of the population to a more equal participation in the fruits of industry, and thus, by the natural operation of economic law, bringing to a nearer realization the dreams of those Utopians who looked to the day when poverty would be banished and all men could enjoy a greater share of the good things of life.

"Neither the tremendous activity in building nor the astounding growth of the automobile industry is sufficient explanation of this great change. These are but superficial factors, and are themselves more effects than causes. America is blazing a new path in industry. We have been learning the lesson of industrial efficiency, and our investment in that kind of equipment that spells mass production is beyond that of any other country. Here more than elsewhere has there been general recognition in the ranks of labor and capital alike of the principle that the economic well-being of all classes is best served by the greatest output per worker. As a result, by the application of steam, electricity and other power, we have recruited the equivalent of millions of additional laborers in our service. We have multiplied the productivity of labor by machinery, and as the individual's contribution to society has been enlarged so have his dividends been increased. We have, in short, released labor from much of the drudgery, conserved its energy for tasks requiring higher intelligence, and in effect made of each worker a foreman of mechanical forces who earns and can be paid a foreman's wages.

"It is this participation of American labor with capital in the benefits of labor-saving devices that has produced a wider distribution of wealth here than anywhere else, and has given to labor and the great mass of the people a buying power greater than that in any other country in the world. With the benefits of industry thus within grasp, this great population has had the stimulus of a goal in its voluntary savings and in its enforced savings through installment buying, so that demand for goods has equaled even the great productive capacity of the country. The tremendous outflow of goods and high consumption have whetted the appetite for more things, raised the standard of living, and thus contributed to the further progress and prosperity of the population.

"With the wider distribution of wealth has come a greater sense of responsibility on the part of all classes for the maintenance of sound policies, which should be an influence for continued stability. There is no limit to the wants of the people to be satisfied, so that, kept on a fairly even keel, there would be no reason why our present prosperity could not be prolonged. Increased soundness of thinking, resulting from more general familiarity with economic principles, together with the mass of factual information now available for charting business tendencies, should help us preserve this equilibrium and make our period of prosperity of longer duration.

"America has prospered also because of the sympathetic attitude of her people toward the Government and their willingness to lend themselves to taxation that brings in its wake a sound fiscal policy and financial wealth. No element contributing to national welfare is more important than the sound administration of the public finances, as the misfortunes of other countries that have been struggling with unbalanced budgets have only too clearly shown. In this respect we have been unusually fortunate. The continued adherence to sound policy we may count an additional influence making for the preservation of stability."

Advisers to Industry

"And, lastly, let us not forget the immeasurable advantage America enjoys in her vast expanse of productive territory over which trade flows unrestricted by national boundaries or tariff laws. When we consider how the trade of Europe has been hampered by her multiplicity of customhouses, we can better realize the importance of this great free-trade area as a factor in our own prosperity. It is the existence of this great market, as well as the marvelous strides made in the use of labor-saving machinery, that furnishes the key to that mass production which is at the bottom of America's industrial preëminence."

No one need be told that the marvel of America is its industrial expansion, but few not associated directly with it realize the new impetus behind it. It rests in the harnessing of power, new management methods and persistent research. In the concrete results you have another prop of prosperity.

During the ten years since it was established in 1916, the National Industrial Conference Board, composed of representatives of the most important national and state industrial associations, has been studying and guiding the industrial development of the United States through its large research staff. Loyall A. Osborne, chairman of the executive committee of the Conference Board, as an eminent engineer and president of the Westinghouse Electric International Company, represents the newer type of scientific industrial leader.

When I asked him to analyze industry he said:

"The roots and branches of the tree which has borne the fruit of American

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ADDRESS DEPT. A
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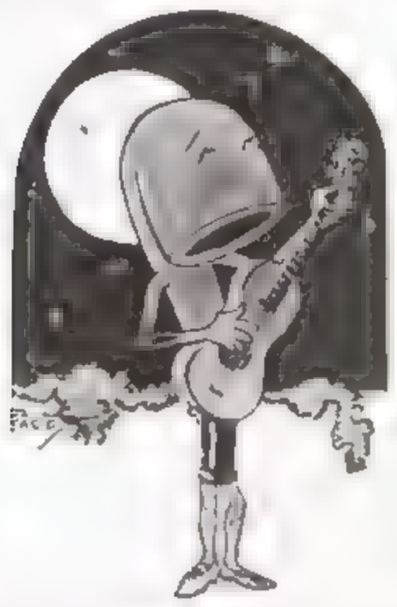
Troy at 21st St., Chicago

Nightly its praises are sung by pipes everywhere



IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER-TIME a young pipe's fancy rightly turns to thoughts of cool, sweet, mellow tobacco . . . quite *rightly*, for there's nothing under the sun (or the moon, either) that's so necessary to the happiness and success of a pipe. . .

Now, not all pipes are allowed to become wedded to the tobacco of their own choosing. . . some even have other tobaccos forced upon them; *but* they all keep right on singing of their love for Granger Rough Cut. . . singing long and longingly!

And it's an unwise man who stands in between the happy union of his pipe and Granger. . . for Granger always brings such perfect peace, such joy and comfort into the life of any pipe.

The choicest of Burley tobacco, mellowed by the famous Wellman Secret and rough cut, *especially* for pipes—that's Granger! After your very first pipeful you'll chime in on your pipe's chorus with, "Dear Old Pal o' Mine," and "Always!"

GRANGER
Rough Cut

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the foil-pouch package is ten cents

Made for pipes only!

Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

prosperity are better knowledge, closer cooperation, efficient management, large-scale low-cost production, high wages, low prices, wider markets, great consuming power, large savings and productive investment. America is prosperous because her industrial leaders have learned the value of sound economic and scientific knowledge and of cooperation in solving the problem of organizing materials, men, machinery and money so as to produce on a large scale at low unit costs. This has made it possible for each American worker to produce more, to work less, to be paid higher wages, and to buy at lower prices. In this way the purchasing power of our population has been expanded until we have among our own people the greatest and best market in the world. In this way, too, the surplus of savings has been increased until we have the largest accumulation of capital, which goes steadily into the further improvement of our productive organization.

"American industry in its earlier and middle period was developed and operated largely by rule of thumb and the process of trial and error, to the benefit chiefly of a relatively few individualistic owners, who, in the main, paid little attention to the rapid development of scientific knowledge or to the background of general economic conditions and factors which affect all business. They competed on the basis of special advantage, or even of special privilege, rather than on the basis of knowledge, intelligence, efficiency and service."

Paying More and Asking Less

"In the late nineties and the early years of the present century a change was manifest in the attitude of industry toward a more scientific approach to its general problems, but it required the shock of the Great War to turn men's minds from a manner of thinking characteristic of the old order to one typical of a new mode of thought which has arisen out of that world tragedy.

"The war made America rich not because it gave us something that belonged to somebody else, but because it forced us to be efficient in using what we already had—our vast natural resources, our intelligent, thrifty, industrious population, our free institutions, our initiative and energy. It put a premium on knowledge, cooperation, efficiency and leadership in industrial production. It made clear that all parts of our industrial organization really were interdependent, and that the welfare of each individual enterprise, each industry and every group is closely bound up with all phases of our national and international economic life.

"The National Industrial Conference Board, established in 1916 to provide a clearing house of scientific economic information, a forum for constructive discussion and machinery for intelligent cooperation in respect to industry, is a reflection of the new stage of industrial development which began with the war. It gives American industry that background of knowledge of domestic and international economic conditions and trends which has made for intelligent, efficient and progressive industrial leadership.

"The influence of such leadership on our progress since the war is shown by the fact that to produce each unit of manufactured product in 1919 it required 7.5 per cent more workers, 7.8 per cent more power, and 23 per cent more management personnel in industry than in 1914. But in 1923, which was a year of even higher manufacturing activity than 1919, it required 25 per cent fewer workers, 13 per cent less power, and 18 per cent less management personnel to turn out each unit of industrial production than before the war. Up to the end of the war American industry was producing more goods a worker chiefly through the larger application of power and machinery; but since the close of the war American industry is producing more goods with relatively less power and with fewer workers, because of the increased efficiency of management.

"The fruit of this achievement is that the real wages or the purchasing power of our industrial workers has increased nearly 30 per cent, while the average work week has been reduced 7 per cent since before the war. This has not been true of all industries. In some situations, where forces have operated to restrict or oppose the application of improved methods of management or improved machinery, wages have risen less than the average and prices have fallen less, so that neither the worker nor the public has gained. But where industrial management has had free scope and opportunity to organize the factors of production for the highest efficiency, it has been possible to pay more to the worker as a producer and to ask less of him as a consumer.

"The result has been a high purchasing and consuming power which has kept our industries busy and our working people steadily employed. It has enabled them to enjoy a higher standard of living with less labor. It has enabled them to save and invest their savings in productive enterprise to such an extent that our industries are owned by a wider and wider number and are increasingly operated for the service of all. A constantly larger part of the public has thus shared directly and indirectly in the prosperity that more intelligent, informed and efficient management has made possible."

The World War not only registered an epoch in our international relationship but also marked the beginning of a significant financial and industrial era. Expansion created for emergency later proved to be an asset in the permanent economic advance. As chairman of the War Industries Board, which controlled all essential commodities, Bernard M. Baruch was the dictator of production. He is therefore qualified to speak of the permanent effects of our participation. His comment follows:

"First of all, the war created an unlimited market for everything produced in this country, until the time of our entrance, at rapidly increasing prices and profits. The war fortunes were made before we entered the struggle and not afterward, which is contrary to the general belief held here and abroad. After our entry, increased taxation and continually lowering prices fixed by the Government lessened, and would have continued to lessen, profits to the lowest possible margin."

Necessity—Mother of Production

"In the second place, despite 4,000,000 men under arms, the United States produced more things from factory and soil than ever before, increasing our productive capacity per man and machine. Necessity forced greater efforts in economy in finding substitutes and in building up our manufactures. Standardization, simplification, and elimination of waste were accelerated during those stirring days.

"Shut off from prewar supplies from oversea manufacturers, new American industries grew up, never to be closed again by foreign competition. A concrete illustration is the dye and chemical industry. This development of new industries accounts for the difficult recovery of the older European nations, because the countries which before the war bought their products elsewhere have learned to make many of the things for themselves. The height to which production arose in the war can be better appreciated if we realize that standards of living were never higher, and that with 4,000,000 men out of the field of production we were able to care for our civilian and military needs and to export $10,000,000,000 worth of things from our entrance into the war until the end of 1918. This productive capacity remained after the war, creating in mines, forests and fields an ever-increasing hoard of wealth.

"Thirdly, these conditions resulted in an influx of gold, which contributes to our present commanding economic position.

"Fourth, the Liberty Loan campaigns taught the idea of saving and investment.

(Continued on Page 125)

The boss hated to have him in his office

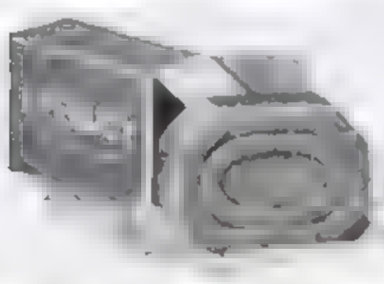
THE boss liked his work and personality but avoided being near him. One fault blocked his progress.

Millions are overcoming this humiliating hot weather handicap of body odor simply by using the *right soap.*

The first time you bathe with Lifebuoy your wholly new sense of fresh, supercleanness explains better than words why Lifebuoy actually prevents body odor by removing the cause.

The rich, gentle lather is so soothing and leaves the skin so smooth and glowing that most people use Lifebuoy simply because they like it. But its deeper value as a guardian of health is proved by this searching, complete removal from pores of body waste and acids of perspiration which cause body odor. Only antiseptically clean skin is odorless—only an antiseptic soap can give antiseptic cleanness.

The clean health odor of Lifebuoy rinses away completely—never clings. Lifebuoy is orange red—the color of its pure palm fruit oil. Lever Bros Co., Cambridge, Mass.



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One Standard of Quality and Accuracy—

AC Speedometers are built to one standard of quality and accuracy of calibration—that standard the very highest.

These are fundamental reasons why AC Speedometers are the choice of the greatest builders in the industry—why they are used on more than 50% of the country's speedometer-equipped cars.

Among them are—

Buick Master
Buick Standard
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Chevrolet
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Pontiac

These manufacturers equip with AC Speedometers because their repeated tests have proved them most accurate.

All AC Speedometers delivered to these manufacturers give the truest and most scientific measure of speed and mileage.

AC-SPHINX
Birmingham
ENGLAND

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*
Makers of AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers—AC Air Cleaners—AC Oil Filters

AC-TITAN
Levallois-Perret
FRANCE

AC SPARK PLUGS AC SPEEDOMETERS AC AIR CLEANERS AC OIL FILTERS

(Continued from Page 122)

Our popular investments are more widely diffused than ever before.

"Moreover, inspired leadership during the war, which enabled us to perform prodigious military and economic deeds, gave America a heritage of pride of achievement that will be an inspiration to all coming generations. It would be unfortunate, however, if our spiritual progress does not keep pace with the growing material development."

"What are the other contributing factors to our prosperity?" I asked Mr. Baruch. His answer was:

"Our form of government, natural resources, and the genius and morale of our people. With but few exceptions, we have every raw product, whereas the rest of the world demands our mineral, agricultural and forestry products. Of prime importance is our supply of cheap coal. The increasing cost of coal, more than any other thing, has affected the recovery of England, and it may threaten her sea control.

"Then, too, there is the Federal Reserve System, which is being conservatively and constructively widened to meet economic demands within and without the nation, and which maintains a sound currency, stabilizes interest rates, and makes it possible for legitimate business always to obtain credit.

"No factor is more pronounced than the elimination of the corner saloon, the result of which proves that prohibition is a definite economic factor.

"Finally a leveling-up process, resulting from a new conception of the relationship between capital and labor, has brought about improved standards of living. Management sees the wisdom and fairness of larger wages. The automobile, the radio, the phonograph, the movies, the telephone—in fact, practically all things which amuse and educate come within the grasp of the wage earner."

Prosperity is Comparative

Now let us see how the Pacific Coast views the situation. It was no accident that caused Henry M. Robinson, president of the First National Bank of Los Angeles, to be made a member of the Dawes Committee which brought order out of the German reparations mess and set up the first milepost in the stabilization of Europe. Vision and good sense have marked his work and utterance, as his appraisal of prosperity now shows:

"Your questions about prosperity remind me of a story. One night, recently, a friend of mine went home worried about a slight drop in his year's business—the second year it had happened. He concluded that prosperity had departed from the country.

"Falling asleep, he dreamed that he was again a workman back in the year 1890-something, and he had a wishing cap which would give him anything he desired. So he wished first for a two-thousand-dollar home, free of mortgage, then five hundred dollars in the bank, then a new Sunday suit, a new dress for his wife, a barrel of flour, five tons of coal in the cellar. This was all granted. Then he wished himself a cottage organ and a horse and buggy, and could think of nothing else. By the standards of the nineties he should have been the happiest man in town.

"But something troubled him in his dream. He remembered that he had lived in a different age. Waking up in his fine home and thinking of his own workmen with their homes, their cars, their radio sets and all the devices that broaden life in our day, he decided that the country was pretty well off, and the little drop in orders has not bothered him since.

"About prosperity, people always forget that it is relative. Americans of the nineties were poor compared with those of today—poor not only in money but in the comforts and refinements of life. England is said to be badly off today. Well, if England went back to 1850, when in Liverpool alone 50,000 persons lived in slum cellars, she would find that she is prosperous in comparison.

"You ask about the causes of our present prosperity. One of the chief factors is a flexible state of mind which grew out of the war. This great conflict taught us to take short cuts to get things done. We have vast natural resources, but what would they be without the advantage of this mental attitude? The attitude of workers and employers has greatly broadened since they labored together on the war program. Look at the mergers in production and distribution. Short cuts made possible by willingness to try new ways mean frequent replenishment of the merchants' stocks by express. A great volume of capital is released which used to be tied up. This flexibility of mind was unknown before the war. No wonder England and Europe are sending men to study it.

"It is the American habit to expect a steady increase in business each year. If we are not traveling on an upcurve we fret about prosperity, yet a steady level at the present height would be marvelous. It is miraculous compared with conditions in any other country, except our neighbor, Canada."

Time No Longer a Tyrant

"The continuance of our prosperity depends, in my opinion, largely upon our relations with the rest of the world. It is difficult to say in dollars and cents how far the needs of other countries have contributed to our prosperity, but since the war they have been buying heavily of our raw materials and also manufactured goods, and we have helped them buy by lending the money. They still need goods, but the continuance of their buying depends greatly upon the stabilizing of their currencies. Anything we can do to help them privately, as business men, not through our Government, will increase their prosperity and safeguard ours. They merely want a chance to work and produce wealth for themselves as we are doing, and if they cannot stabilize it will certainly have an adverse effect on our own prosperity.

"How far this or other conditions might affect us I hesitate to say, but I cannot conceive of a serious crisis such as the country suffered from periodically before the establishment of the Federal Reserve Banking System. It is a stabilizing influence which often acts, without Americans really knowing it, to prevent the unemployment and depression of other times. Even a great readjustment like that of 1921, due largely to war, is over so quickly that an unemployment of 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 is worked out and offset in wages. People have practically forgotten it in the prosperity that has followed."

Like steel, the railroad is an index to business. After years of destructive control and drastic regulation, our great transportation systems have come into their own, with the result that income and efficiency are better than ever before. Just how the railroad affects prosperity is gathered from this expression by Paul Shoup, executive vice president of the Southern Pacific Company:

"Nation-wide hard times are not in sight. If they return to this generation of Americans the fault lies in ourselves and not in our natural environment.

"Individual hard times—yes, always. Community hard times, whether the community be geographic or industrial, will continue, but should be, in degree, less and less.

"The advance made in our day and generation against the causes of nation-wide depression have been great. Science and art, applied usefully in their development, have made productive efforts tremendously more effective. The master craftsman is multiplied a thousand-fold by machinery. The human machine with less disease is more efficient. Time is no longer a tyrant. To trade, a century ago, between Massachusetts and Virginia took weeks. Ten

EXCRUCIATING pain is only part of the misery that follows abuse of the feet. Stubborn cases of headache, backache, continued fatigue, poor circulation, indigestion, unruly nerves, spinal disorders, pain often mistaken for kidney trouble, neuritis or rheumatism—each may have its origin in the feet.

What causes foot ailments? Misuse, disuse and abuse. Wrong methods of standing and walking with toes turned out instead of *straight ahead;* lack of sufficient exercise—walking, for instance; ill-fitting or tight shoes—these are the usual causes of foot troubles.

If your feet are normal, congratulate yourself. But if you are having difficulty do not delay a day in getting expert medical advice. You may need a different type of shoe, or special foot exercises, or some particular kind of arch support.

Guard your children's easily molded feet. See that your boys and girls wear correct shoes with a straight inner edge and sufficient room for the toes. Teach them what everyone should know and practice—to walk lightly *with toes straight ahead.*

The pleasures of sightseeing, the benefits of walking and the enjoyment of athletic sports are only for those who have properly cared for their feet and have made them sturdy, dependable friends.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company recognizes the importance of protecting the feet as a means of safeguarding health. It has just published a booklet, "Foot Health" which contains a great deal of valuable information.

This booklet tells about the various kinds of foot troubles—and what causes them. It explains how to avoid the suffering and dangers attendant upon foot ailments. It shows how incorrect shoes and wrong methods of walking and standing cause foot distress and often contribute to bodily ills and mental depressions.

It will be a pleasure to us to send this booklet to anyone needing help. Just ask for "Foot Health" and it will be mailed free of charge.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

THE TOWER OF LIGHT central unit in the illumination of the SESQUI-CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

The Benjamin Franklin joins with the City of Philadelphia –inviting you to the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition

THE unavoidable delays that were encountered in completing the Sesqui-Centennial are now a thing of the past. We are glad to be able to publish the announcement that the Exposition is now complete and in full swing. There will be no further disappointments.

This hotel joins with the municipality in urging you to visit Philadelphia during the next four months and attend this beautiful, interesting, and instructive memorial to national and international progress in many fields.

The friendly hospitality of this great Inn, with its twelve hundred guest rooms and innumerable comforts and conveniences, is extended to you with the assurance that you will be well taken care of.

Here you are promised "Warm welcome, courtesy, alert attention to your needs and thought upon your comfort, always."

We would, however, suggest room reservations as far in advance as practicable, that your personal preferences may be the more closely met. Reservations for The Benjamin Franklin will gladly be made for you by any hotel of either the United, or the American group.

Your railroad ticket agent will quote you special round-trip rates on account of the Exposition.

Horace Leland Wiggins
Managing Director

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PHILADELPHIA
Chestnut at Ninth Street

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Operating the largest chain of modern, fire-proof hotels in the world

minutes on the telephone may well suffice for a like transaction now between San Francisco and New York.

"They who now work with the soil do so scientifically and with such facilities as our grandfathers never dreamed of. The uncertainties of the seasons, though important, are much less so than thirty years ago. Better plant life, better livestock, less disease, great diversification of products, with intensive cultivation; better understanding of soil, water and climate in their many relations—these have made crops more certain and of better quality, better balanced, and require for success a higher intelligence.

"As a boy in a farming country, I remember we had no fresh meat in summer. In that direction we depended on fish and fowl, because fresh meat could not be transported from town successfully. Now we harness both heat and cold to the successful movement of meats, fruits and vegetables across the continent. In this past month of June a New York table could be served with at least fifteen California products of orchard and garden as fresh as when gathered. Likewise in mine, forest and manufactory, through specialization, utilization of advance in science and art—yes, in substantially all fields of creative endeavor—there has been marked progress.

"We are beginning to understand financially that primarily money is a measure, and credit a reflection of wealth. Our Federal Reserve System gives recognition to wealth and to credit almost automatically in times of abnormal financial demand. In my boyhood, during a panic, the country banker piled gold out on his counter as an assertion of solvency. Now in an hour of need he passes the credits he holds, representing wealth in his community, to a Reserve System, which, amply fortified, hands him back exchange; something more satisfactory to give across the counter to the man who wants his money."

The Farmer a Governing Factor

"This generation in transportation has governed air, sea and land as never before. We have in this country realized, if imperfectly, that wealth becomes real only when it is at the point of use; and that transportation must be made dependable if wealth is to be created and maintained. Hence the Esch-Cummins Bill recognizing the fact that for our form of greatest transportation—the railroad—conditions must be made stable, so that the pulse beat of this arterial system of the country may be strong and regular and its business life flow freely. In that aim the present national Transportation Act has measurably succeeded. Not in the history of this country has railroad transportation been more efficient than at this time.

"These items, not comprehensive but merely illustrative, indicate why we should not have severe business depressions. The advance has been general all along the line. It is true that in any given industry we have not yet been able accurately to balance production as against demand. But we are doing better, even though we cannot read people's minds and determine to what extent they intend to substitute lamb chops for beefsteaks, broccoli for cauliflower, straw hats for felt, or automobiles for their feet.

"The power of this country in wartime to turn the energies of the large majority of its young men directly, and a large part of its population indirectly, to war uses, and at the same time give the comforts of life and actually increase rather than decrease the standard of living of the whole population, shows conclusively that we work well within our limit in the creation of wealth.

"If we remain reasonably industrious, do not run wild in speculation, balance our business, household and personal budgets, and in all lines coöperate, as far as is possible, to the end that we do not produce too many radishes when what the world is crying for is turnips, I can see no reason whatever for any recurrence of any long period of depression."

It is almost unnecessary to say that as goes the farmer so goes the rest of the country. The manufacturer of agricultural implements, in turn, is not only the index to the needs of agriculturists but knows just where they stand. I therefore asked William Butterworth, president of Deere & Company, to line up the farmer in his relation to prosperity, and he said:

"As vital as ever before in this country is the rule that, in the final analysis, general prosperity depends upon the general condition of the farmer. We have had good business conditions in most parts of the country in years when wheat prices were low, and good business conditions in general when corn or cotton prices were unfavorable to the growers, but in each instance the prevailing prosperity of the country could be traced to the prevailing good conditions on the farm.

"Agricultural conditions in general have been improving largely because of the spread of diversified farming. Each year finds fewer farmers who depend only upon wheat, cotton or corn as the cash crop. Those three crops will always be the mainstays, but most farmers have learned that over a period of years a good system of diversified farming will bring a greater average annual income than can be secured from any one-cash-crop system.

"The typical American farmer of today produces both livestock and field crops. He rotates his cash, food and feed crops, giving due emphasis to the one or two cash crops best suited to his soil and climate, but not neglecting those other crops which aid directly in building up the fertility of his soil, and which are necessary to meet the food requirements of his family and the feed requirements of his livestock.

"With his farming system well balanced he suffers much less than the old-fashioned one-crop farmer from unfavorable prices or growing conditions affecting this or that crop. He has a steadier labor program and a surer, steadier income.

"Striking evidence that diversified farming is the safe and more profitable system was brought out during the depression of 1920–22. At that time, when farm buying power and buying inclination were at a low ebb over a wide area, every manufacturer producing goods for farmers found business practically normal in those sections where diversified farming was well established."

Check Values in the Tariff Wall

"This country is enjoying safe, healthy, moderate prosperity. It is the kind of prosperity—the boomless, depressionless prosperity—which every sane person wants. It is based on a farm prosperity which is spreading. There is nothing in the situation which would indicate any abrupt change in the trend of good business.

"One deterrent is local and state taxes. These are out of joint with the times—in marked contrast with the greatly reduced Federal taxes. They are a serious drain on the income of the people, particularly the farmer. The farmer, like most other Americans, is for modern public improvements and public service, but he rightfully demands that public officials exercise great care and business judgment in expending tax revenues."

Oil production and consumption have reached such stupendous proportions that they dispute the supremacy of the farm and the railroad in our economic fabric. The dependence of the social and commercial orders upon gasoline is one of the most remarkable developments of the decade. Oil touches every phase of our life. Hence the importance of the following estimate of conditions—the petroleum point of view—by Walter C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey:

"Since all wealth and prosperity are based upon the harmonious coöperation of labor and capital, the United States, being unique in this respect, could not be other than prosperous. In no other country, in this or any other time, have we had the

(Continued on Page 129)

A Paul Revere Signal

.....every time you telephone

The signal lamp in Old North Church flashed its message to Paul Revere. So the lamp in a telephone switchboard signals the operator when you lift the receiver off the hook.

This tiny switchboard lamp, with over ten million like it, is a vital part of the nation's telephone system—a little thing, but carrying a big responsibility. As your representative at the telephone exchange it instantly summons the ever alert operator to answer your call.

Making these lamps, millions of them every year, is one of the many Western Electric functions. From lamp to switchboard, every one of the 110,000 individual parts must be carefully made and fitted together to do its share in the vast telephone plant—a manufacturing job unequalled in diversity and intricacy.

The smallest lamp, delicate yet rugged. With a filament one sixth as fine as a human hair, this lamp is so well made that it is good for a hundred years' service.

Western Electric

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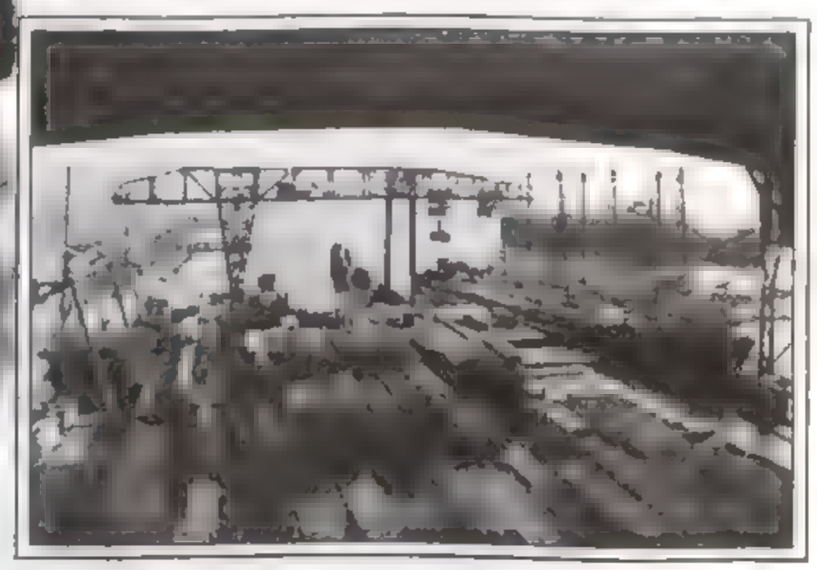
We are building a new city—we invite you to come and help!

The opportunity of your lifetime may be waiting for you in Jacksonville. Write for free booklet now.



TO SERVE a state as large as all of New York, Massachusetts and Rhode Island—also to serve nearby states. Upon a land-locked harbor, open all the year. At the hub and traffic center of the growing Southeast we are building a new city—Jacksonville—upon the sure foundations of the old.

We are building new office structures, hotels, apartment houses, factories, subdivisions, roads, bridges, homes and schools. And we are building those more invisible things—business, social and educational developments that will make life not only prosperous, but full of all of the things worth while.

We invite you to come, to help us build, and to prosper by the increasing values and opportunities of this fast-developing region. Why not come here and start a new business that will grow with Jacksonville? To think of a branch house or branch factory for the Southeast is to think of this railroad and business center. If you have a trade or profession or money to invest, it probably will find its greatest opportunity here.

Arrange your affairs so that you can come for awhile and study things on the ground. By all means take your vacation here and make it count for you all the rest of your life. The greatest opportunities both for service and reward will come to those who arrive early in the city's growth.

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In all probability Jacksonville is calling to you with the surest opportunity of your lifetime. Write for the free booklet that describes this growing new city. Come and see the opportunities for yourself. Write for the free booklet now. Address Believers in Jacksonville, P. O. Box 318, Jacksonville, Florida.

Believers in Jacksonville

"AN ASSOCIATION OF REPRESENTATIVE BUSINESS MEN
INCORPORATED FOR THE SINGLE PURPOSE OF COMMUNITY ADVERTISING.
AFFILIATED WITH JACKSONVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE"

(Continued from Page 126)

opportunity to note the experiment of more than 100,000,000 people being allowed to trade with each other unhampered, except for some sporadic attempts at legislative regulation, and weighted down by no handicap of military personnel, equipment and debt. This gigantic commerce is permitted to flourish behind a tariff wall which protects the manufacturer from the more cheaply produced products of other lands, and behind immigration laws which have tended to maintain high wages for labor. Thus has been created the most lucrative home market in the world.

"In the United States we have learned that the less interference there is in trade and industry the greater their efficiency and expansion. Given an adequate market and reasonable resources it only remains for the natural processes to assert themselves and the country must be prosperous. Mass production, the linking of power to the lathe and the loom, result in relatively cheap commodities and high wages. The higher the wages the greater the demand for commodities grown and manufactured, the more expansive the market, and the more efficient the machinery of production. The response of the American workman, in efficiency, to high wages and the comparatively luxurious living conditions which he enjoys, has produced a sound prosperity, which otherwise would be artificial and uneconomic. We have the paradoxical situation of paying the highest wages and selling manufactured articles at the lowest price. As a nominally high-tariff country we restrict imports while able to do an enormous export business.

"Moreover, the American people have had a positive genius both for mechanical invention and for the practical adaptation of the scientific investigations of others to the uses of production, distribution and communication. In this field has developed their great use of power—first with steam, and more recently with electricity. The average American workman uses, or has the advantage of, several times as much power as the similar average for other industrial populations, and the proportion of mechanical and electrical power to muscular power is rapidly increasing."

Diversity of Occupation

"American adaptability along mechanical lines, American readiness to test new ideas and methods, and typical American relations between employers and employes are all to be explained chiefly by the fact that our present population is hardly a generation away from the pioneering stage of national development. An unconscious feeling of the essential economic partnership of all grades and conditions of men is doubtless responsible for the fact that practically all who work with their hands, or partly with their hands, have always had it within their power to obtain material rewards fairly measured by their efforts. American employers have been foremost in their class to recognize the economic value of relatively high wages.

"In recent years, but particularly since the war, the United States has developed a far greater variety of important industries than formerly existed. With diversity of wealth has come diversity of occupation. Individuals have specialized intensely, but the nation as a whole has diversified widely in the nature of its population and the range of its wants. New and additional uses have been found for all manner of natural resources; new and additional lines of employment have been created, some of which have called into practical application latent or dormant resources of human ingenuity and skill. This diversification of industry has tended powerfully to maintain and expand the mobility of labor, which has always been more characteristic of America than of other lands."

The country's independence of Wall Street—once the fountainhead of financial life—is one of the most striking evidences of the spread of our prosperity. The Middle West is not only the stronghold of the Anglo-Saxon element but provides a considerable prop of the whole economic structure.

Moreover, it thinks straight, as is shown by this statement by John G. Lonsdale, president of the National Bank of Commerce of St. Louis:

"Seldom in history has this portion of the country been more ready for its share of prosperity—not unbridled periods of profit taking, in which poor and good business alike cannot help but make money, but an era of sane progress in which careful management afarm and afield will reap its just reward.

"Farm relief is still a good catch line out this way as an artificial substitute for adjustment of the speeded-up production and land speculation of the war, but the reasoning farmer has about concluded that the constructive answer to the farmer's problem is to be found on the farm.

"The hue and cry over the desertion of farm population is at last diagnosed as a cloud with a silver lining. Only the surplus released by the adoption of modern methods is leaving, and the salvation of the agriculturist, after all, is in catching up, as successful business men are forced to do, with the progressive changes of the times."

Man and Power Combined

"Less and less per capita, with reduced overhead and more and more production comprise a sound economic agricultural change. In fact, this allocation of energy is the most promising and fundamental adjustment taking place west of the Mississippi.

"Where twenty-five years ago the energies of this section were almost purely agricultural, the picture now presents another phase.

"Industrial progress of the nation is finding expression in the so-called rural centers, unhampered by the mistakes of the past and not concentrated, as in earlier settled sections, in one metropolitan area. The deserting man power of the farm is being utilized for another form of production. Gradually the picture of the Middle West, once all waving grain and grazing cattle, takes on the smokestack of a diversified addition, which is manufacturing.

"No better example of this balancing of livelihood factors can be had than the abdication of King Cotton in the South. No longer a monarchy of cotton, the southland is a republic of diversification as dependent upon loom and forge as on its partnership with Nature.

"This transition is but in its infancy. The continual national development that has been the heritage of each succeeding generation in America is going to find its greatest expression in a region where there is elbowroom. That has been the nature of our progress—first New England, then the Central States, the West, the Northwest, and now the last great frontier—the South.

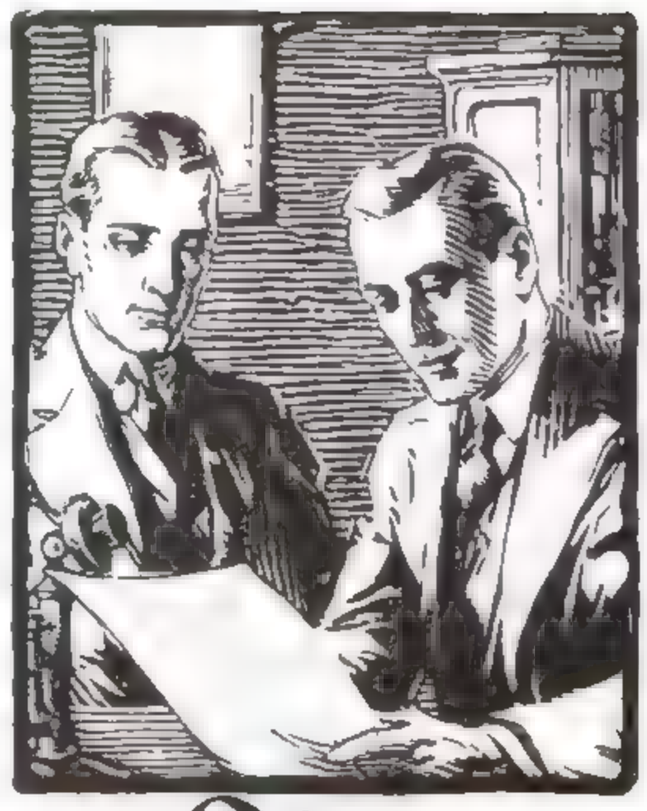
"The greatest ally of this change is just coming into being in the development of central power-generating units, both steam and water power. The combination of human and electrical energies is the dominant potentiality of the South's future.

"For example, one plant being built in a town of less than 1000 in Texas for the wide diffusion of energy, produces the equal of a third of the electricity used in the city of St. Louis. Turning energy loose among enterprising people is bound to quicken their step.

"No, the land beyond the Father of Waters is aplomb for the prosperity that seems to be ahead. It has few disillusionments.

"Most of all, it is possessed of little envy—the mortal enemy of true prosperity. It has no false gods of isolation, and the realization grows that as a nation we cannot really get rich doing one another's washing."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the contributory causes of our prosperity. The next will appear in an early issue



The Alliance Agent specializes your individual case

THE insurance company, naturally, must have many kinds of policies to adequately cover a thousand and one risks in scores of classifications. But only certain of these policies are necessary to protect you against financial loss.

The insurance agent—the Alliance Agent—selects from the various kinds of insurance available and makes up the proper combination for each of his separate clients. Thus, he specializes your individual case.

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There is an Alliance Agent near you; you are invited to consult with him freely.

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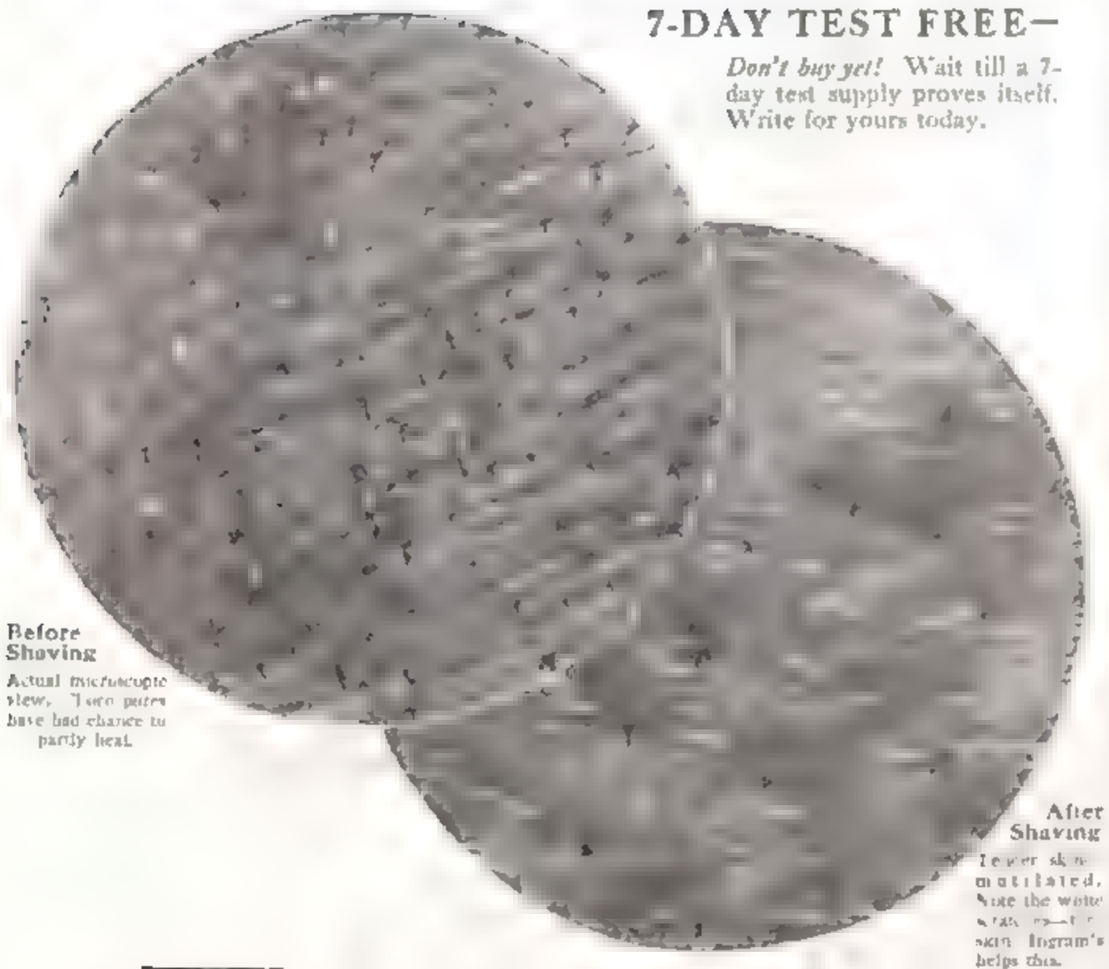

Before Shaving
Actual microscope view. Tiny pores have had chance to partly heal.

After Shaving
Lower skin mutilated. Note the white scale-like skin. Ingram's helps this.

TENDER SKINS
. . *need cool shaves*

THIS tells how to have them!

Your skin looks like the picture above—*after every shave!*

It's an actual photograph, *unretouched.* Notice the hair spikes your razor didn't get—the wide open pores—the torn skin.

That's what makes your face smart. Look it over, men!

That's why we made this new shaving cream.

That's why, today, a cream *must cool and soothe the face as it shaves.*

Does It Work?

—it certainly does! There's a brand new "kick" the instant you put it on. You can *feel* the difference, at once. Why?

Because it has a new principle—*a completely new shaving principle.*

With it, you do not need hot towels or lotions to make your face feel good. For Ingram's Shaving Cream is the cream that *cools and soothes as you shave.*

TEST IT—FREE

It's been tried—by thousands of men with tender skins. *It's proved itself.* And now we want every man to know it—the new shaving comfort it brings. *But note this:*

We realize that your habit is probably fixed—on another cream. Therefore, we want you to try it first—at our expense—before you buy.

Write me today for your 7 free cool, soothing shaves. See for yourself.

Ingram's Shaving Cream comes only in a blue jar with the name INGRAM always shown on the glass—at the shoulder. 50c.

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Vice Pres. and General Mgr.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
In Canada: Windsor, Ont.
455 Tenth St: Detroit, Mich.

Write your name on the margin of this Ad and send it to me. I want you to try this cream. You'll be glad you did.

"MAU-RICE!"

(Continued from Page 7)

Their rose mouths invited. Their impeccably lovely noses separated cheeks of flawless peachblow.

Youth they were, and beauty, undefaced. Transfixed and held. Revolving under glass, above the heads of a fluctuant tide of women which, hour after hour, day after day, ebbed in and out of that door, seeking ever beauty and youth, undefaced.

The telephone on the blond woman's desk trilled high.

She cried, lifting it in pudgy fingers:

"Mau-rice!"

"Mau-reece!"—dragging out the first, inflecting the last syllable sharply. A question, an answer, a wail.

"Don't you feel well?" inquired Miss Kitty pleasantly. She was glancing up at Adrienne, above her busy filing and tinkering, suddenly solicitous. "Maybe the room's too close. You look sort of white. Can I get you a glass of water or something?"

Adrienne forced a smile. She said, "Thank you! It's nothing, really."

The desk and the telephone stood on a little platform, so that the blond woman was speaking almost over Adrienne's head.

"Shampoo and a rinse? . . . No, not before four-fifteen. . . . Take you at four-fifteen then. . . What is the name, please? . . . Mrs. Bennett? . . . Shampoo and a rinse, Mrs. Bennett, four-fifteen; thank you!"

"Use liquid polish?" asked Miss Kitty.

"Yes, no—no, please," said Adrienne hurriedly. Her ears were straining for the first faint chinking of that unseen bell, for that name.

"Lasts a week without renewing," said Miss Kitty. "Use it myself."

"No, I don't like it. I'd rather not," said Adrienne.

Shrilly, the bell broke out.

The blond woman's voice responded.

"Mau-reece!"

Adrienne felt the tips of her fingers chilling. She asked with an enormous effort at casualness, "Is—why does she say ——"

"Mau-reece?" said Miss Kitty brightly. "Name of the man who owns the place—a Frenchman. He's a wonderful barber. I suppose you'd call it Morris."

"No, I don't think so," said Adrienne.

Morris! The slurred poignant beauty of those two tender syllables degraded into a grunt.

"Wave and a trim," droned the blond woman, "two-ten, Tuesday. . . . What's the name, please?"

Adrienne remembered slipping away on the current of a dream she could not stem, the first time she had called him by his name. Those things didn't take forever nowadays. It was at their second meeting. The first had been a stupid enough, dull enough evening in somebody's studio; but the second! She had been buying a book in a sequestered little shop down near the Square, when he had miraculously happened upon her, and they had turned the leaves of a hundred paper loves together. Eventually they had gone out and sat in the Square, and had dined at the Lafayette, still talking, and had gone on talking till midnight, when he took her home reluctantly.

"What'll I call you?" he had asked her. "I can't call you Miss Bly, and I won't. It's a ridiculous name for you."

She told him, "My name's Adrienne."

He answered, "Good Lord, and mine's Maurice. Somebody's making fun of us in heaven."

"Mau-reece!" cried the blond woman plaintively, adding after a moment in which the heart quickened painfully in Adrienne's breast, "rinse and a wave. . . . What's the name, please? . . . Miss Murphy? . . . Ten-fifteen, tomorrow; rinse and a wave. Thank you, Miss Murphy!"

"Maurice"—she had said it after him. And he had laughed at her bewilderment. That outrageously cocky, unbelievably impudent, tender, short laugh of his.

Maurice's Mother, Obviously About to Travel

"Adrienne Lecouvreur and Maurice Saxe! Never hear of 'em? Two of our heaviest snows of yesteryear! I'll lend you the story tomorrow. What are you doing tomorrow evening?"

What was she doing this evening? Going to dinner with Tommy O'Neill—plump, ruddy, noisy, hateful Tommy O'Neill! She had made him ask her so she shouldn't sit at home and think of Maurice.

"Mau-reece!" wailed the blond woman like a demoniac echo. "Marcel and a manicure. . . . What is the name?"

Miss Kitty interjected with businesslike curtness, "Like a high polish? Like any color?"

"Why, it doesn't matter!" said Adrienne. She wasn't looking at her nails. She wasn't thinking of them. She was thinking of that next night when Maurice had brought her the story of Adrienne Lecouvreur and Maurice Saxe; when they had left the book on a table under a lamp and gone out and sat on a bench in the park, like any little bobbed-haired bandit and her lover.

It had been spring, then, too.

A whisper and a warmth in the air, vague earthy scents, stars sweetly blurred in a limpid sky; not the sharp glittering stars of winter.

Just a year ago; trees feathering, lilacs flowering.

Of course there was this to be recognized about spring. It came back, and came back, and came back—whether it kissed you or killed you. If you got in its way, like water it flowed over you. And you might like it or not but you couldn't leave it. Living, you had to see it come back; even alone in it.

"Mau-reece! . . . Mau-reece!" insisted the blond woman loudly.

"Did I hurt you?" asked Miss Kitty.

Adrienne steadied her wincing nerves. "No, no, not at all."

The third time Maurice had taken her to see his mother. Hadn't she known then; hadn't Adrienne felt, with the first thrust of those plaintive dark eyes, the first sound of

(Continued on Page 133)

Nineteen Years of Statler Service

THE FIRST Statler Hotel opened with a promise to travelers of "more for your money"—and it started a new era in American hotel-keeping.

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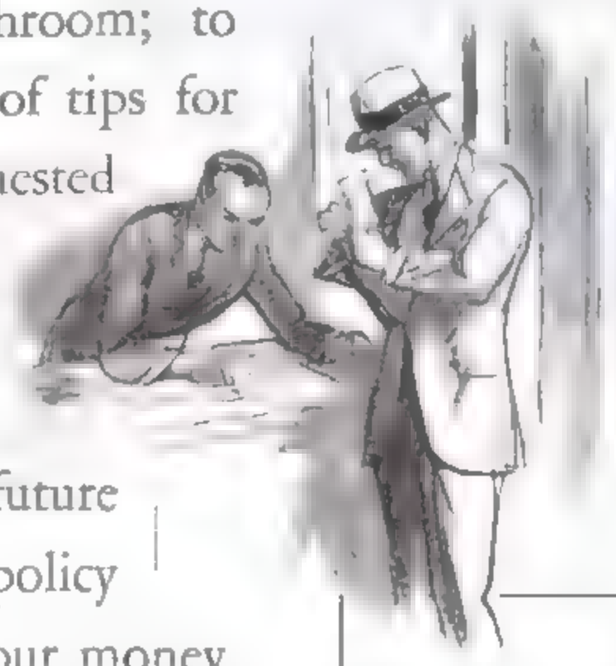

Succeeding Statler Hotels have been built on those same policies—which is why the seventh Statler is now building, in Boston.

I want to renew to you, here, our pledge of better value, of more for your money, of "Statler service", under those same policies. Our houses are kept new and modern; our principles of business-building and customer relations are unchanged; we invite you to come to us with the understanding that your complete satisfaction is guaranteed. We've been bettering our organization, our service, our understanding of what you want, for nineteen years—growing with every year. We make it an operating policy, with all our people, that the employee who is serving you *must* satisfy you—or must refer the transaction to his superior immediately. Now, more than ever, we can give you the best values to be found among hotels of the first class.

E. M. Statler

P.S. The experienced traveler plans his route to bring him to a Statler Hotel for over Sunday.

Rates are unusually low, in comparison with those of other first-class hotels:

Rates are from $3.00 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis, from $3.50 in Buffalo, and from $4.00 in New York. For two people these rooms are $4.50 in Cleveland and St. Louis, $5 in Detroit, $5.50 in Buffalo and $6.00 in New York.

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Everything sold at the news stands—cigars, cigarettes, tobaccos, newspapers, etc.—is sold at prevailing street-store prices. You pay no more here than elsewhere.

In each hotel is a cafeteria, or a lunch-counter, or both—in addition to its other excellent restaurants. Club breakfasts—good club breakfasts—are served in all the hotels.

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AJAX BALLOONS

(Continued from Page 130)

that soft slow voice, that she was being appraised, and scorned, as an enemy?

"I want you-all to know each other. You'll get along like a breeze!" Maurice had said. That was how men saw things. If Adrienne and Maurice's mother got along like a breeze, it was a breeze from the pit; scorching, searing, licking the dew off Adrienne's soul.

"Isn't she a marvel?" Maurice had said proudly, after that first inquiet dinner at his apartment; when his mother had sat across the table from Adrienne and kept a faint sweet smile on Adrienne's flowered chiffon—which was really charming, but might so easily be represented as bizarre—upon Adrienne's cloudy dark hair and moody eyes—"Isn't she Italian or something, Morrie? She looks excitable."

"You're a high-strung little thing, aren't you?"

Maurice had said that to Adrienne after dinner in his apartment with his mother, and Adrienne knew where he had got it.

She had thought then, presciently, unhappily, "She'll never let me have him." From the first; from that day in the little bookshop, when their hands and their eyes and their souls had made contact over this volume and that which spelled enchantment to both—from the first, Adrienne had wanted him, but she had had to fight to get him from his mother.

A cruel fight, because it ran underground. Never any honest word to rip the whole thing open and let in the healing sunlight.

"Mother thinks you're so pretty," Maurice would say.

"Oh, does she?" Adrienne would cry softly—to herself echoing: "She does, does she!"

"She thinks, though," Maurice would go on, half teasing, "that you ought to let your hair grow. It would make you look bigger."

Adrienne's elfin height, the soft shock of hair emphasized it.

"When mother was a girl . . ."

"Oh, Maurice, how can you? Old stuff, old stuff!"

"No, really, she had hair down to her knees."

"My knees don't need it!"

"You little devil, I've a good mind to tell her you said that!"

"No, no, please don't. Please don't!" What couldn't Maurice's mother make of such shameless wise-cracks once she got her fingers on them? "I wouldn't have you tell her for the world. I want her to like me, Maurice."

"Mau-reece? . . . At eleven tomorrow morning? . . . Bob and a wave."

"I'll soon be through now," said Miss Kitty.

"Why do you say that? Do I look so tired?" asked Adrienne.

"Well, you do look a little—you know—kind of pale and nervous," said Miss Kitty kindly.

"I haven't been well lately," murmured Adrienne.

"It's the spring weather," said Miss Kitty.

"Mau-reece? . . . Mau-reece speaking!"

Adrienne's eyes burned; her lips twitched.

She thought: "I don't know how much more I can stand of this."

She tried not to think of him. She tried to watch the women coming in and going out; sitting about in chairs, waiting their turns at the little tables where nails were made rosy and pointed; at the curtained alcoves where hair was made shining and undulant; at the glass cases where pearls were sold, and perfumes and false flowers; and youth and beauty, undefaced; for a price.

Why were they waiting so doggedly, struggling so frankly to get to it? Beauty and youth.

Some of them were fresh, but some of them were withering.

"Mau-reece? . . . Facial at nine-thirty, Friday? Facial and manicure. . . . What's the name, please?"

"Mau-reece?"

That was why! Maurice was why; and others like him. The man the man who was to see one. Love, to which one desired to offer loveliness in libation, as tribute.

Maurice loved Adrienne's hair, in spite of his mother's sly aspersions. He loved Adrienne's hair and her eyes and her slim long-fingered hands.

"Here's something for you," he had said one night, holding her two palms open in his, then closing them very slowly, clenching them, crushing them even, his eyes smiling down into hers; smiling, but with a curious mistiness, an exquisite darkling menace, "here's something for you, Adrienne." He had told her what it was before she could ask him. Breathless and deep, he had told her, "My heart!"

That was when she first knew she had got him away from his mother after all.

That was the night he had first kissed her; in her tiny sitting room, beside a table full of books and things, and roses in a bowl of amber glass.

She saw the roses, gold-hearted, in amber glass, just before she shut her eyes; and the scent of them was in her nostrils until their lips met; until scent and sight and sound and touch grew all one sense, fused and molten

"Mau-reece? . . . Trim and a wave? Tomorrow."

"Rabbit jump over your grave?" inquired Miss Kitty amiably. She was scrubbing Adrienne's fingers gently in warm soapy water, with a little brush. "I thought you shivered."

"Perhaps I did," said Adrienne. She felt it ripple over her again chilly.

She had got him away from his mother; his mother who had no right to the man who was Adrienne's; who had had a right only to the little boy whom Adrienne had never known, not but what the little boy came back in the man—that trick he had of smiling, shamefaced, when he'd put something over unexpectedly—was it because the little boy persisted in the man that his mother couldn't and wouldn't let him go? Or was his mother keeping the little boy in him alive? Adrienne had got him away from his mother. He had told his mother he loved Adrienne and was going to marry her. But he had told Adrienne his mother would have to live with them.

And Adrienne knew that wouldn't be marriage as marriage could be for Maurice and for her. It would be only endless misunderstandings and quarrels and wounds and reprisals and disintegration.

It would be loss; it would be death.

"Mau-reece?"

Adrienne couldn't share him with his mother. His mother couldn't share him with Adrienne. Love, in all those hands, would die and rot. Better to let it go, still breathing; try to forget.

"Mau-reece?"

The blond woman's voice had a sharper note. Adrienne lifted her heavy head; even Miss Kitty turned a sparrowish black eye, poised a buffer in mid-air, listening.

"Mau-reece? . . . Yes, yes, this is Mau-reece! Who? . . . Yes, she's here. What do you want with her? . . . I can't hear you. Say that again, please."

"Somebody calling one of the girls, I guess," said Miss Kitty "Maybe something's wrong." She stared, frowning a little, at the blond woman, who suddenly, still clutching the telephone, looked down at her queerly, hard eyes wide, under that metallic wave of golden hair. "What's the matter?" asked Miss Kitty, careful not to let the women waiting all about the room overhear and be startled. "What's the matter, Coralie?"

"Wait," hissed the blond woman, "wait!" She spoke into the telephone again, hurriedly. "Where d'you say they've taken him? . . . Which hospital? . . . I got you. Tell her to go there quick as she can?"

"There's something wrong," said Miss Kitty, and dropped her buffer on the table. "Coralie, not so loud!"

The blond woman was hanging up her receiver. She leaned down over the little

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This is the Majestic Underground Garbage Receiver that foils the dogs and the flies and the germs, and keeps all garbage closed tight and out of sight
Majestic
UNDERGROUND GARBAGE RECEIVER
THE MAJESTIC CO. HUNTINGTON, IND.
—and THIS is the COUPON to sign and mail for complete information about the Majestic.

table where Adrienne and Miss Kitty faced each other. Under rouge and powder a mass of little lines showed about her mouth and eyes, but the eyes were frightened and compassionate; the too red mouth was trembling.

She said in a husky undertone, "It's for you, kid! Your husband—he was carryin' the pay roll—somebody got him—Reception Hospital."

"God!" said Miss Kitty. "My Jim?"

The doll face, as if an unseen thumb were modeling it, altered into a mask of terror, of physical anguish. Wordless.

"Beat it!" said the blond woman. "They said to come."

"Yes, go, please!" said Adrienne. "Oh, please ——"

Miss Kitty's doll-mouth tried to smile at the customer; she stood up quietly so as not to attract the attention of women waiting. She said, "Much obliged, Coralie." In a small polite voice, she said brokenly, "God help me!"—and was gone.

Adrienne dried her fingers on the towel Miss Kitty had left.

She stood at the blond woman's desk and tried twice before she could say, "I hope he'll be all right."

"Married a month," said the blond woman huskily. "Crazy about each other—poor kids! Ain't that life for you?"

The telephone rang. She reached for it, muttering, "Pay the cashier, please."

"Mau-reece?"

Adrienne paid the cashier and got away blindly.

There was an empty taxi at the corner. She told the driver, "I want to go somewhere to telephone."

He looked at her curiously: a red-faced Irish boy with his cap on the back of his head. However, to the Celt no madness is authentic which does not wear a straitjacket. He started his engine and turned the wheel.

"How about the Pennsylvania Station? It's not far."

"Anywhere," said Adrienne.

She huddled in the corner of the taxi, her heart shaking her. Buildings and traffic went by like shadows.

She was saying over and over to herself: "Maurice, this is Adrienne. I called you up to say—I wanted to tell you—Maurice, this is Adrienne—this is Adrienne, Maurice."

Wouldn't that be enough? If it weren't she'd go on. She'd say it all. Pride, self-respect—hideous selfish folly!

Miss Kitty, going to her Jim with a prayer on her lips, maybe to find him dead—that was love.

Loving was giving before you took. Not holding out for your own greedy measure of happiness.

Not refusing to be hampered and hurt, if one had to be hampered and hurt in the process of loving. Being ready to be hurt, if loving involved that. Being generous of yourself.

"Here you are, lady!" said the Phœbus of the taxi.

Adrienne paid him, and he added with a sympathetic grin, "Good luck to you!"

It startled Adrienne, like a hand on her shoulder—friendly. She stammered, "Thank you"—snatching at it for an omen.

The station was cool as a cathedral, lofty-arched; magnificent distances of wall and roof; little people scurrying about in a still immensity of space. A place one might pray in, conceivably.

Adrienne prayed. She prayed "Let me speak to him now. Give me another chance, that's all."

She said to the detached young person who took the call: "Get me Vanderbilt 7925, please!"—with an earnestness out of all proportion to the request.

"Third booth to the right," said the young person, in time, impersonal as Charon directing lost souls at the Stygian ferry.

The third booth to the right was airless and smelly. Obviously the lost soul immediately preceding Adrienne had had a taste for cigarettes.

With her mouth dry, her heart stumbling, Adrienne waited, having said twice, "I wish to speak to Mr. Lanier—Mr. Maurice Lanier." In her mind the words came quick and fast: "Maurice, I must talk to you. I've been thinking about last night. I was wrong. I was horribly wrong. I've been so unhappy all day."

A bored feminine voice at her ear said coolly: "He's not in."

"Do you know when he will be?"

"No, I don't. Any message?"

"I'll telephone again," said Adrienne.

She went out into the cathedral spaces of the station and stood looking about her dully. Of course if he wasn't there she couldn't talk to him. And if she couldn't talk to him, he couldn't know that she was sorry And if he didn't know she was sorry, he would still be ten million miles away from her. As well on another star; he who had been so heavenly close so short a time ago.

It was while she stood there trying to get hold of herself and go about her business as if the bottom were not dropping out of the universe that she saw Maurice's mother—near the ticket office—with a small black-leather bag in one hand, in a dark coat with a dark hat and the dotted gray veil she always wore. Obviously about to travel, but equally obviously held at the outset of those travels by some mysterious and awful obstacle. Because she simply stood there in the midst of hurrying crowds and stared helplessly, first at the ticket seller, then at the floor at her feet.

Adrienne watched her from a distance. A small fragile figure with an air—Maurice had it too. Merely a matter of dark eyes, perhaps, and a silver head, perhaps something subtler.

Resentfulness and bitter dislike: those were Adrienne's first feelings -almost a shudder, an involuntary clenching of the teeth, a narrowing of the eyes. Then slowly something awoke in her, something very different.

If Maurice could see his mother—his spoiled, helpless, adored mother—standing in that crowded desert, perplexed, frightened, not knowing which way to turn, desperation written all over her

With a sense of standing in Maurice's place which thrilled her like the feel of his hand, Adrienne crossed over suddenly to Mrs. Lanier, touched her arm, and said, "How do you do? I just happened to see you. You look so worried. I wondered if there were anything I could ——"

It sounded cocky; it sounded presuming. it invited insult and destruction. Because Adrienne didn't know if, even for Maurice, she could bear insult from Mrs. Lanier. It oughtn't to be required of her.

Mrs. Lanier turned with a gasp, and Adrienne saw that behind the coquettish gray veil with the little black dots she was crying, unmistakably.

She said uncertainly, icily, "Oh, it's you"—and seemed about to draw away, stiffening. But she wasn't equal to it. She was in no condition to repulse anybody. Her eyes were full of tears. Maurice's eyes, Maurice's very look, drowned in woe.

She said, "I've forgotten my money. I haven't a thing in my purse. I can't even telephone. I've been here over fifteen minutes." She gulped and groped for a handkerchief, pitiably unnerved.

"Please, take mine," said Adrienne. She snatched a bit of fine linen out of her bag, thrust it into those fumbling gray-gloved fingers.

Mrs. Lanier murmured, "Thank you," wiped her eyes and blew her nose on it. "Such a relief! All but fifty cents. I must have left it on my dressing table. . . . I gave the fifty cents to the taxi driver. I didn't know which way to turn."

"Are you catching a train?" asked Adrienne.

"I've missed it now," said Mrs. Lanier. She blew her nose delicately again. "I had barely time." Her tears were freshly welling. "I was going—to visit -my sister—in Virginia."

(Continued on Page 137)

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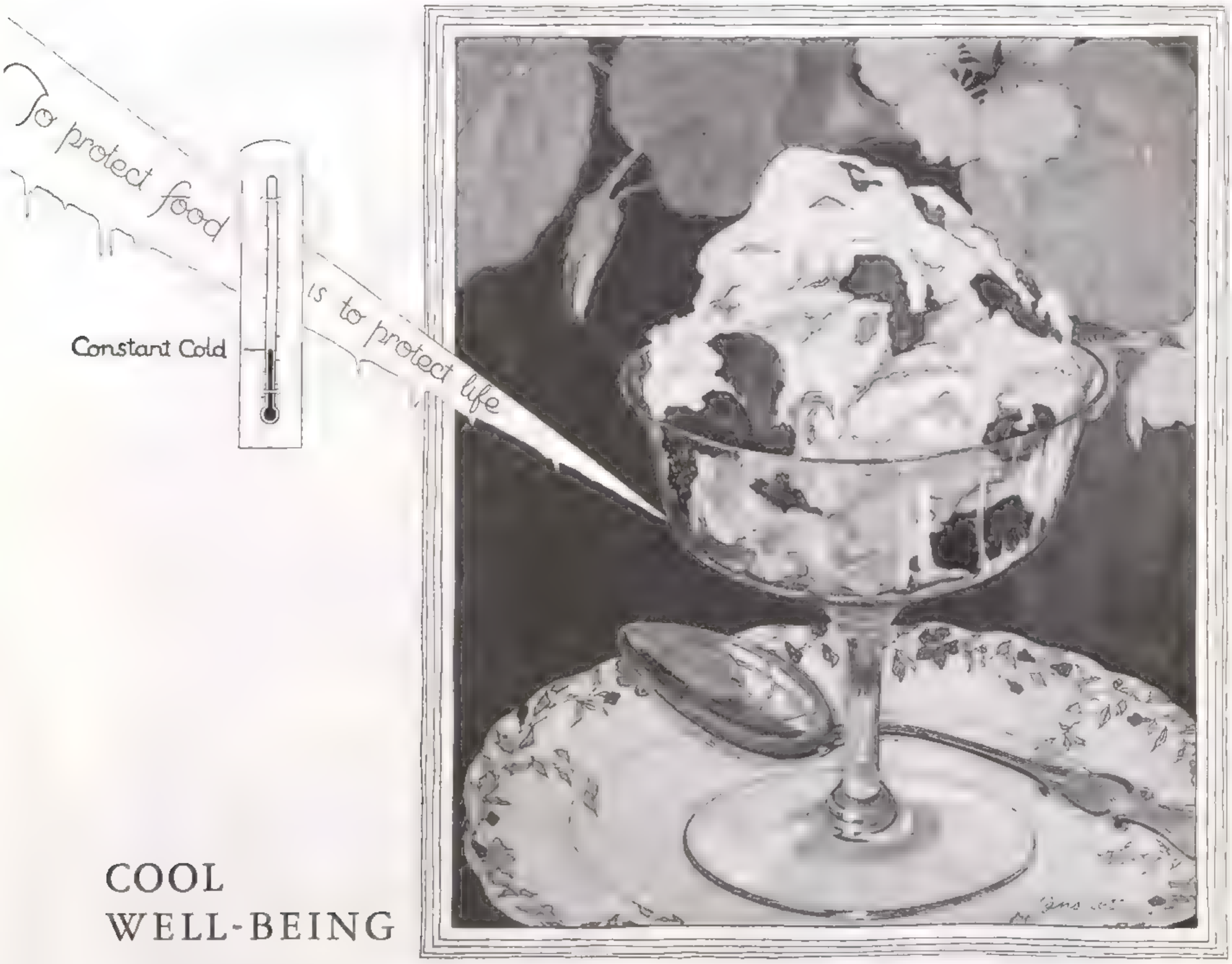

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(Continued from Page 134)

Adrienne slipped her hand through the black-coated arm and turned Mrs. Lanier in the direction of the waiting room.

"Let's sit down somewhere for a moment, till we see what you'd better do."

"I won't go back!"

"Perhaps I could run up to the apartment and get the money for you," Adrienne offered hesitantly.

"Perhaps you could," said Mrs. Lanier. She sniffed. "I dare say you'd enjoy it."

"Please," said Adrienne imploringly. She couldn't fight that tear-wet old face, distorted in a pitiful effort at control.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Lanier. "I've had it out with Morrie! That's why I'm going away. He said I was selfish and cruel." She sobbed audibly.

"You mustn't!" cried Adrienne, horrified.

"I c-can't help it!" wept Mrs. Lanier. "I'm all worn-out. I've been crying all day."

"How could Maurice!" said Adrienne. "Oh, how could he!"

Mrs. Lanier's sobs increased. She put a hand to her face and said brokenly, "I—I'm afraid I can't stop. Take me somewhere."

"I'm going to take you home," said Adrienne grimly; and taking Mrs. Lanier's bag from her unresisting fingers she commandeered a taxi.

The ride was a trying one. Mrs. Lanier cried all the way, with her hands to her face and her frail shoulders shaken.

"I won't go back!" she said repeatedly. But when the apartment was reached she crossed the threshold like a pigeon homing, ran to the couch which stood before the fireplace and dropped among its cushions with a little moan of relief.

"Can't I get you something?" begged Adrienne.

"Aromatic ammonia—cupboard in the bathroom," muttered Mrs. Lanier feebly.

Adrienne took the hat from the sufferer's head—it was a very good hat as elderly millinery goes, and she knew that Maurice had paid for it. So she handled it tenderly. She took coat and bag and gloves and put them away with the hat.

Then she fetched aromatic ammonia, a few drops clouding half a glass of water, and administered it gravely. The remedy had a Victorian flavor. Adrienne remembered that her own mother used to indulge in it after too vivid or too lengthy domestic dialogues.

"Is that better?" inquired Adrienne anxiously.

"My home!" sobbed Mrs. Lanier, but on a quieter note. "I love my home. How can I bear to leave it?"

"You shan't—you're not going to leave it!" cried Adrienne. She went down on her knees beside that stricken figure, she smoothed the white hair where a wave yet lingered, youth's last stand—she had hair to her knees when she was a girl, Maurice had said. "You're not going to leave it," Adrienne insisted. "Why should you?"

"Morrie—I've lost him"—but the tears were slackening.

"You haven't lost him at all'"

"Oh, yes, I have—I know—I know when I'm not wanted. The way he talked to me this morning ——"

"This morning!" After he had quarreled with Adrienne, then, after he had hurt her and left her, he had come home, to quarrel just as dreadfully with his mother for Adrienne's sake.

"I wouldn't have believed he could talk to me so."

"I'm so sorry—I'm so sorry, dear Mrs. Lanier!"

But he couldn't have talked to her so, except that it was Adrienne who mattered most!

"After all I've given up for him. Since he was a little boy, I've never left him. He's been my only thought."

Poor Maurice, being anyone's only thought—an exhausting process!

"He knows that. He knows you're devoted to him."

"I could have married again, but I stayed with my baby."

Even to hear him thus talked about—poignant, vicarious intimacy!

Adrienne asked: "Maurice was the youngest, wasn't he?"

"He was ten years younger than his sister Josie. He was the prettiest little baby you ever saw. . . . Have I ever"—asked Mrs. Lanier, sitting up suddenly and wiping her eyes "have I ever showed you Morrie's baby picture?"

"N-no," stammered Adrienne, flushing.

How Maurice would loathe having her see it. The sort of thing they used to perpetrate defenseless infants, lightly clad, or not at all, seated in wash basins—horrible!

"Look in the lowest drawer of that desk," directed Mrs. Lanier, pointing with an unsteady forefinger. "In an envelope marked Maurice. The first picture he ever had taken."

Adrienne found the envelope and brought it back to the couch, reluctant but impotent. No one but his mother ought ever to see a thing like that. Maurice would be outraged; his pride would be in ribbons.

"See!" said Maurice's mother; and Adrienne, with a faded photograph thrust into her fingers, had no choice but to look.

She sat, looking, in silence.

"He was the sweetest baby," sighed Mrs. Lanier, worshiping.

Adrienne answered, almost as hushed, "And you ——"

It wasn't Maurice in a basin at all. It was Maurice in his mother's arms; in a queer long baby dress, hugged up to his mother's queer tight-fitting basque, with his cheek pressed close to hers beneath her heavy coronal of hair. But the look in her pictured eyes, the passion of happiness, the protective droop of her head, the tender tension of her hands, holding the baby Maurice—Maurice, so chubby and strange.

"Did he look like his father?" asked Adrienne.

"No," said Mrs. Lanier; and she said it almost fiercely. "He looked like me! From the day he was born."

"You loved him so, because you didn't love—his father." Adrienne saw then. Old frustration, old torment, old pain, old ways to peace, opened out before her dimly.

Mrs. Lanier was talking eagerly and fast. "—— then when he was twenty his father wanted him to go in the business—iron—in Virginia. I knew Morrie wanted to write, and I fought to keep him free. They tried to have him study law. I fought that off too. I said, he shall do what he likes if I have to sell the clothes off my back to give him his chance. When they laughed at his scribbling I believed in him. I've got every line he ever wrote in a big scrapbook in a box under my bed. I never kept my love letters the way I've kept that box. When he went off to school I sent him every cent I could save. When his father died and the girls married and he wanted me to come to New York and live with him, I was so happy I'd have come every step of the way barefoot. This place has been home to me. My father's house, my husband's house—they were just houses. This has been home." She put her cheek against the picture of herself and her baby, put her head down on Adrienne's arm. "Don't let him send me away!"

"Oh, darling, hush!" cried Adrienne. She hugged Maurice's mother, with Maurice's baby picture in those veined old hands, hard against her breast.

"He will if you want him to."

"I'd never want him to"—not now; not after seeing that picture; that unknowing and pitiful revelation.

"He loves you the most. I knew you'd come some day."

"Hush! I'd never take him away from you. He's been your life."

"I managed to get rid of the others—the girls he fancied. You owe me that much. He'd have been married long ago. Girls were always crazy about him."

"I know it!" said Adrienne viciously. With half a laugh, half a sob, she snuggled

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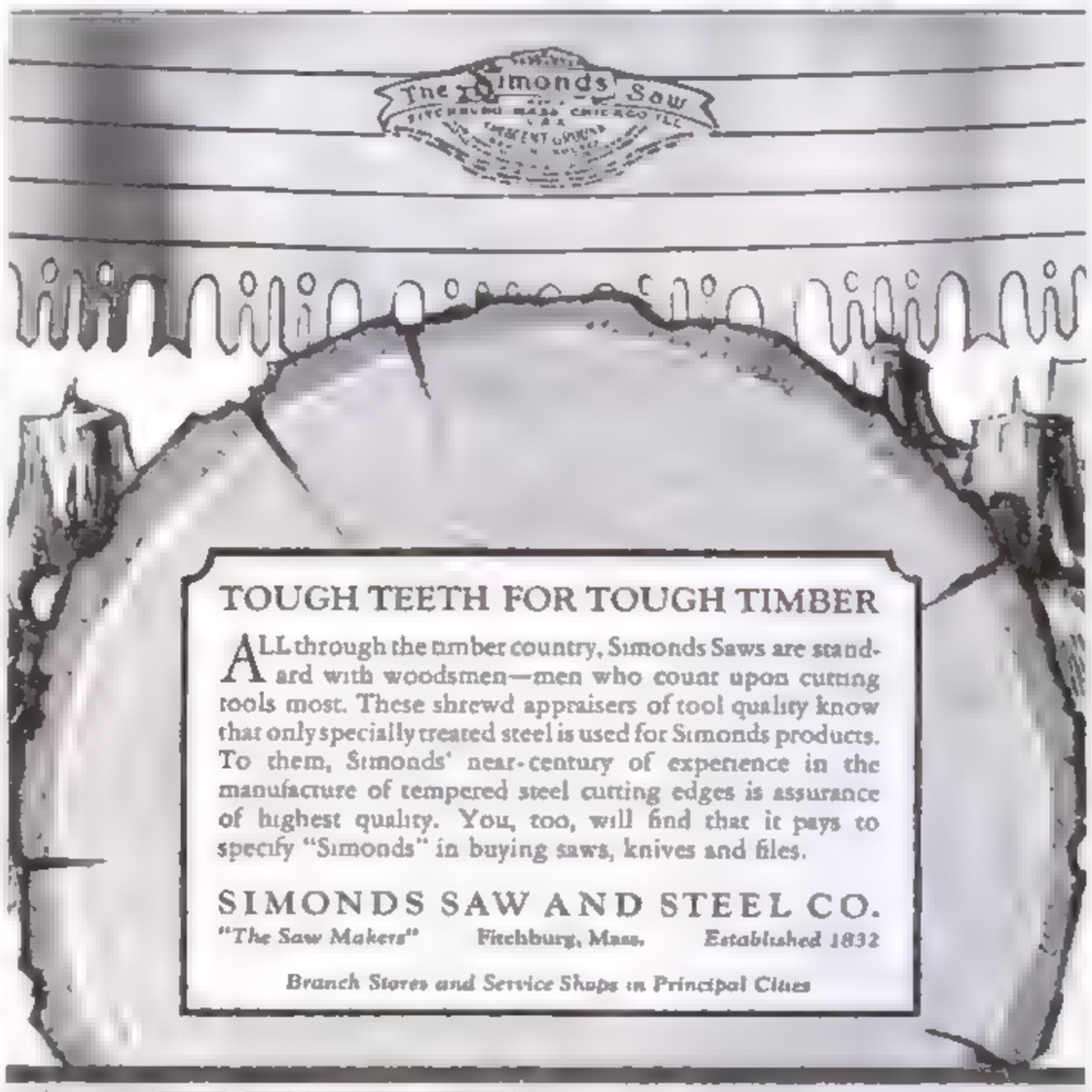

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"Your ad sounded good to me," wrote Miss Sheppard. "And it made good. She earned $3 in half a day.

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her cheek down on the enemy's white hair. "You did save him for me, didn't you?"

Mrs. Lanier said shamelessly, "I thought until this morning I'd got rid of you too. When he told me this morning he wasn't going to be the victim of a mother fixation I knew you had him."

"Did Maurice say that to you?" asked Adrienne incredulously. She sat back on her heels and stared up at Mrs. Lanier, wide-eyed.

Mrs. Lanier, her head on one side, smiling down at the baby picture, said, "Yes, he did. What does it mean?"

"Something—never mind—he must have been fearfully upset."

"He was. I never saw him so bad. He hadn't slept much. He didn't touch a bit of breakfast except his coffee. If I know anything about him, he's got a headache by now that'll ——"

"Oh, no!" said Adrienne imploringly.

"—— do him good," said his mother royally. "He had no business letting the Lanier temper run away with him. He had no business telling me I was selfish as—you know!"

"Did he say that to you too?" gasped Adrienne.

"Well, if he said it to you I don't mind so much," observed Mrs. Lanier, surprised and faintly pleased.

She added, releasing herself to frankness with enthusiasm, "I haven't lived here twelve years without a scene or two; but enough is enough. It was then I made up my mind I'd just pack up and go today, without telling him a word; just to punish him; go down and visit my sister in Virginia for a while; let him find an empty apartment this evening."

"Maurice doesn't even know you were going?"

"Oh, he knows it by now. I sent a note to the office just as I started out—too late for him to do anything."

"But, my dear!" objected Adrienne.

"Gracious!" said Mrs. Lanier. She started up nervously. "Maybe you think I'd better go after all!"

"Of course not. You mustn't think of it. Only, what will he do when he gets your note?"

"Oh, my heavens!" said Mrs. Lanier, "you know, I'd forgotten all about that. I was so frightened about leaving the money—I never took a train by myself before—then I was so relieved to be back here. Adrienne!" She had never done that before—never called Adrienne by her name—they stood looking into each other's eyes guiltily, excitedly, with a kind of comradeship under fire. "You call him up and tell him you're here. Tell him you're going to stay for dinner."

"The only drawback to that being," said Adrienne, crimsoning hotly, "that I told him last night I never wanted to see him again as long as I lived."

"And here you are! So that's why he didn't sleep! That's why he was so mean to me this morning!"

"Here I am—but, here you are too!"

"You told my boy that you never wanted to see him again?"

"You were going to leave him, weren't you?"

For an incongruous moment they giggled over it like two schoolgirls behind a desk lid.

"I'll call him up," said Mrs. Lanier bravely. "You sit down and wait."

"No, no, I ought to go at once," said Adrienne urgently. "He might come home and find me here. You ask him to come up and see me tonight."

With one sweep she disposed of Tommy O'Neill, in her mind—"I'm so sorry, Tommy. I think I'm coming down with flu." Something like that.

"Well!" said Mrs. Lanier.

There was the slight sibilant scratch of a latch key in the door. Domesday trumpets might, for those two, have stolen upon the air with less effect.

"Mau-rice!" whispered Adrienne, paling.

Mrs. Lanier took a shaky step forward, saying, "Sh-h!" unnecessarily.

Maurice came in rather violently—with a jerk and a curse because the door stuck. He had his hat pulled over his eyes and carried his topcoat over his arm. He threw the hat and the coat on a chair before he saw his mother or Adrienne.

Then one word escaped him deeply, "Mamma!"

Poignant exasperation, exquisite relief, villification, adoration. The little boy pleading; the man reproaching; all in two syllables.

"Morrie," said Mrs. Lanier brightly, "here's Adrienne!"

Above her head Maurice met Adrienne's eyes, and smiled shamefaced.

He said, after a long moment, "Gosh, she had me scared cold! I thought she was gone."

Mrs. Lanier cried possessively and peacefully against his shoulder.

She said, "I did start to go. I was down at the Pennsylvania Station without a cent—forgot my money. Adrienne just happened to see me. She brought me home."

"What were you doing in the Pennsylvania Station?" asked Maurice of Adrienne abruptly, suspiciously, jealously.

"I was trying to telephone you," said Adrienne.

He patted his mother's shoulder, saying, "There, there," to her; but all his ardent soul was in his eyes demanding Adrienne for his own, on his own conditions.

"You weren't running away?"

"I was trying to telephone you."

"About last night?"

"Yes."

"All right?" asked Maurice briefly. His eyes, unbearably questioning; unbearably, savagely tender. He must have suffered—to look at her like that!

"All right," said Adrienne unsteadily.

She saw him draw a long, long breath of relief before he laughed, pulling a little white curl at the back of his mother's neck.

"See that, Adrienne? That's her scolding curl! Stop crying, old lady, and go powder your nose. You look a fright."

"I do not!" said Mrs. Lanier. She lifted her head and put both hands to her hair. Coquetry touched her, looking up at Maurice, as sunset might flush a little gray cloud drifting over the rim of the world into darkness.

She said, "I know! You want Adrienne alone."

"You're darned right I do!" said Maurice.

He laughed when he said it. But his mother went away, after that, to her room, with an indulgent little nod, looking back over her shoulder jealously; still carrying the old photograph of herself and her baby. The baby she had fought to keep free from everyone but herself.

You couldn't loosen those hands of hers any more than you could loosen hands coming up out of the sea, clinging to the side of a boat.

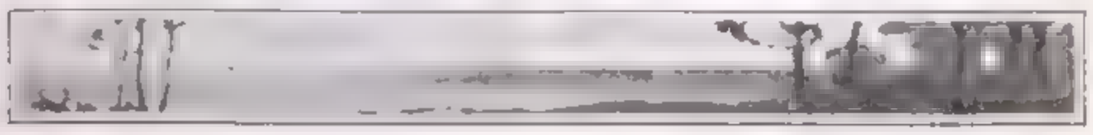
If the man you loved had a debt of honor to pay, wouldn't you sell your soul to help him and be proud of the chance?

"You don't know what it means—you two together like this!" said Maurice.

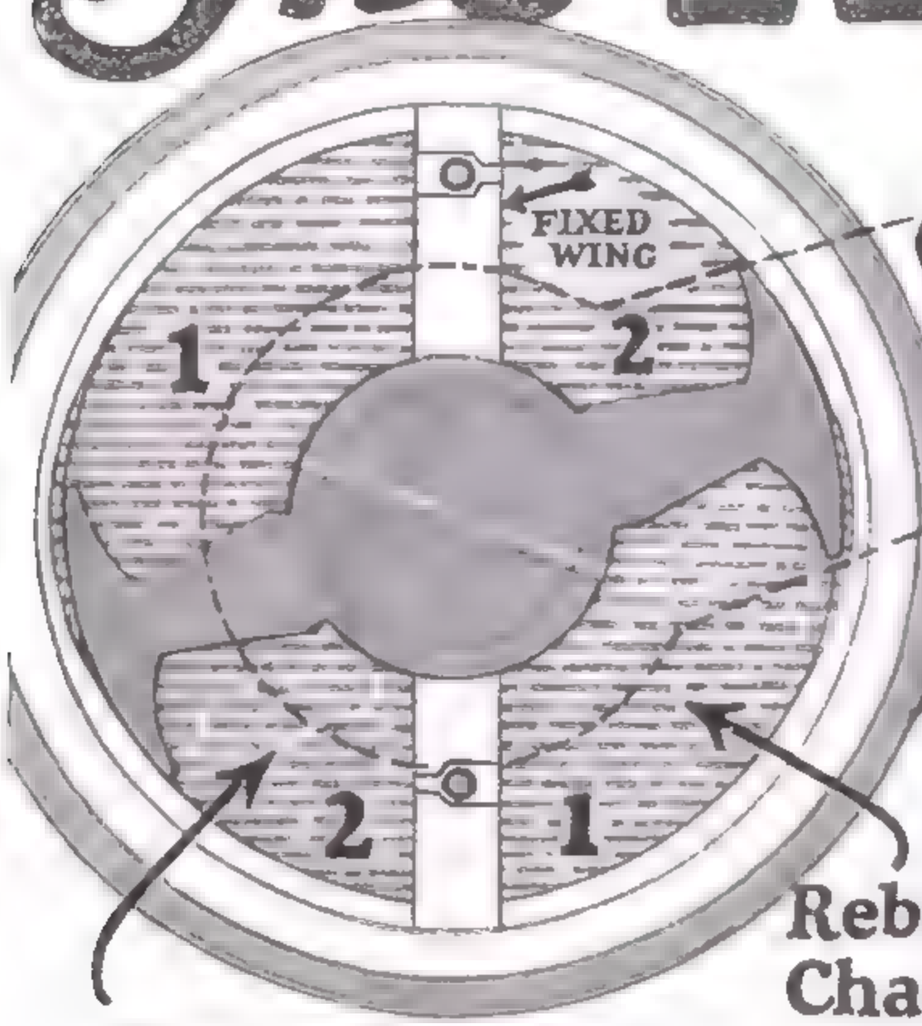
The relief in his eyes, the passion of relief in his voice; Adrienne back in his arms; his mother back in his house.

"You don't know ——" he said again.

Adrienne knew, fast enough. As she had known all along. Clinging hands and debts of honor didn't alter the situation. They only made it inevitable. She couldn't help smiling a little, crookedly. But while she smiled her arms went up about his neck; she clung to him, whispering, breathless, "Maurice!"



The "Hoo-Dye" Shock Absorber works both ways—down as well as up



Rebound Chambers

Down-throw Chambers

MANY cars come equipped with devices for checking the rebound; cars like Lincoln, and Pierce-Arrow, for example, come equipped with double-acting, hydraulic control devices. Are you interested in the ultimate in riding comfort?

With the HOO-DYE Hydraulic Control, the biggest bump is taken as easily as a canoe takes a wave, and with utmost gentleness. HOO-DYE Liquid Cushions drown every road inequality, not only easing the rebound, but preventing "bottoming" as well. They permit you to ride in greater comfort than in a parlor car — in eternal smoothness.

Do you realize what all-steel construction throughout means for durability, and perpetual uniformity of action under all conditions throughout the life of the car? HOO-DYE Shock Absorbers are the kind you put on and forget. Obviously, perfectly machined cylinders and parts cannot be produced to sell on a price basis, but if you want the supreme riding comfort obtainable only on the finest cars in the world—the kind that automotive engineers use on their own cars — you must have HOO-DYE.

Twenty of the finest foreign cars, and in this country, Lincoln, Pierce-Arrow, Stearns-Knight, Cunningham and McFarlan, make them standard equipment because, irrespective of the large equipment cost to them, they are considered necessary to the riding comfort of these superbly engineered cars.

Heretofore a luxury equipment on the more expensive cars—there is now an HOO-DYE installation for every make of car, for HOO-DYES are now made in three sizes—for heavy, medium and light weight cars.

Yet, it is surprising how inexpensive HOO-DYES actually are when their long life and the thousands of miles of repairless comfort they give, are considered.

Half of all cars fall in the Ford class—for these, the HOO-DYE, installed, is comparable in price with any device—yet, they make a Ford ride with an ease that is almost unbelievable.

Most all other cars fall in the classes up to 2500 and 3000 lbs. These cars find the slight additional investment a mere item when compared to the improvement in performance given, regardless of the car's engineering or otherwise perfect construction.

Any one of our Service Stations will install a set on your car for 30 days' trial. If you are not satisfied with HOO-DYE comfort after this trial, your money will be cheerfully refunded.

THE HOUDE ENGINEERING CORPORATION, 197 Winchester Avenue, Buffalo, New York

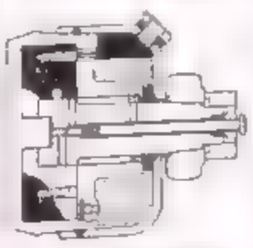
Also Manufacturers of

the famous SCULLY QUALITY SPRING PROTECTORS—*"They Keep the Springs Like New"*

The Mechanical Reasons for HOUDAILLE'S Supreme Riding Comfort

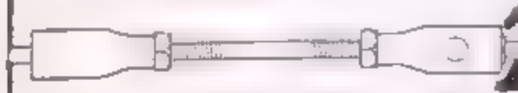
The Finest Piece of Machine Work on any Motor Car

This is the cylinder filled with glycerine. No cheap stampings here—drop-forgings machined like the crankshaft in your engine. The vertical wing is rigid—the cross-wing turns when the car axle moves *up or down*, in exact ratio to the road unevenness. A child can see that this compressed liquid, escaping through control valves, gives a powerful yielding cushion



Note the fine machined parts, made of molybdenum steel—they work with perfect precision as long as the car runs

This drop-forged arm is made to last forever. Together with the drop-forged connecting link, it gives precision control to the car.



This drop-forged connecting link with ball-joints on each end, transmits both movements of the axle—*up and down*—to the control of the liquid cushions.

The World-Famous HOUDAILLE

HOUDE ENGINEERING CORP.
197 Winchester Ave., Buffalo, N. Y

I would like to know more about Hoo-Dye riding comfort. Please send me your booklet "Over the Roughest Roads to Anywhere."

Name

Address

City State

LITTLE ITEMS OF BIG IMPORTANCE

LITTLE things in *The Country Gentleman* are of big importance—though generally they are forgotten in advertising the outstanding articles and stories that make up every issue.

In the technical farm departments of the August issue—now on sale—there are many little items that are likely to make thousands of dollars for readers.

Thousands of farm women will buy patterns shown in the August *Country Gentleman*.

Thousands of farm children may be saved from diphtheria by the article on page 25.

Farm boys everywhere will join the Boy Scouts because of the invitation on page 32.

Farm girls everywhere will dress better and make money because of the little items on page 43.

And in little things as well as big, the whole farm family is the audience which the editors are aiming to reach.

The Country Gentleman

For the Whole Farm Family

More than 1,200,000 a month

August Issue Now On Sale

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

The Pair of Legs

You need their help in selling, but don't expect them to do all the work. Some of it can be done better with printing

IN nearly every form of selling the time comes when legs must walk and shoe leather must be worn out. Somebody must go to see someone else.

When this time comes, nothing takes the place of legs and shoe leather; but legs and shoe leather are expensive if used to take the place of printing.

Men to whom you wish to sell, often say, "Send your man to see me; I want to know *more* about your goods."

They seldom say, "Send your man over; I want to know *something* about your goods."

Until your prospective customers already know *something* about you and your goods, they have no desire to see your salesmen.

Better, faster, and cheaper than legs are the booklets, the circulars, and the other forms of direct advertising that your printer can prepare.

A real salesman doesn't like to "go out and ring doorbells," but the postman doesn't mind it at all.

People are glad to get what the postman brings. They sometimes stand and wait for him. And when he brings something beautifully printed by a good printer describing something they need and want, they are glad to receive it and anxious to read it.

Let your good salesmen save their steps to take them where they are likely to make sales.

Let your printer use his presses to increase the number of places where your firm and your goods are known—where people will know *something* and will be ready to hear *more*.

Better Printing and Better Paper constantly and steadily used will make your salesmen's steps more profitable to themselves and to you—and will make more customers turn their steps toward your door.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

Some interesting information on the use of printed pieces in advertising and on coöperation with good printers is contained in a series of books being issued by S. D. Warren Company. Ask a paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers to put you on his mailing list, or write direct to us, suggesting if possible the special problems of direct advertising on which you need help. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS
Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

[better paper~ better printing]

Cools the face AFTER SHAVING—

Keeps it comfortable *through a hot day!*

NO matter how smooth your shave, the face needs special after-shaving care these summer days. Powder? No—it absorbs the natural moisture of the skin—moisture that the skin needs. Greases? Not this weather.

Aqua Velva will give your face precisely the care it needs for greatest comfort in hot weather. Aqua Velva is a cooling liquid. Dash on a few drops and your face will feel as your body does after a cold shower. And the feeling *lasts*—cool, comfortable and refreshed all day long.

Aqua Velva does these five refreshing things to your face.

First: It gives your face an invigorating, lively tingle.

Second: It sterilizes and helps to heal each tiny cut and scrape.

Third: It has a fine, fresh, manly fragrance.

Fourth: It helps the skin in its fight against sun and wind and exposure.

Fifth: It conserves the needed natural moisture in the skin. (Powder absorbs this necessary moisture—leaves the skin dry.) Aqua Velva conditions your face and *keeps* it just as comfortable all day long as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

Aqua Velva is a clear, sparkling liquid—not gummy or greasy. Nothing to wipe off. Try it after your next ten shaves FREE. We are so sure that you will become a steady user that we'll send you a generous test bottle FREE. All you have to do is to mail us the coupon below—or use a postcard.

The large 5-ounce bottle of Aqua Velva costs 50c (60c in Canada). By mail, postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it. Aqua Velva costs almost nothing a day. Only a few drops needed.

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON

Free Offer

The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. 47 C, Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address, 1110 St. Patrick St., Montréal

Send me free trial bottle of Aqua Velva.

NO MORE WASTE LAND

(Continued from Page 42)

think, an interesting story. The owner of the island brought from the adjacent mainland three wild-turkey eggs, and these were hatched under a hen and raised by her. Fortunately there were one gobbler and two hens. From such a start have come the splendid flocks now on the island. In this connection I do not see why it would not be possible to repopulate with wild turkeys many of those areas which in colonial days had an abundance of these magnificent birds. They have been brought back to Pennsylvania; in some regions in almost incredible numbers—I lay on my ground behind an old chestnut log last autumn in the mountains of Franklin County and carefully counted a flock of forty-three of these great birds. The Adirondacks should have as many turkeys as deer, and intelligent stocking would bring them back. It is not, of course, necessary to start with purely wild stock. A wild gobbler turned loose with six bronze hens will soon populate a wild tract with America's supreme game bird. Not long ago I was talking with an old mountaineer who complained that every spring his turkey hens wandered off into the hills where the wild gobblers were; and it is a common experience of turkey hunters to kill birds that have markings that unmistakably indicate their relationship to the tame variety.

I have spoken of Bull's Island as an extraordinary sanctuary for wild life; yet, for all its languorous beauty and exotic charm, it is not a good place for human habitation, except perhaps for a few winter months. In the old days it was pirate haunted, and now it has all the drawbacks of a tropical isle. In the sense that it is not a place where men would gladly live it is waste land, yet a veritable paradise for wild life it has become. Practically the same thing holds true for many of the great sanctuaries set aside on the Gulf Coast, the principle of the whole thing apparently being this: Whatever is rejected by man is, or may become, acceptable to wild things.

The earth was anciently theirs; they were here, it seems, before man; and they may survive when he is gone. They are in many ways better equipped for the adventure of living than men are. I sometimes think they are more gallant. Certainly they surpass us in the keenness of every one of their senses. Yet their fate is in our hands.

The idea of always associating the forward march of man with the destruction of all lesser forms of life appears to be giving way now to the saner and kindlier idea of preservation. Absurdly simple is the requirement for having beautiful wild life on your place: Don't kill it and don't clean away with Dutch immaculacy every vestige of that wild home that Nature provides. These wild things live humbly, drawing sustenance from Nature's own ample bosom. We must not rob them of their homes.

Let us have no more waste lands, but turn these, great and small, into sanctuaries for our wild things of woods and waters, fields and sky.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

STUDEBAKER ~~lubricated with PENNZOIL~ Smashes Coast to Coast Record ~ ~ ~

Beats fastest train time by 6 hours and 25 minutes.

3471 miles in 86 hours, 20 minutes of merciless driving without a change of oil.

A STUDEBAKER Big Six "Sheriff," piloted by Ab Jenkins and Ray Peck, amateur drivers, was checked out of New York at 2:07 A. M. Eastern Daylight Time, June 14th by Western Union officials.

In the face of an almost constant rainstorm—a veritable cloudburst that inundated bridges and reduced the dirt roads of the West to quagmires—the car battled through and was checked in at San Francisco at 12:27 P. M. Pacific Standard Time, June 17th. The former transcontinental record was smashed by 16 hours and 25 minutes, and the best train time by 6 hours and 25 minutes.

This brilliant performance was a terrific test of endurance for car, men, and oil. The oil was not changed throughout the entire run of 3471 miles. The seal placed on the crankcase was not broken. Only 11 quarts of oil were used, an average of 1262 miles per gallon.

The low oil consumption, in spite of ceaseless high speeds on open roads and hard pulling through deep mud, was made possible by Pennzoil's almost limitless ability to endure the hardest motor punishment.

If you seek the best possible motor lubrication, drain your crankcase and refill with Pennzoil. Your smoother-running motor, lessened oil consumption and the excellent body of the oil when you drain it after a thousand miles or more will cause you to insist upon Pennzoil, and Pennzoil only, for your motor.

Test it yourself

Take ordinary oil out of your motor at 500 miles. Save a little in a bottle. Fill your crankcase with Pennzoil and use it a full 1000 miles. Then drain, rub a drop or two of each of the used oils between your thumb and forefinger. You can see the difference and feel it. And what a difference it means to your motor!

THE PENNZOIL COMPANY · *Oil City · Buffalo · Los Angeles · San Francisco · Refinery:* OIL CITY, PA.

SUPREME PENNSYLVANIA QUALITY

PENNZOIL

SAFE LUBRICATION

© The Pennzoil Co., 1926

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

—"and we finally decided to buy this home because it has Riddle Fitments"

"*Of course* that wasn't the only reason —we liked it in many other respects —but the fact that it showed up so beautifully at night with the Riddle Fitments lighted, was really the deciding factor. We thought, too, that if the builder used lighting fitments that are known to be the standard, he probably had used just the same care in selecting the other materials for the home, and so we felt we were pretty safe in buying this particular house."

Riddle Fitments have been selected for equipping 360 homes to be built and exhibited from July to December in a large number of leading cities under the auspices of The Home Owners' Service Institute. These homes will be constructed and equipped throughout with nationally known products, and will provide an interesting and profitable demonstration of the best tendencies of the day in moderate-priced homes.

* * * *

Many realtors are now standardizing on Riddle Fitments in equipping homes built for sale. In such an important matter as buying a home—the largest financial transaction that the average family ever undertakes—it is well to look carefully into all the details. The use of nationally known structural materials and equipment is evidence that the home has not been skimped for the sake of saving a few dollars in the cost of construction. If the plumbing, heating system and other visible equipment bear well-known names, it is an indication that the concealed structural materials are of equally reliable character.

The use of Riddle Fitments is an excellent gauge of the building standards followed throughout. So it is well to take particular note of the lighting equipment. If you find that Riddle is used, you will have every cause for satisfaction, for these nationally known fitments have come to be widely regarded as the standard of residential lighting.

P. S.—If you already own your home, you can easily replace your present lighting fixtures with Riddle Fitments, at moderate cost, and without trouble or danger of disturbing the room decorations or furnishings. Why not see a Riddle Dealer about it? The name of a nearby Authorized Dealer, and folder illustrating new Riddle styles, will be sent on request to The Edward N. Riddle Co., Toledo, O.

Riddle

DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS

THE STANDARD OF RESIDENTIAL LIGHTING

Smooth, flat, even-surfaced Sheetrock walls

Copyright 1926, United States Gypsum Co.

A further development is here announced for wall and ceiling construction with Sheetrock, the fireproof wallboard. The product of years of experience and progressive improvement, it is of first importance to all who want to use wallboard in new building, remodeling or repairs.

The perfecting of the *Sheetrock reinforced joint system* assures you flat, smooth, unbroken wall and ceiling surfaces wherever you use Sheetrock.

Two simple materials, cement and open mesh fabric reinforcing, supplied by your Sheetrock dealer, are quickly and easily applied by your decorator. Joints disappear entirely. There is no need for paneling. You have a perfect base for any decoration—wallpaper, paint, or the beautiful decorative medium that provides both tone and texture—*Textone*.

Sheetrock is the only wallboard to use this reinforced joint system—USG developed. Be sure, then, that you get Sheetrock. Sheetrock is made only by the United States Gypsum Company. Every board is branded with the USG Sheetrock label.

Fireproof. Non-warping. Economical.

Your dealer in lumber or *builders'* supplies has Sheetrock or can get it for you promptly. Ask him about this system.

Sheetrock is inspected and approved as an effective barrier to fire by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
General Offices: 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

SHEETROCK

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The *FIREPROOF* WALLBOARD

72 designs from National Architectural Prize Contest have been compiled in an attractive book. Send $1.00 and this coupon to Fireproofing Dept. W, U. S. Gypsum Co., 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Illinois.

Name_____

City_____ State_____

USG PRODUCTS

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
Dept. 30, 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Illinois

Send me free booklet, "Sheetrock Walls."

Name_____

Address_____

Old Dutch Cleanser

is as popular with men as with women

Men as well as women appreciate Old Dutch for its efficiency and the assurance of *healthful cleanliness.* It does the light or heavy cleaning thoroughly and easily.

Garage—boats, etc., Old Dutch does all the heavy work and removes grease and grime in a hurry. Ideal for removing obstinate dirt and stains from the hands. Doesn't harm the skin.

Painted walls, painted furniture, etc., a delicate job—sprinkle a little Old Dutch on a damp cloth and wipe the surface gently—no scrubbing necessary. You'll be amazed how quickly it removes all dirt and how bright it leaves the surface.

Camping—nothing is so handy as a package of Old Dutch. Cleaning cooking utensils is no longer a problem. Old Dutch does it perfectly.

Golf Clubs—keeps the irons looking like new, and there's nothing else like it for cleaning golf balls.

Old Dutch is free from harsh, scratchy grit, acid and caustic. To the eye a fine powder—the microscope shows that its particles are flaky and flat shaped. They act like thousands of tiny erasers, removing all uncleanliness without scratching.

Goes farther—lasts longer

© 1920, The C. P. Co.